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LIFE AND LITERATURE TO-DAY
PART ONE

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THE OPEN ROAD — SENIOR I

LIFE AND LITERATURE TO-DAY - PART ONE

COMPILED BY
ANDREW SCOTLAND, M.A., PH.D.

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PREFACE

IN a child's steady onward progress to the mastery of language and reading—the onward progress which it is the avowed intention of this series to make an 'open road'—there comes a stage of achievement at which 'reading' becomes quite definitely no more than a vehicle for conveying ideas to the child, and no longer presents any serious inherent difficulty of its own.

The change, of course, is gradual, having gone on almost all through the years of 'learning to read.' But it assumes great importance as soon as it is complete—that is, at the age for which this book is designed. Before the change is complete the literature set before a child must be governed in its character, to a greater or lesser degree, by two considerations:—the technical difficulty of reading, and the natural interests of the growing child.

At the time when Senior education begins, however, both these limitations are removed in the case of the normal child. His power of reading is equal to almost anything, and his range of interests, save for certain very obvious limitations of sophistication, as wide as it can be. And at this point *The Hadow Report* makes the very appropriate remark, 'in order to develop a love of literature in his pupils the teacher should treat it as a form of art in which life has been interpreted.'

It is very apparent that literature will have more and more reality and meaning to a child the more it deals with life that he can understand and appreciate. Life that is hard to understand means literature that a child finds difficult, dull and unreal; but life that bubbles with vitality and romance can be expressed only by a literature in which he will find both enthusiasm and inspiration.

There is no life more real and more familiar to a child than the modern life around him to-day. It has moments of adventure, heroism and beauty which can challenge any of the Golden Ages of the past; and it has, moreover, a literature that is fully worthy of its great and inspiring reality. Perhaps this book, *LIFE AND LITERATURE TO-DAY*, will come as rather a surprising revelation of this fact to many who are so close to the events that they have never yet seen their full wonder and romance.

PREFACE

No better or more fitting presentation of literature as a convincing and inspiring interpretation of life could be found than the anthology of modern life and literature which this book contains. For it must be remembered that much modern literature is not easily adaptable to school conditions : its books are seldom available in the right format and at the right price : and very often there are other, and more subtle, reasons to make complete books unsuitable. Yet, nevertheless, there is the very cogent fact that *this* is the literature which, in a few short years, these children will read for their own enjoyment and information—the literature which mirrors the modern world in which they will come to the maturity and fullness of their lives.

No introduction to this book, however short, could be complete without a reference to the many aspects of our own time which are worthy of sincere respect and admiration. Very probably, posterity will look back on these early years of the twentieth century as an era which may challenge comparison with the Elizabethan Age and the other few periods of the world's history of which we can say 'there were giants in those days.' If this book suggests the adventures, the achievements, and the heroisms of our own time ; if it reveals something of the ideals, the humour, and the life of this age ; and if it sketches some of the beauty which is all around us ; then its educational justification will be complete and overwhelming.

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A. S.

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THE POTTER'S WHEEL

J. B. PRIESTLEY

A FEW years ago Mr. Priestley made a journey through England, visiting a great variety of places, and meeting all sorts and conditions of men. He wrote the story of his travels in the book 'English Journey,' and the following passage from that book tells what he saw and did when he visited Wedgwoods' famous pottery at Stoke-on-Trent.

Much of the work which men did with their hands when the world was younger is now done by machines. But the work of the potter is still largely done by hand, as it was done hundreds of years ago, for in no other way can the clay be made to live and take shape.

The craft of the potter has come down from ancient times, and the Bible speaks of 'the potter's wheel' and 'the potter's thumb.' The potter uses his thumb to shape the clay as it spins on the wheel in front of him, and in time 'the potter's thumb' becomes broad and misshapen.

THE next morning we went to Wedgwoods, whose works are in a place that the famous original Wedgwood christened Etruria. All that returns to my memory concerning Etruria is that it was by the side of a very dirty canal. I might have remembered more if I had not spent such an amusing day inside those works.

Once more I had a guide, with brown overalls, a pleasant but sententious manner, and a habit of referring to all and sundry as "ladies and gentlemen." There were long, long walks through sheds and rooms waiting for us both, but this time, having already seen something of the various processes, I was determined to vary the programme. But for the first

hour or so I said nothing. We watched some very good "throwing" in one big well-lighted room, where everybody seemed to be busy and cheerful. Then we watched some gentlemen putting various round articles, bowls and jugs and the like on lathes and turning them, or putting in decoration with funny little odds and ends of tools.

All these articles were made of a heavier clay, which lent itself in the most accommodating fashion to these fascinating methods of treatment. To stand there and see the particles of clay fly from the sharp edge of the tool was very tantalising. I am not—and never have pretended to be—a man of my hands. No great craftsman was lost when I took to scribbling for a living. But there was something very tempting about these surfaces of hard darkish clay. In some instances these surfaces were rather rough and had to be turned on the machine to make them deliciously smooth. In other instances, the fine smoothness was there and now had to be dug into cunningly to make the necessary decoration.

Never have I seen another substance that set up such an itch in the hand. All your manhood—or boyhood—ached to be at it. The lovely stuff simply asked for trouble. Quite obviously all the men there were in thrall to it too. They had been working with this stuff for years and years, had served seven years' apprenticeship to it, but they, too, were still happy to be setting about it. Whirr!—and there was a tiny dark cascade of clay, the tool went biting in and in, until the man on the job suddenly stopped, took a pair of calipers, made a swift measurement, and found that his eye had been right and no more was necessary. Do not tell me that those fellows were not enjoying their work. If one of them had been compelled to stay in the room without laying a finger on a bit of clay, he would have gone mad.

"Can't I have a shot at this?" I asked the guide, piteously. He said I could, but he would take me to a special little de-

partment where a very experienced and highly skilled man did the turning and decoration of the more important pieces. This department turned out to be a queer little eighteenth-century cabin, which looked at first like an old curiosity shop.

It was crowded with a glorious hotch-potch of plaster moulds, blue prints, cases in various stages of completion, rum little tools, clay shavings, and a hundred-and-one other things. It looked like the mad jumble one sees in pictures of old alchemists' chambers. There ought to have been a stuffed alligator hanging from the roof, and a few skulls about.

In the far corner was an old treadle machine, probably the darling of the original eighteenth century Wedgwood. The treadling was worked by an elderly comfortable-looking woman. At the other end of it, attending to the decorating of the revolving vases, was an elderly comfortable-looking man. There was quite a Darby-and-Joan atmosphere about these two, though actually they were only two old colleagues.

The guide explained that I wanted to try my hand at a little decoration. The craftsman was affable, though I thought I caught a sardonic gleam from his spectacles. He put a small black basalt vase on the machine and then showed me how to apply to it, as it revolved, the various foolish little tools that were there. He gave me a short demonstration. It looked very easy, but wisely I refrained from saying so.

I took up my position. "Right, Mary," he said, and Mary treadled and the vase went round and round. "Press harder," he said. I did, nervously, jerkily. "Not so hard," he said. I thought—and still think—that I did the flower-and-leaf decoration at the top very well; and was not bad at the bit of cutting out at the bottom. But the middle part,

in which one had to shave a small slice away at equal distances all round the vase, was not good. It did not look good then; it does not look good now.

Yes, I have that very vase, which was afterwards fired for me and now is a deep black and almost like metal, here in the house, and when it first arrived the children pretended to admire it. Every time I look at it I wish I could try that middle bit again. Some day I shall make a special journey to Wedgwoods to see if I cannot do better in the middle with another vase. Possibly, however, they would not let me in again, for they may easily have had quite enough of me that day.

It was now the lunch hour—how time hurries away with us craftsmen!—and I joined three very pleasant and intelligent young men, who appeared to be in complete charge of the big complicated works. This in itself was a happy change, for as a rule one sees nothing but middle-aged or elderly faces round these directors' dining-tables.

After a lot of good talk about the Potteries and trade and America and wages and whatnot, I told them that they would never get me out of their works until I had done a little "throwing." If I could not "throw" something that very afternoon, I should go down to the very grave dissatisfied. So it was arranged that I should "throw."

These people may talk of "jollying" and "jiggering" and mixing the "slop" and "pugging the slip" and designing moulds and making moulds and printing transfers and hand-painting and gilding, until their voices are no more than a hoarse rattle, but they will never persuade me that the very heart and soul of the craft is not the glorious "throwing" which has in its essence come down to us through the mists of antiquity. I had watched these fellows as I used to watch Cinquevalli the juggler. But they are better than he ever was, for their juggling is creative. Indeed, this process looks

more like original creation itself than any I have ever seen. It is miraculous.

The "thrower" sits on a small high seat well above his wheel, which here is a horizontal rotating disk, driven automatically but controlled by a foot pedal. He takes a lump of clay, wets it with water, then first "centres" it by letting it spin rapidly between his hands and gently increasing the pressure until it rises in a whirling column that very quickly becomes symmetrical. He can then play with it as he pleases. A downward and outward pressure and it instantly turns into a bowl. An upward pressure transforms it into a vase.

If there is a more fascinating operation than this in all man's varied handiwork I have never had the luck to see it. I want no conjuring trick more enchanting than this of the spinning clay instantly flowering into bowls and jugs and vases of every known shape. Here is the supreme triumph of man's creative thumb. The combination of eagerness and docility in the spinning moistened clay was entrancing. If the far slower and more arid work of the turning machines and the little digging tools fascinated me and made me itch to be at work, what then can be said of this marvellous operation, this essence of rapid creation?

I guessed, of course, that it could not possibly be as easy as it looked, that men do not have seven years' apprenticeship for nothing, but I did not care how big a fool I made of myself before these grinning lads and lasses; I had to try my hand at it.

And of course I cherished a vague hope, which was perhaps less vague after lunch than before, that I would prove an exception to this rule of craftsmanship, that I would be miraculously endowed with potter's thumbs at once ("Why, you were born with the touch, sir," they would cry, startled and admiring), and that I might achieve,

within a single hour, that Priestley bowl, that Priestley vase, which would open a new chapter in the history of this famous old firm. For more than thirty years now I have never tried to do anything new without cherishing this wild hope, that God would let me play tennis or billiards or the violin wonderfully at first sight, allow me to display myself suddenly as a heaven-born orator or singer. No such miracle has ever happened. Nobody yet has been startled by my exhibition of unsuspected skill. Yet I know I shall go on hoping in this same foolish fashion right to the very end, when, the silliest old man in England, I shall be hoping to die in some neat, clever, new way.

Now I put on a suit of overalls. So much wet clay had dried on them that they were as stiff and thick as armour. I climbed on to the little high seat, and then tried revolving the "wheel." I found the foot pedal hard to regulate and very uncomfortable. They gave me a good lump of clay and I set it whirling and tried to "centre" it. At first I did not press hard enough, and then I pressed too hard, with the result that the clay shot up into a frightening lop-sided tower and wobbled desperately between my hands. It took me some time to make any kind of reasonable shot at "centring."

After that I began to try and make things. But my vases had a nasty trick of growing very tall, then very wide at the mouth, and then of releasing most of themselves from the bondage of the wheel altogether. Often, in my excitement, I would forget that my right foot was supposed to be controlling the speed, and, grappling manfully with the clay, I would let my foot press down, with the inevitable result that the speed increased enormously, the clay went round too fast and could not be manipulated, indeed, could not be kept in any kind of order at all and would reach up and try to strangle me or would fling a long strand of itself at a couple of grinning lads five yards away.

I decided to experiment with bowls instead of vases, for as soon as the clay was more than about six inches tall it could not be controlled by me. At first the bowls seemed much easier, but time after time something went wrong. The rims would become too thin ; or there would be air-bubbles in the clay ; or when I tried to shape the outside, towards the bottom, I would press too hard and the whole wretched bowl would begin rising in the air. I was a great success as an entertainer if not a potter, for all the other folk roared with laughter.

I spent almost the whole afternoon wrestling with innumerable lumps of clay. My hands were lost in the greyish wet stuff, and it was all over my face and in my hair. The foot that was more or less on terms with that pedal developed very early a cramp that soon took possession of my entire right leg.

But I was determined to make something that afternoon, even if I had long ago abandoned all idea of noble vases and had shrunk to considering, even wistfully, any sort of little ash-tray that would stand up at all. I managed it in the end, too : a sturdy little bowl that you could use for sugar or sweets or as an ash-tray ; not one of these inhumanly symmetrical and smoothly finished things, but a bit knobbly and rough, one of your genuine hand-made articles.

They promised, almost with tears in their eyes, to be kind to this little chap, to fire him and glaze him and then pack him carefully in straw and wood and send him to me. He has not turned up here yet ; though that black basalt fellow I decorated (in my opinion, an inferior production) has been here some time.

If Wedgwoods have lost or destroyed it or, in their jealous rage, have locked it away in the safe I warn them that I shall return to the Potteries and " throw " again, " throw " like

mad. I have half a mind to install a wheel here—and one more easily controlled than theirs—and have clay sent down by the ton, so that I can tackle this vase-and-bowl problem again at my leisure.

One thing is certain, that the guide was right when he said there was life in clay. Set it spinning and there is far too much life in it. You feel it fluttering and straining between your hands like a captured wild thing. Oh—with a little pressure of the palm there, a flick of the thumbs here, to be able to make it flower into every imaginable shape !



1. Find as many reasons as you can why Mr. Priestley was very eager to try his hand at '*throwing*' a pot.
2. Describe the '*sturdy little bowl*' he made. What do you think happened to it ?
3. Read again Mr. Priestley's description of his attempts to '*throw*' a pot. Imagine you were one of the people who watched him, and describe his efforts as you saw them. Remember that he says '*I was a great success as an entertainer if not a potter, for all the other folk roared with laughter,*' and make your account as amusing as you can.

NON-STOP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

CHARLES LINDBERGH

THE first flight across the Atlantic Ocean was made in June 1919 by two British airmen, Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Whitten Brown. Their journey from Newfoundland to Ireland took 16 hours 12 minutes, and showed, for the first time, that men could fly from America to Europe.

It was not until eight years later, however, that an aeroplane next crossed the Atlantic. In May 1927 Captain (now Colonel) Charles Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris, alone, in the aeroplane 'Spirit of St. Louis.' The flight was a great feat of courage, endurance and skill, and Lindbergh's own story of it is given in the passage which follows.

The quiet modesty with which Lindbergh describes his flight is most noteworthy. His feat aroused great enthusiasm all over the world, but Lindbergh tells of it in a very matter-of-fact way. He called the book he wrote about it 'We,' to remind people that the aeroplane and the men who helped him were as necessary as the famous pilot who writes with such charming modesty.

AT New York we checked over the 'plane, engine and instruments, which required several short flights over the field.

When the 'plane was completely inspected and ready for the Trans-Atlantic flight, there were dense fogs reported along the coast and over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, in addition to a storm area over the North Atlantic.

On the morning of 19th May, a light rain was falling and the sky was overcast. Weather reports from land

stations and ships along the great Circle course were unfavourable and there was apparently no prospect of taking off for Paris for several days at least. In the morning I visited the Wright plant at Paterson, New Jersey, and had planned to attend a theatre performance in New York that evening. But at about six o'clock I received a special report from the New York Weather Bureau. A high pressure area was over the entire North Atlantic and the low pressure over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland was receding. It was apparent that the prospects of the fog clearing up were as good as I might expect for some time to come. The North Atlantic should be clear with only local storms on the coast of Europe. The moon had just passed full and the percentage of days with fog over Newfoundland and the Grand Banks was increasing so that there seemed to be no advantage in waiting longer.

We went to Curtiss Field as quickly as possible and made arrangements for the barograph to be sealed and installed, and for the 'plane to be serviced and checked.

We decided partially to fill the fuel tanks in the hangar before towing the ship on a truck to Roosevelt Field, which adjoins Curtiss on the east, where the servicing would be completed.

I left the responsibility for conditioning the 'plane in the hands of the men on the field while I went into the hotel for about two and one-half hours of rest ; but at the hotel there were several more details which had to be completed and I was unable to get any sleep that night.

I returned to the field before daybreak on the morning of the twentieth. A light rain was falling which continued until almost dawn ; consequently we did not move the ship to Roosevelt Field until much later than we had planned, and the take-off was delayed from daybreak until nearly eight o'clock.

At dawn the shower had passed, although the sky was overcast, and occasionally there would be some slight precipitation. The tail of the 'plane was lashed to a truck and escorted by a number of motor-cycle police. The slow trip from Curtiss to Roosevelt was begun.

The ship was placed at the extreme west end of the field heading along the east and west runway, and the final fueling commenced.

About 7.40 a.m. the motor was started and at 7.52 I took off on the flight for Paris.

The field was a little soft due to the rain during the night and the heavily-loaded 'plane gathered speed very slowly. After passing the half-way mark, however, it was apparent that I would be able to clear the obstructions at the end. I passed over a tractor by about fifteen feet and a telephone line by about twenty, with a fair reserve of flying speed. I believe that the ship would have taken off from a hard field with at least five hundred pounds more weight.

I turned slightly to the right to avoid some high trees on a hill directly ahead, but by the time I had gone a few hundred yards I had sufficient altitude to clear all obstructions and throttled the engine down to 1750 R.P.M. I took up a compass course at once and soon reached Long Island Sound, where the Curtiss Oriole with its photographer, which had been escorting me, turned back.

The haze soon cleared, and from Cape Cod through the southern half of Nova Scotia the weather and visibility were excellent. I was flying very low, sometimes as close as ten feet from the trees and water.

On the three hundred mile stretch of water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia I passed within view of numerous fishing vessels.

The northern part of Nova Scotia contained a number of storm areas and several times I flew through cloudbursts.

As I neared the northern coast, snow appeared in patches on the ground and far to the eastward the coastline was covered with fog.

For many miles between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland the ocean was covered with caked ice, but as I approached the coast the ice disappeared entirely and I saw several ships in this area.

I had taken up a course for St. Johns, which is south to the great Circle from New York to Paris, so that there would be no question of the fact that I had passed Newfoundland in case I was forced down in the North Atlantic.

I passed over numerous icebergs after leaving St. Johns but saw no ships except near the coast.

Darkness set in about 8.15 New York time and a thin, low fog formed, through which the white bergs showed up with surprising clearness. This fog became thicker and increased in height until within two hours I was just skimming the top of storm clouds at about ten thousand feet. Even at this altitude there was a thick haze, through which only the stars directly overhead could be seen.

There was no moon and it was very dark. The tops of some of the storm clouds were several thousand feet above me and at one time, when I attempted to fly through one of the larger clouds, sleet started to collect on the 'plane and I was forced to turn around and get back into clear air immediately and then fly around any clouds which I could not get over.

The moon appeared on the horizon after about two hours of darkness; then the flying was much less complicated.

Dawn came at about 1 a.m. New York time and the temperature had risen until there was practically no remaining danger of sleet.

Shortly after sunrise the clouds became more broken,

although some of them were far above me and it was often necessary to fly through them, navigating by instruments only.

As the sun became higher, holes appeared in the fog. Through one the open water was visible, and I dropped down until less than a hundred feet above the waves. There was a strong wind blowing from the north-west and the ocean was covered with white caps.

After a few miles of fairly clear weather the ceiling lowered to zero and for nearly two hours I flew entirely blind through the fog at an altitude of about 1,500 feet. Then the fog raised and the water was visible again.

On several more occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument for short periods ; then the fog broke up into patches. These patches took on forms of every description. Numerous shore-lines appeared, with trees perfectly outlined against the horizon. In fact, the mirages were so natural that, had I not been in mid-Atlantic and known that no land existed along my route, I would have taken them to be actual islands.

As the fog cleared I dropped down closer to the water, sometimes flying within ten feet of the waves and seldom higher than two hundred.

There is a cushion of air close to the ground or water through which a 'plane flies with less effort than when at a higher altitude, and for hours at a time I took advantage of this factor.

Also, it was less difficult to determine the wind drift near the water. During the entire flight the wind was strong enough to produce white caps on the waves. When one of these formed, the foam would be blown off, showing the wind's direction and approximate velocity. This foam remained on the water long enough for me to obtain a general idea of my drift.

During the day I saw a number of porpoises and a few birds but no ships, although I understand that two different boats reported me passing over.

The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing boat which I first noticed a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. There were several of these fishing boats grouped within a few miles of each other.

I flew over the first boat without seeing any signs of life. As I circled over the second, however, a man's face appeared, looking out of the cabin window.

I have carried on short conversations with people on the ground by flying low with throttled engine, shouting a question and receiving the answer by some signal. When I saw this fisherman I decided to try to get him to point towards land. I had no sooner made the decision than the futility of the effort became apparent. In all likelihood he could not speak English, and even if he could he would undoubtedly be far too astounded to answer. However, I circled again, and closing the throttle as the 'plane passed within a few feet of the boat I shouted, "Which way is Ireland?" Of course the attempt was useless, and I continued on my course.

Less than an hour later a rugged and semi-mountainous coastline appeared to the north-east. I was flying less than two hundred feet from the water when I sighted it. The shore was fairly distinct and not over ten or fifteen miles away. A light haze coupled with numerous local storm areas had prevented my seeing it from a long distance.

The coast line came down from the north, curved over towards the east. I had very little doubt that it was the south-western end of Ireland, but in order to make sure I changed my course towards the nearest point of land.

I located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, then resumed my compass course towards Paris.

After leaving Ireland I passed a number of steamers and was seldom out of sight of a ship.

In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. My course passed over Southern England and a little south of Plymouth ; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg.

The English farms were very impressive from the air in contrast to ours in America. They appeared extremely small and unusually neat and tidy with their stone and hedge fences.

I was flying at about fifteen hundred feet altitude over England and as I crossed the Channel and passed over Cherbourg, France, I had probably seen more of that part of Europe than many native Europeans. The visibility was good and the country could be seen for miles around.

People who have taken their first flight often remark that no one knows what the locality he lives in is like until he has seen it from above. Countries take on different characteristics from the air.

The sun went down shortly after passing Cherbourg and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible.

I first saw the lights of Paris a little before 10 p.m. or 5 p.m. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about four thousand feet.

The lights of Le Bourget were plainly visible, but appeared to be very close to Paris. I had understood that the field was farther from the city, so continued out to the north-east into the country for four or five miles to make sure that there was not another field farther out which might be Le Bourget. Then I returned and spiralled down closer to the

lights. Presently I could make out long lines of hangars, and the roads appeared to be jammed with cars.

I flew over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed.

After the 'plane stopped rolling I turned it around and started to taxi back to the lights. The entire field ahead, however, was covered with thousands of people all running towards my ship. When the first few arrived, I attempted to get them to hold the rest of the crowd back, away from the 'plane, but apparently no one could understand, or would have been able to conform to my request if he had.

I cut the switch to keep the propeller from killing some one, and attempted to organize an impromptu guard for the 'plane. The impossibility of any immediate organization became apparent, and when parts of the ship began to crack from the pressure of the multitude I decided to climb out of the cockpit in order to draw the crowd away.

Speaking was impossible ; no words could be heard in the uproar and nobody apparently cared to hear any. I started to climb out of the cockpit, but as soon as one foot appeared through the door I was dragged the rest of the way without assistance on my part.

For nearly half an hour I was unable to touch the ground, during which time I was ardently carried around in what seemed to be a very small area, and in every position it is possible to be in. Everyone had the best of intentions but no one seemed to know just what they were.

The French military flyers very resourcefully took the situation in hand. A number of them mingled with the crowd ; then at a given signal, they placed my helmet on an American correspondent and cried : " Here is Lindbergh." That helmet on an American was sufficient evidence. The correspondent immediately became the centre of attraction, and while he was being taken protestingly to the Reception



"Then circled around into the wind and landed"

Committee *via* a rather devious route, I managed to get inside one of the hangars.

Meanwhile a second group of soldiers and police had surrounded the 'plane and soon placed it out of danger in another hangar.

The French ability to handle an unusual situation with speed and capability was remarkably demonstrated that night at Le Bourget.



1. From Colonel Lindbergh's account of his flight, what kind of man do you think he is? Give your reasons.
2. In what ways was Colonel Lindbergh's flight remarkable?
3. Colonel Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic was a part of a greater flight, for he flew from San Diego (California) on the Pacific to Paris, and made only two stops, one at St. Louis and the other at Long Island, New York. This was a journey of 6,100 miles in 54 hours 54 minutes actual flying time. Trace the whole journey on a globe, and make your own rough sketch map of it.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE

E. V. LUCAS

*I*N this delightful story Mr. Lucas told about a boy who did his duty. All through it is very clear that Mr. Lucas knew the boy to be right, and was rather amused by the trouble he had to take and the inconvenience to which he was put.

Mr. Lucas was well known as a famous and successful author, and in particular as a contributor to 'Punch'—so that the end of the story is particularly appropriate.

WE were talking of heroic boys ; boys of the bull-pup breed. Little George Washington, young William Tell, Casabianca.

"I found one for myself the other day," I said.

"Where?" I was asked.

"In London," I said. "To be exact, in a bus. I'll tell you all about it, suppressing nothing except his name, which I never learned. You shall not be let off one syllable."

In spite of a total absence of elation, I began : "I was due at lunch at a Strand hotel at one-fifteen and was proposing to walk, but, having been delayed, I jumped into a bus at the Temple Gate. It was one-four, and I ought to be just on time.

"At Norfolk Street a messenger-boy got in and sat by me. In his hand he had a letter. Without realising what I was doing, I glanced at the address. It was marked 'Urgent,' and directed to me at my private abode. I had no notion whose handwriting it was.

"'It's lucky you got into this bus,' I said to the boy, 'because that letter's for me.' And I reached for it.

"He gave me a suspicious look and tightened his hold on the envelope.

" 'It's addressed to me,' I said. 'That's my name and that's where I live,' and I pointed to the superscription. 'What an extraordinary chance !'

"He edged away from me and put the letter in his pocket.

" 'I can save you a journey,' I said.

"He edged further away.

" 'But really,' I said, 'you don't want to go all the way to Sloane Square, do you ?'

" 'I must take it to where it says,' he replied.

" 'But not if I'm here,' I urged. 'It's addressed to me. Well, I'm me.'

" 'How do I know ?' he asked.

" 'I can show you,' I said. 'Here are other letters addressed to me,' and I felt in my pockets. 'Well,' I added, 'as a matter of fact, I haven't got any.'

"An expression which on any other face would have been a smile faintly disfigured his.

" 'But I've got my A.A. card,' I said.

" 'What's that ?' he asked.

" 'For the motor-car association,' I said.

"His face became even more painfully distorted.

" 'Motor-car !' he echoed. 'Then what are you doing in a bus ?'

"This, of course, was unanswerable—to him. Moreover, having searched through my pocket-book, I found that the card had been left behind for the first time since I became a member.

"Meanwhile we had long since passed my lunching-place.

" 'I suppose,' I said, 'it's no use showing you a cigar-case with my initials on it ?'

"His whole attitude answered that question.

"Could anything be more absurd ? And I was losing

my lunch, too : rather an important one. Of course, if the envelope hadn't got 'Urgent' on it, I shouldn't have minded ; I should just have let it go and picked it up in the evening. But 'Urgent'—that's a rather serious word. There might be possibilities ; money even. . . .

"I tried bribery. 'When you get to the house,' I said, 'and give me the letter, you will receive a tip of sixpence. If you hand it to me now, having my word of honour that it is really I to whom it is addressed, I will give you half-a-crown.'

" 'Couldn't do it,' he replied firmly. 'We've got to deliver them where it says.'

" 'Then I must go all the way with you ?'

" 'Yes,' he said.

" 'Ridiculous, isn't it ?'

" 'Yes,' he said.

" 'And then will you give it to me ?'

" 'If you really live there,' he said.

" 'How will you know ?' I asked.

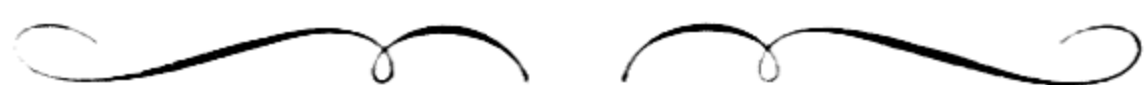
" 'Well,' he said, 'you'll either let yourself in or be let in, and all I have to do is to say, "Does this gent. live here ?" and if the answer is "Yes," I hand the letter over and the thing's done.'

" 'And you wouldn't give it to me anywhere else but on my doorstep, not if I provided a witness—two, three, four witnesses—to say I was the gent. intended ?'

" 'I couldn't,' he said ; 'we're not allowed to. We've got to deliver them where they say.'

" Well, that's most of the story. I had to accompany that wretched little despot to Sloane Square and then walk to my flat and unlock the door. This done, I entered the hall, turned round and extended my hand for the letter, which he gave me without a word. I tipped him heavily and went to the telephone to apologise to my host.

“Then I opened the letter. It was from an author I hardly knew asking me to use my influence to get his new book reviewed in *Punch*.”



This story can be made into an amusing play in two scenes and with two characters.

SCENE I. *Interior of a bus with man sitting in one corner. The man is always pulling out his watch and looking at it. Enter messenger-boy with large envelope in hand marked “Urgent,” who sits down beside the man. The latter screws his head to look at the writing. An eager look comes into his face.*

MAN “It’s lucky you got into this bus because that letter’s for me.” (*Reaches for it.*)

BOY (*Looks at him suspiciously, says nothing, and tightens his hold on the letter.*)

MAN “It’s addressed to me. That’s my name and that’s where I live.” (*Pause, then briskly.*) “What an extraordinary chance!”

BOY (*Looks at him even more suspiciously, edges further away from him and puts the letter in his pocket.*)

Now complete the play for yourself, using the exact words of the story, and indicating the actions of the speakers. Scene II, of course, will take place just inside the doorway of the man’s flat.

The play should be acted to show the man becoming almost frantic in his desire to get the letter and the boy becoming all the more determined not to let him have it. The amusement comes from the conflict between the two.

THE STORY OF THE EEL

SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON

SIR ARTHUR THOMSON was a very famous and distinguished scientist, who had a vast and scholarly knowledge of beasts, birds and fishes. But great as was his learning, greater still was his power of telling about the things he knew in a simple, fascinating way.

THE cylindrical shape of the body is well suited for wallowing in the mud and creeping in and out among stones, and the eel likes to have things touching the surface of its body. A common length for a full-grown female is a yard ; twenty inches is about the limit for a male. The males take four-and-a-half to six-and-a-half years to grow up ; but the females take two years longer. It seems to be during these last two years that the female shoots ahead in size. During the growing time there is a good deal of yellow about the eel, along with tints of grey, brown and green ; but when they are becoming full-grown they put on a silvery dress. So the growing fish are called "Yellow Eels," and the breeding fish "Silver Eels." We may say at once that eels never breed in fresh water.

After a variable number of years, the eels begin to be full grown and ripe. Their appearance changes, as we have mentioned, for the colour becomes silvery below, the eyes become larger, the snout is less flattened, the fore-fins become longer and dark in colour. The eel is putting on its sea-dress. There is also a change in habits, for the eels lose their appetite and the food canal shrinks. As the jaws are not being used much the muscles become smaller, and this

changes the shape of the mouth. The composition of the blood changes also. For instance, there is more carbonic acid gas in it than there was before, and perhaps this had something to do with the restlessness that seizes the fish. It feels that it must set off on a journey, and the time for starting is usually the autumn and at nightfall. We have seen a throng of them coming down a river in the late evening.

There is sometimes a difficulty in getting out of the pond ; for instance, the sluice may be shut. But the restless eel may wriggle out of the water and travel for some distance over the damp grass. But there is another difficulty, that the fishermen, who know when to expect an "eel-run," place sugar-loaf-shaped nets in suitable places in the river, and catch the fish in large numbers. The flesh of "silver-eels" is preferred to that of "yellow eels."

But many of the eels reach the sea, and that is the first stage in their journey. What has been discovered recently, especially as the outcome of seventeen years of research by Dr. Johannes Schmidt, is that the eels have a long journey before they reach a suitable place for breeding. From the Baltic, from the North Sea, and from the Mediterranean, they come crowding into the Atlantic.

They cannot become quite ripe except in the sea, and not any sea will do. Thus, most of the North Sea is too shallow for them, and where it is deep enough it is too cold. They have to go far afield. What Dr. Johannes Schmidt has shown is that the European eels have their breeding place in the Western Atlantic, between about 22° and 30° North latitude and about 40° and 65° West longitude. The central part of the breeding area lies about latitude 26° N., nearly midway between the Leeward Islands in the West Indies and Bermuda. From this area, on one occasion, the net brought up close upon 800 very young eels. This single

haul was enough to show that the cradle of the eels had been discovered. After spawning the parent eels seem to die. They never return to fresh water.

This is such a remarkable discovery that we must give Dr. Schmidt's own words. He pictures "hosts of eels from the most distant corners of our continent shaping their course south-west across the ocean, as their ancestors for unnumbered generations have done before them. How long the journey lasts we cannot say, but we know now the destination sought: a certain area situate in the Western Atlantic, north-east and east of the West Indies. Here lie the breeding grounds of the eel." Dr. Schmidt must have enjoyed a thrill of triumph when he wrote these simple sentences—condensing the patient inquiries and hard work of seventeen years.

The free eggs of the eel are not yet known, but they are probably liberated in spring and early summer. Very delicate young ones (or larvæ), about $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of an inch in length, are found floating in water layers about 600–1,000 feet below the surface, where there is very little light and a temperature of about 20° C. They feed on microscopic creatures and grow quickly, reaching an average length of about an inch in their first summer. They rise to near the surface (75 to 150 feet), or sometimes even to the surface itself. There they find themselves in the grip of an eastward movement of the surface-water, and they begin their journey towards the coasts of Europe. Before their first summer is over they are on their way, though they are still confined to Western Atlantic, west of 50° West longitude. We shall leave out for the moment those young eels that are going to America, and follow those that are going to Europe.

By their second summer the young eels are on an average about two inches long, and most of them are in the central Atlantic. What like are they? A young eel in its second

year is like a leaf or the small blade of a pen-knife. It is quite transparent, all but its eyes ; it is like a living piece of glass. It must be noted that naturalists knew them long ago, in 1856, and gave them the technical name *Leptocephali*, which means smooth-headed. But no one had any idea that these transparent Open Sea fishes were the young stages of the Common Eel. There are others like them which we now know to be the young of the big six-foot-long Conger Eel which does not leave the sea. But let us return to the journey.

In their third summer the young eels are approaching the coasts of Europe, and they are about three inches long. They are still like transparent knife-blades, but they are soon going to change their shape. They swim in a leisurely way with beautiful undulations of their leaf-like body, and they are able to float at rest, almost invisible in the water. Perhaps they escape the hungry eyes of sea-birds by being so glassy.

In the course of the autumn and winter following the young eel's third summer, something very remarkable happens. The little creatures lose their appetite, and whenever animals do that, we may look out for some great change. The body changes from a knife-blade-like shape to a cylindrical shape, about the thickness of a bone knitting-needle. In the course of this change the young fish becomes lighter in weight and shorter. This is strange in a creature that is getting older, but the puzzle is solved when we remember that it is fasting. It is using the old material to build up the body on a new plan, and as it is expending energy without income, it must become lighter in weight. What is the result ? The young eel has now become an elver, about two and a half inches in length, of a tougher constitution than before, ready to go up the rivers. It is about three years old, and it searches along the coasts for the river-

mouths. Some have a much longer journey than others ; it is easier to find the Severn than the Aberdeenshire Dee ; the Mediterranean is less remote than the Baltic. Those elvers that ascend the Baltic rivers must have a journey of over 2,000 miles behind them.

The elvers' ascent of the river in the Spring months is a striking sight to see. It is called by the Anglo-Saxon name "eel-fare," which means eel journey. There are such crowds of small swimmers that a thousand may sometimes be caught in a bucket. They prefer the sides of the river to the mid-stream rush of water, and they are, so to speak, wound up to go straight on. This is a curious point—the elvers are *automatically obliged* by their constitution to adjust their body so that the water presses equally on the two sides, and this keeps them straight. If they come to a tributary they may adjust themselves to the new current flowing in, and thus they go straight up the stream. The compulsion to go up and up must be very strong, for if they come to a waterfall they swarm up the wet moss-covered rocks at the sides and thus circumvent the difficulty. Some naturalists say, however, that those young eels that are going to be males some years afterwards are not inclined to go so far upstream as the future females do. They lag behind ; the females press on.

But the upstream journey is continued only by day. We have watched the elvers passing in hundreds, the head of one almost touching the tail of another ; but suddenly, when the sun went down behind the hills, there was not one to be seen. They had all snuggled under the bank or under stones.

As to the occurrence of eels in shut-in ponds, it must be understood that elvers may ascend a drain-pipe or a dribble of water, and that they may press through a damp meadow. It sometimes happens, as in the North of Italy, that elvers are guided into suitable places ; and they are often captured

in places where eel-fares are thronged, and then introduced into ponds elsewhere. In any case many of them reach ponds and lochs after a prodigious journey ; and that brings us back to where we began. Let us write the story down in summary : Full-grown “ Silver Eels ”—from ponds and lochs—by rivers—to the sea—the Western Atlantic. Spawning and death of the parents. The long journey of the glassy larvæ—the elvers—the eel-fare—the growing time of the “ yellow-eels.”



1. In the last few lines the writer gives in ten phrases the outline of the story he has told. Instead of each phrase write one sentence, so that your ten sentences may give briefly the life-story of the eel.
2. Explain the ‘ *eel-run*,’ the ‘ *silver-eel*,’ the ‘ *eel-fare* ’ and the ‘ *yellow-eel*.’
3. What interests you most in the life of an eel ? Explain why.

A TRAIN SMASH

PETER FLEMING

HERE is the story of an accident which happened to the Trans-Siberian Express, in which Mr. Peter Fleming was travelling from Moscow, in Russia, on an eight days' train journey across Asia to Harbin and China. He was on his way to China because he had made up his mind to see for himself a war which had broken out between China and Japan.

Mr. Fleming has a great liking for travelling to those parts of the world where few people ever go. Before he was twenty-six years old he had made, not only this journey to China, but also another to Brazil, where he went to search for an English explorer, Colonel Fawcett, who had disappeared in the wilds of Central Brazil.

Few great travellers and explorers are ever greatly excited by strange or unexpected things. Mr. Fleming describes a railway accident which might have been very serious in a most matter-of-fact way. He clearly does not find it a matter for tears; in fact, it is rather amusing.

AND now the journey was almost over. To-morrow we should reach Manchuli. The train pulled out of Irkutsk, and ran along the river Angara until it debouched into Lake Baikal. At the mouth of the river men were fishing, each in a little coracle moored to a stake at which the current tugged. It was a clear and lovely evening.

Lake Baikal is said to be the deepest lake in the world. It is also said to be the size of Belgium. Its waters are cold and uncannily pellucid. The Russians call it "The White-haired," because of the mist which always hangs about it.

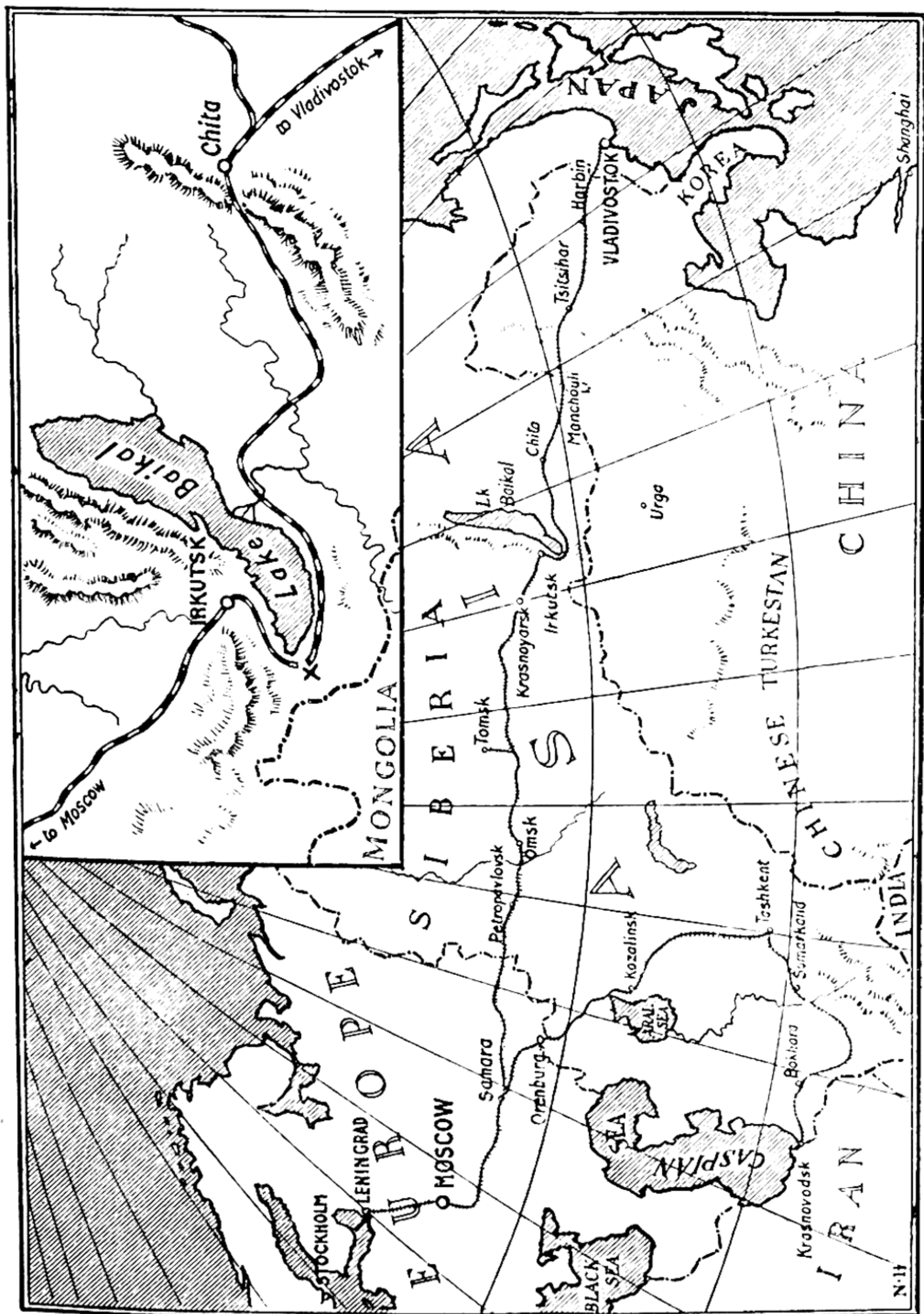
To-night the mist was limited to narrow decorative scarves which floated with a fantastic appearance of solidity far out above the unruffled waters. Out of the mist stood up the heads of distant mountains, dappled with snow. It was a peaceful, majestic place.

Contrary to general belief, the railway round the southern end of Lake Baikal is double-tracked, as, indeed, is the whole Trans-Siberian line from Chita westward to Omsk, and doubtless by now further. This is, however, a very vulnerable section. The train crawls tortuously along the shore at the foot of great cliffs. The old line passes through about forty short tunnels, each lackadaisically guarded by a sentry. The new line skirts round the outside of the tunnels, between the water and the rock. This is the weakest link in that long, tenuous, and somewhat rusty chain by which hangs the life of Russia's armies in the Far East.

There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the End-of-Term Feeling. The traditional scurrilities of

“This time to-morrow where shall I be ?
Not in this academe,”

have accompanied delights as keen and unqualified as any that most of us will ever know. As we left Baikal behind and went lurching through the operatic passes of Buriat Mongolia, I felt very content. To-morrow we would reach the frontier. After to-morrow there would be no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid meat : no more of that equally alluvial tea : no more of a Trappist's existence, no more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.



I undressed and got into bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number of my berth was thirteen.

For a long time I could not go to sleep. I counted sheep, I counted weasels (I find them much more efficacious, as a rule. I don't know why). I recited in a loud, angry voice soporific passages from Shakespeare. I intoned the names of stations we had passed through since leaving Moscow : Bui, Perm, Omsk, Tomsk, Kansk, Krasnoyarsk. (At one a low-hung rookery in birch trees, at another the chattering of swifts against a pale-evening sky, had made me home-sick for a moment.) I thought of all the most boring people I knew, imagining that they were in the compartment with me, and had brought their favourite subjects with them. It was no good. My mind became more and more active. Obviously I was never going to sleep. . . .

It was the Trooping of the Colour, and I was going to be late for it. There, outside, in the street below my window was my horse, but it was covered with thick, yellow fur ! This was awful. Why hadn't it been clipped ? What would they think of me, coming on parade like that ? Inadequately dressed though I was, I dashed out of my room and down the moving staircase. And then (horror of horrors) the moving staircase broke. It lurched, twisted, flung me off my feet. There was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. . . .

I sat up in my berth. From the rack high above me my heaviest suitcase, metal-bound, was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap. I was somehow not particularly surprised. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both my legs. I had a vague sense of injustice.

My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few square yards of goodish grazing, of which it offered an oblique bird's eye view.

Larks were singing somewhere. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I now felt very much annoyed.

But I climbed out of the carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world, and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian Express sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car, which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars, headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line the engine, which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting, on top of the embankment. It had a truculent and naughty look; it was defiantly conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. The weather was ideal. No one was badly hurt. And the whole thing was done in just the right Drury Lane manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force. For once the Russians had carried something off.

The air was full of agonizing groans and the sound of breaking glass, the first supplied by two attendants who had been winded, the second by passengers escaping from a coach in which both the doors had jammed. The sun shone brightly. I began to take photographs as fast as I could. This is strictly forbidden on Soviet territory, but the officials had their hands full and were too upset to notice.

The staff of the train were scattered about the wreckage, writing contradictory reports with trembling hands. A charming German consul and his family—the only other foreigners on the train—had been in the last coach and were unscathed. Their small daughter, aged six, was delighted with the whole affair, which she regarded as having been

arranged specially for her entertainment ; I am afraid she will grow up to expect too much from trains.

Gradually I discovered what had happened, or at least what was thought to have happened. As a rule the Trans-Siberian Expresses have no great turn of speed, but ours, at the time when the disaster overtook her, had been on top of her form. She had a long, steep hill behind her, and also a following wind ; she was giving of her best.

But, alas, at the bottom of that long, steep hill the signals were against her, a fact which the driver noticed in the course of time. He put on his brakes. Nothing happened. He put on his emergency brakes. Still nothing happened. Slightly less rapidly than before, but still at a very creditable speed, the train went charging down the long, steep hill.

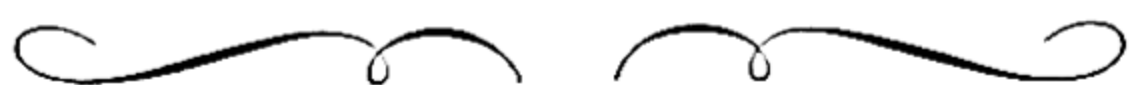
The line at this point is single track, but at the foot of the hill there is a little halt, where a train may stand and let another pass. Our train, however, was in no mood for stopping : it looked as if she was going to ignore the signals and try conclusions with a west-bound train, head on. In this she was thwarted by a pointsman at the little halt, who summed up the situation and switched the runaway neatly into a siding.

It was a long, curved siding, and to my layman's eye appeared to have been designed for the sole purpose of receiving trains which got out of control on the hill above it. But for whatever purpose it was designed, it was designed a very long time ago. Its permanent way had a more precarious claim to that epithet than is usual even in Russia. We were altogether too much for the siding. We made matchwood of its rotten sleepers and flung ourselves dramatically down the embankment.

But it had been great fun : a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie

back in the long grass on a little knoll and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap, that study in perdition. There she lay, in the middle of a wide green plain : the crack train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we tried to clean our teeth, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read she had made the print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her whistle had arbitrarily curtailed our frenzied excursions on the wayside platforms. Her windows we might not open on account of the dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways : by spilling tea in our laps, by running out of butter, by regulating her life in accordance with Moscow time, now six hours behind the sun. She had been our prison, our Little East. We had not liked her.

Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black worm without a head, awkwardly twisted : a thing of no use, above which larks sang in an empty plain.



1. Write a short account of the accident.
2. In what ways is your account different from Mr. Peter Fleming's? Give some reasons for this.
3. Contrast Mr. Fleming's feelings as he looked at the wrecked train sprawling across the track with what you think might have been the feelings of the engine-driver.
4. The author says of the Luxury Express '*We had not liked her.*' Give some of his reasons in your own words.

THE MAGIC SHOP

H. G. WELLS

MR. H. G. WELLS is one of the outstanding figures of modern literature. He is sometimes, and justly, called a 'prophet,' because he has, in his books, prophesied many things. In some of his books he has written about scientific matters, and described machines which have since been invented—though not every machine to be found in Mr. Wells' books has yet been made. In other stories he has pointed out the ways in which men may live better and more wisely. And he has also written a splendid history of the world.

But though Mr. Wells is so famous for his serious and scientific writings, he is also a master of humorous and fantastic literature, and this story, 'The Magic Shop,' shows how delightful his lighter writing can be.

I HAD seen the Magic Shop from afar several times ; I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, pack of cards that looked all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators—but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn ;

always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position ; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very Human—"and that," which was a mystery, and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy one and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under one of those cones. I have read about it in a book.

"And there, dad-da, is the Vanishing Halfpenny—only they've put it this way up so's we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way ; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that ?" I said, at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this ; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burthen of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in *papier mache* on the

glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggles his head in a methodical manner ; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors ; one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught ; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I supposed, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter—a curious sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

“What can we have the pleasure ?” he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case ; and so with a start we were aware of him.

“I want,” I said, “to buy my little boy a few simple tricks.”

“Legerdemain ?” he asked. “Mechanical ? Domestic ?”

“Anything amusing ?” said I.

“Um !” said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. “Something in this way ?” he said, and held it out.

The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before—it’s part of the common stock of conjurers—but I had not expected it here. “That’s good,” I said, with a laugh.

“Isn’t it ?” said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

“It’s in your pocket,” said the shopman, and there it was.

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman, politely. "We get them"—he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke—"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled. "You may have those, too," said the shopman, "and if you don't mind, one from my mouth—So."

Gip counselled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribed to a jest. "Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course, it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily—as people suppose. Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat. And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there isn't a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription—the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business card from his cheek and handed it to me. "Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home ;

but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

And as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar ! I warn a' go in there, dad-da, I warn 'a go in there. Ny-a-a-ah !" and then the accents of a down-trodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.

"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always—for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a small, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-sapid food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that ?" I said, breathing more freely.

"Magic !" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold ! sparks of coloured fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish your Friends' boxes ?"

Gip, after a gallant effort, said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter—he really had an extraordinary long body—this amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs ; "string," and behold his mouth was a string box, from

which he drew an unending thread, which, when he had tied his parcel, he bit off—and, it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string. And then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist's dummies, stuck one of his fingers (which had become sealing-wax red) into the flame, and so sealed the parcel. "Then there was the Disappearing Egg," he remarked, and produced one from within my coat-breast and packed it, and also the Crying Baby. Very Human. I handed each parcel to Gip as it was ready, and he clasped them to his chest.

He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent; the clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the play-ground of unspeakable emotions. These, you know, were real Magics.

Then, with a start, I discovered something moving about in my hat—something soft and jumpy. I whipped it off, and a ruffled pigeon—no doubt a confederate—dropped out and ran on the counter, and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the *papier-mache* tiger.

"Tut, tut!" said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my head-dress; "careless bird, and—as I live—nesting!"

He shook my hat, and shook out into his extended hand two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, about half-a-dozen of the inevitable glass balls, and then crumpled, crinkled paper, more and more and more, talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats inside as well as out, politely of course, but with a certain personal application. "All sorts of things accumulate, sir . . . Not you, of course, in particular. Nearly every customer. . . . Astonishing what they carry about with them. . . ." The crumpled paper rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden, and still his

voice went on and on. "We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal, sir. Are we all, then, no better than brushed exteriors, whited sepulchres?"

His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbour's gramophone with a well-aimed brick, the same instant silence, and the rustle of the paper stopped, and everything was still.

"Have you done with my hat?" I said, after an interval.

There was no answer.

"I stared at Gip, and Gip stared at me; and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum, and grave, and quiet.

"I think we'll go now," I said. "Will you tell me how much this all comes to?"

"I say," I said, on a rather louder note, "I want the bill; and my hat, please."

It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile.

"Let's look behind the counter, Gip," I said. "He's making fun of us."

I led Gip round the head-wagging tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all. Only my hat on the floor, and a common conjurer's lop-eared white rabbit lost in meditation, and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurer's rabbit can do. I resumed my hat, and the rabbit lolloped a lollop or so out of my way.

"Dadda!" said Gip, in a guilty whisper.

"What is it, Gip?" said I.

"I do like this shop, dadda."

"So should I," I said to myself, "If the counter wouldn't suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door." But I didn't call Gip's attention to that. "Pussy!" he said, with a hand out to the rabbit as it came lolloping past us; "Pussy, do Gip a magic!" and his eyes followed it as it

squeezed through a door I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider, and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but his eye met mine with something between amusement and defiance. "You'd like to see our show-room, sir," he said, with an innocent suavity. Gip tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shopman's eye again. I was beginning to think the magic just a little too genuine. "We haven't very much time," I said. But somehow we were inside the show-room before I could finish that.

"All goods of the same quality," said the shopman, rubbing his flexible hands together, "and that is the Best. Nothing in the place that isn't genuine Magic, and warranted thoroughly rum. Excuse me, sir."

I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat-sleeve, and then I saw he held a little, wriggling red demon by the tail, the little creature bit and fought and tried to get at his hand—and in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind a counter. No doubt the thing was only an image of twisted indiarubber, but for the moment! and his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty biting bit of vermin. I glanced at Gip, but Gip was looking at a magic rocking-horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing. "I say," I said, in an undertone, and indicating Gip and the red demon with my eyes, "you haven't many things like that about, have you?"

"None of ours. Probably brought it with you," said the shopman—also in an undertone, and with a more dazzling smile than ever. "Astonishing what people will carry about with them unawares." And then to Gip. "Do you see anything you fancy here?"

There were many things that Gip fancied there.

He turned to this astonishing tradesman with mingled

confidence and respect. "Is that a Magic Sword?" he said.

"A Magic Toy Sword. It neither bends, breaks, nor cuts the fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against anyone under eighteen. Half-a-crown to seven-and-sixpence, according to size. These panoplies on cards are for juvenile knights-errant and very useful—a shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, helmet of invisibility."

"Oh, dad-da," gasped Gip.

"I tried to find out what they cost, but the shopman did not heed me. He had got Gip now, he had got him away from my finger; he had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock, and nothing was going to stop him. Presently I saw with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that Gip had hold of this person's finger as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, really good faked stuff, still—

I wandered after them, saying very little, but keeping an eye on this prestidigital fellow. After all, Gip was enjoying it. And no doubt when the time came to go we should be able to go quite easily.

It was a long, rambling place, that show-room, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars, with archways leading off to other departments, in which the queerest-looking assistants looked and stared at one, and with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So perplexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

The shopman showed Gip magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals, and then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said—I myself haven't a very quick ear and it was a tongue-twisting sound, but Gip

—he has his mother's ear—got it in time. "Bravo," said the shopman, putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to Gip. "Now," said the shopman, and in a moment Gip had made them all alive again.

"You'll take that box?" asked the shopman.

"We'll take that box," said I, "unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a Trust Magnate."

"Dear, dear. No!" and the shopman swept the little men back again, shut the lid, waved the box in the air, and there it was in brown paper, tied up and—*with Gip's full name and address on the paper!*

The shopman laughed at my amazement.

"This is the genuine magic," he said. "The real thing."

"It's almost too genuine for my taste," I said again.

After that he fell to showing Gip tricks, odd tricks, and still odder the way they were done. He explained them, he turned them inside out, and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the sagest manner.

I did not attend as well as I might. "Hey, presto!" said the Magic Shopman, and then would come the clear, small "Hey, presto" of the boy. But I was distracted by other things. It was being borne in upon me just how tremendously rum this place was; it was, so to speak, inundated by a sense of rumness. There was something vaguely rum about the fixtures even, about the ceiling, about the floor, about the casually distributed chairs. I had a queer feeling that whenever I wasn't looking at them straight they were askew, and moved about and played a noiseless puss-in-the-corner behind my back. And the cornice had a serpentine design with masks—masks altogether too expressive for proper plaster.

Then abruptly my attention was caught by one of the odd-looking assistants. He was some way off and evidently unaware of my presence—I saw a sort of three-quarter

length of him over a pile of toys and through an arch—and, you know, he was leaning against a pillar in an idle sort of way doing the most horrid things with his features. The particular horrid thing was with his nose. He did it just as though he was idle and wanted to amuse himself. First of all it was a short, blobby nose, and then suddenly he shot it out like a telescope, and then out it flew and became thinner and thinner until it was like a long, red, flexible whip. Like a thing in a nightmare it was. He flourished it about and flung it forth as a fly-fisher flings his line.

My instant thought was that Gip mustn't see him. I turned about, and there was Gip quite preoccupied with the shopman, and thinking no evil. They were whispering together and looking at me. Gip was standing on a stool, and the shopman was holding a sort of big drum in his hand.

“Hide and seek, dad-da!” cried Gip. “You're He!”

And before I could do anything to prevent it, the shopman had clapped the big drum over him.

I saw what was up directly. “Take that off,” I cried, “this instant! You'll frighten the boy. Take it off!”

The shopman with the unequal ears did so without a word, and held the big cylinder towards me to show its emptiness. And the stool was vacant. In that instant my boy had utterly disappeared.

You know, perhaps, that sinister something that comes like a hand out of the unseen and grips your heart about. You know it takes your common self away and leaves you tense and deliberate, neither slow nor hasty, neither angry nor afraid. So it was with me.

I came up to this grinning shopman and kicked his stool aside.

“Stop this folly!” I said. “Where is my boy?”

“You see,” he said, still displaying the drum's interior, “there is no deception.”

I put out my hand to grip him, and he eluded me by a dexterous movement. I snatched again, and he turned from me and pushed open a door to escape.

"Stop!" I said, and he laughed, receding. I leapt after him—into utter darkness.

Thud!

"Lor' bless my 'eart! I didn't see you coming, sir!"

I was in Regent Street, and I had collided with a decent-looking working man; and a yard away, perhaps, and looking extremely perplexed with himself, was Gip. There was some sort of apology, and then Gip had turned and come to me with a bright smile, as though for a moment he had missed me.

And he was carrying four parcels in his arm!

He secured immediate possession of my finger.

For the second I was rather at a loss. I stared round to see the door of the magic shop, and, behold, it was not there! There was no door, no shop, nothing, only the common pilaster between the shop where they sell pictures and the window with the chicks!

I did the only thing possible in that mental tumult; I walked straight to the kerbstone and held up my umbrella for a cab.

"'Ansoms," said Gip, in a note of culminating exultation.

I helped him in, recalled my address with an effort, and got in also. Something unusual proclaimed itself in my tailcoat pocket, and I felt and discovered a glass ball. With a petulant expression I flung it into the street.

Gip said nothing.

For a space neither of us spoke.

"Dadda!" said Gip, at last, "that was a proper shop!"

I came round with that to the problem of just how the whole thing had seemed to him. He looked completely undamaged—so far, good; he was neither scared nor

unhinged, he was simply tremendously satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment, and there in his arms were the four parcels.

Confound it ! what could be in them ?

"Um !" I said. "Little boys can't go to shops like that every day."

He received this with his usual stoicism, and for a moment I was sorry I was his father and not his mother, and so couldn't suddenly there, *coram publico*, in our hansom, kiss him. After all, I thought, the thing wasn't so very bad.

But it was only when we opened the parcels that I really began to be reassured. Three of them contained boxes of soldiers, quite ordinary lead soldiers, but of so good a quality as to make Gip altogether forget that originally these parcels had been Magic Tricks of the only genuine sort, and the fourth contained a kitten, a little living white kitten, in excellent health and appetite and temper.

I saw this unpacking with a sort of provisional relief. I hung about in the nursery for quite an unconscionable time.

That happened six months ago. And now I am beginning to believe it is all right. The kitten had only the magic natural to all kittens, and the soldiers seem as steady a company as any colonel could desire. And Gip — ?

The intelligent parent will understand that I have to go cautiously with Gip.

But I went so far as this one day. I said, "How would you like your soldiers to come alive, Gip, and march about by themselves ?"

"Mine do," said Gip. "I just have to say a word I know before I open the lid."

"Then they march about alone ?"

"Oh, quite, dad-da. I shouldn't like them if they didn't do that."

I displayed no unbecoming surprise, and since then I have taken occasion to drop in upon him once or twice, unannounced, when the soldiers were about, but so far I have never discovered them performing in anything like a magical manner. . . .

It's so difficult to tell.

There's also a question of finance. I have an incurable habit of paying bills. I have been up and down Regent Street several times, looking for that shop. I am inclined to think, indeed, that in that matter honour is satisfied, and that, since Gip's name and address are known to them, I may very well leave it to these people, whoever they may be, to send in their bill in their own time.



1. Undoubtedly the little boy Gip spent a most interesting time in this Magic Shop. Supposing you had been in his place, which part of the adventure would you have enjoyed most?
2. Notice that the shopman said to Gip, '*You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy,*' but to another sort of youngster the door of the shop was locked. Find out from the story what you can about Gip's character, and what made him into '*the Right Sort of Boy.*'
3. Which gained the greater enjoyment from the visit—Gip or his father? Give your reasons.
4. Although the story is an amusing fantasy it contains a lesson. Think of the shop-door and Gip's toys and try to find the lesson.

THE EGYPT'S GOLD

DAVID SCOTT

IN 1922 the Peninsular and Oriental liner 'Egypt,' outward bound from London to Bombay, collided with a French vessel near the island of Ushant, at the northern end of the Bay of Biscay. Within twenty minutes the 'Egypt' sank, with the loss of 96 lives, and in sinking she took with her the gold in her strong room, worth more than one million pounds.

It was thought to be impossible to raise this gold, because the ship lay in more than 400 feet of water, and no diver had ever gone so deep. But in 1929 a number of Italians, in the ship 'Artiglio,' set out to search for the 'Egypt's' treasure.

They took with them a diving apparatus called 'the Eye' (a great steel bottle fitted with windows) in which a diver could go deep enough. The diver watched from inside the Eye, and told the ship's crew by telephone how to use a mechanical grab, which seized parts of the wrecked ship and hauled them to the surface.

The 'Egypt' had first to be located, and it was not until August 1930 that the sunken ship was found. Then the work of using the grab to tear away the vessel until the strong room could be reached was begun. Progress was slow, and in December a terrible accident happened.

The 'Artiglio' was at work on another ship near the 'Egypt'—a ship which contained munitions of war—when a terrible explosion occurred. The 'Artiglio' went down, and nearly all her crew perished.

But Commander Quaglia, who was directing the work, was not beaten. By the summer of 1931 another 'Artiglio' was at work on the 'Egypt.' All that year and through part of

1932 the Italians toiled on until at last, in May, there came the great moment which Mr. David Scott describes in the following passage from his book 'The Egypt's Gold.'

THE morning of June 22 found the *Artiglio* once more over the *Egypt*. The diver was down again, now at the port end of the bullion-room. For two or three hours the usual refuse came up in the grab—broken wood, odd debris, cartridges and wads of rupee notes. Quaglia sat fuming in a deck-chair under the bridge.

Suddenly one of the men who were raking through the rubbish on the deck gave a shout and held up something bright that he had found in the mud.

Look ! A Sovereign !

Everyone crowded round. It was a sovereign right enough ; a bright, golden sovereign, dated 1901.

The men threw themselves on the scrap-heap to hunt for more. Every bit of mud, every tangle of bent metal and scrap of cloth was turned over.

Another ! Another !

King George's head this time—1912. I looked at Quaglia. He gave me a cuff on the head and pocketed the two sovereigns without speaking, but his face was one big smile. Even Mario looked elated for once.

"We're on the right road," he said.

The long struggle towards the bullion, we knew, was over at last. These sovereigns were the first drops of the shower of gold which was going to descend, at any moment now, on the *Artiglio*. It was as certain as anything could be that we should see gold bars on deck before the end of the day. We knocked off for lunch, full of expectation too deep for words.

Lenci went down in the afternoon. The grab followed quickly. Every one was on deck now, crowding round the

working space. Quaglia stood in the background, mastering his excitement. A hush had fallen on the ship. The crew, grouped in twos and threes, whispered to each other. I saw Verda wearing the expression of an intelligent retriever, and the Caporale's eyes twinkling over his pipe. Briasco stood close beside me under the bridge. A muscle twitched in his cheek. We all hung breathlessly on the words that passed through the telephone.

"Do you see anything?"

Silence.

"O Lenci—Do you see anything?"

"Yes."

Two minutes wait. Mancini is at the telephone. The diver is talking. Mancini straightens himself, facing the men of the fo'c'sle and raising his hands. That means we've got to move the ship.

Mario and Sodini run aft to the stern-winch, and the bow-winch team haul on their hawsers. Amedeo is not with them. We had to leave him ashore, in hospital with a poisoned leg. Poor Amedeo, he is going to miss the first raising of bullion. No one, in this ship or the last, has worked harder to bring it about.

Will that do? Yes, says Lenci. He's got the grab over the bullion-room now. He's ready to take a shot with it, but he can't see what it will get. To him, the contents of the room are only a dim mass between two walls.

"Lower the grab."

The main winch and the second winch on the fo'c'sle with Del Dotto and Giulio at their throttles, grind round slowly. The white marks on the cables dip into the sea.

"Stop."

All still. The hissing of steam in the winches is the only sound.

"Open the grab."

Giulio throws over his reverse lever and lets his winch haul on the second grab-line until the main cable falls slack. The grab is open now, ready to bite. Lenci will give the word when it swings just over the centre line of the bullion-room. Between the open teeth of the grab and the bullion-room walls there are only a few inches to spare on either side.

“Lower everything.”

Mancini sweeps both hands, palms downwards towards his feet. The two winches whirl, shaking the ship. The cables run out smartly.

“Stop.”

Mario takes the great main cable in his hand and shakes it to see if the grab has found bottom.

“O Lenci! Where’s the grab?”

“In its place! Haul away!”

Mancini turns again to Del Dotto, making little circles in the air with his upraised forefinger. Del Dotto, with every muscle tense and his whole mind concentrated on Mancini, throws over the lever and admits the steam.

The main winch begins to turn, slowly, slowly, hauling up the grab. After a dozen revolutions Mancini nods to Del Dotto. He has heard (through the telephone) the clash of the outer shell closing round the grab as it comes out of the bullion room. Del Dotto speeds up the winch. Giulio gives him a dozen revolutions’ start and then sets his own winch in motion, taking up the slack of the second line.

Round and round fly the drums of the winches, while we who look on hold our breath. Quaglia hoists himself out of his chair and stands as he did on that fateful morning last December, waiting quietly, his hands in his pockets and his legs wide apart. The divers and their helpers lean far outboard over the bulwarks, watching for the grab.

Here it comes. Emilio and Fausto get ready to hook their guide-ropes to it.

There is a bump on the ship's hull. The grab rises out of the sea, a stream of silvery water pouring from it. It swings high overhead, drenching heedless men to the skin. As the outer casing opens and the grab comes down, we see the usual jumble of wreckage in its jaws. They open with a rattle. Among the mud and wood and paper two bright yellow bricks fall with a double thump on the deck. They lie there shining, while a great shout bursts from the men of the *Artiglio*.

The ingots ! Gold !

Now the flood-gates are open. The months of waiting and striving are at an end. Pent-up hope and patience burst forth in a rush of emotion that sweeps us off our feet. Employer and employed, master and servant, officer and seaman, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, old and young, the man about to become rich and the many who, in spite of his bounty, will always be poor, join for a few precious moments in a frenzy of rejoicing. They throw themselves on the golden bars, laughing and crying together, scrambling to touch them, embracing one another at the sight of them. They pass them from hand to hand, stroking their cold smoothness with calloused palms, laying them against unshaven cheeks, swinging them aloft to feel their weight. They shout and dance and shout again. Four years of effort, patience, tragedy—and reward at last !

Five minutes of this—few of us will ever know five such minutes again—and Quaglia, raising his voice above the din, calls for silence. A big new Italian ensign has sprung as if by magic from the *Artiglio's* jackstaff, and the silk house-flag of the *Sorima*,* blue with the Italian Tricolour in the peak, floats from her yardarm. "Is every one here ?" asks Quaglia. "Every one," says Carli. Then someone reminds us of the diver. He, who got the first gold from

* *Sorima* was the name of the company who owned the *Artiglio*.

the *Egypt* has been forgotten, and left at the bottom of the sea ! But everything is matter for laughter now. Very soon Lenci stands with his mates on deck. Quaglia takes off his cap ; and the men follow suit. They know what is coming. They stand with bowed heads as he begins to speak, in a voice broken by emotion.

“ I speak to you now only to say to you all, let us bow our heads for a minute and think of our beloved dead ; they are with us now, sharing our joy and pride.”

On the weather-worn decks of the *Artiglio*, in the shadow of their country's flag, those who a moment before joined in wild rejoicing are joined now in the sorrowful memory of lost comrades. They stand together for one long minute in silence. Some make the sign of the cross ; some wipe their eyes with their caps or the back of their hands.



1. Look again at the story. First we see Commander Quaglia sitting fuming in a deck-chair. Then the atmosphere is changed to one of hope by the finding of a sovereign. Hope grows with the finding of two more, until the great moment when the grab rises out of the sea and deposits two ingots on the deck. Then come five minutes of sheer excitement ; but this is allayed by the Commander reminding the crew of their dead companions. We pass from despair to hope, from hope to achievement, and from achievement to remembrance.
2. Explain some of the difficulties to be overcome in salving the *Egypt's* gold.
3. From the story write a short description of Commander Quaglia.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY

COLLIE

P. R. CHALMERS

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep
That I to serve was born ;
Ewe, Hogg and Tup I round them up,
The fleece, the hoof, the horn ;
By dale and down and dipping-pan,
Crook, shears and wattle-shade,
I am the nearest brute to Man
That ever God has made.

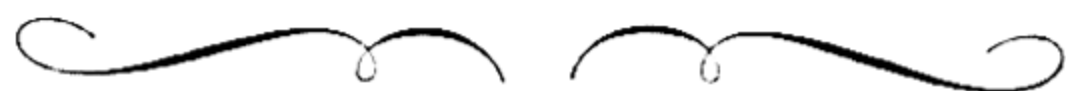
I am the Shepherd of the Sheep ;
Unto the hill I go,
When ways are blind and when the wind
Moans muffled with the snow ;
When all familiar things are by
At freak of drift that's blown
By grace of God, through chaos, I
Still seek and find my own.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep,
I am the Dog his Power ;
I bid them be or march with me
At two good miles an hour ;
I stem their scuffling, panic wave,
I run, I crouch, I creep ;
No man who has a soul to save
Has wit to fold a sheep.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Their first and latest need ;
Ewe, Tup and Hogg get heed of Dog
When Man may give small heed ;
From the high places to the groves—
Blue Grampian, Hampshire pine,
I am the Drover of the Drovers,
The sheep are only mine.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep ;
You've met us on the way
To fair and town ; my tongue drips down ;
My coat with dust is grey ;
I'm four-foot lame, I'm lame all round,
Yet here I run and there
And bring my sheep in safe and sound,
My honour and my care.

For I am Shepherd of the Sheep
That I to serve was born ;
I serve them true—Hogg, Tup and Ewe
And hoof and fleece and horn ;
Since Lammas first to Lammas ran,
Day's light or lantern's glim,
The nearest brute am I to Man
That God has given to him.



1. Choose lines from the poem which express the collie's pride
(a) in his work, (b) in himself.
2. Describe in your own words the collie's work in (a) winter,
(b) summer.

10,000 MILES IN THE SADDLE

A. F. TSCHIFFELY

A FEW years ago Mr. Tschiffely decided to travel on horseback from Argentina, in South America, to Washington, the capital of the United States. He undertook this difficult and dangerous journey of ten thousand miles not for the sake of going from Buenos Aires to Washington (he could have done that far more quickly and comfortably), but simply because he wanted adventure.

For two and a half years Mr. Tschiffely, with his two horses 'Mancha' and 'Gato,' made his way northward, over cold and barren mountains, through semi-tropical jungles, across the Isthmus of Panama, and through Mexico. He went to places where white men were hardly known, and every night he pitched his camp where he could.

In the following passage, from the book 'Southern Cross to Pole Star,' Mr. Tschiffely describes some of the many troubles and difficulties which he met and overcame.

*L*ANDSLIDES and swollen rivers made it impossible to follow the road and compelled me to make a large detour over the mountains to the west. Natives who knew these regions advised me to take a guide, for alone I should have difficulty in finding the direction among the numerous little Indian footpaths.

With the mayor's assistance I found an Indian in a village who agreed to come with me, but unfortunately the man could neither speak nor understand Spanish. I bought some provisions, and without losing time started out, the guide, like most Indians, preferring to go on foot, and even when

the horses went at a trot he kept up with us with ease. After some time he led us into very rough country, and often he made a sign to me to go ahead, and then he took a short cut, and later I found him sitting somewhere far ahead, chewing coca whilst waiting for us.

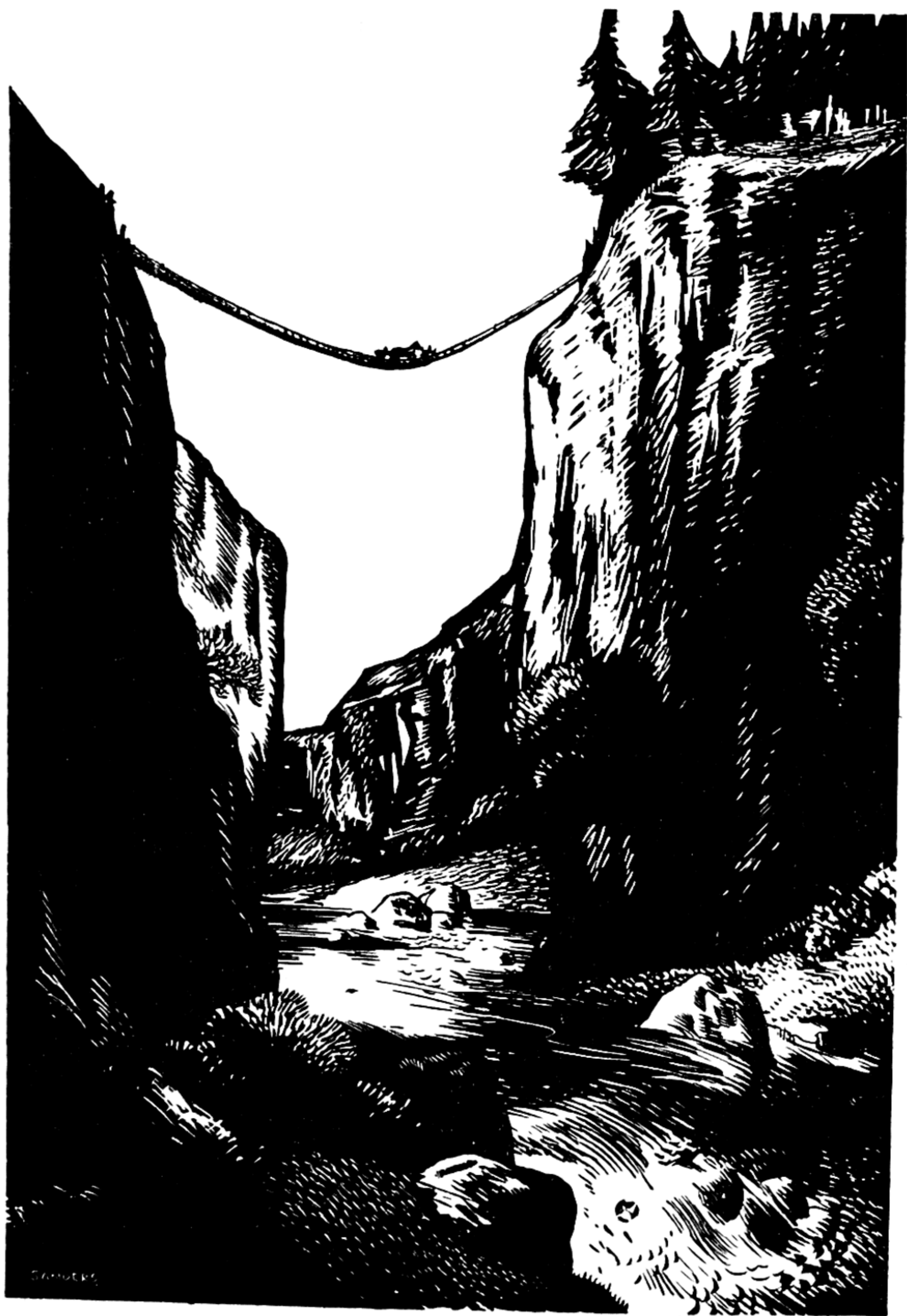
We had crossed some giddy and wobbly hanging bridges before, but here we came to the worst I had ever seen or ever wish to see again. Even without horses the crossing of such bridges is apt to make anybody feel cold ripples running down the back, and, in fact, many people have to be blindfolded and strapped on stretchers to be carried across. Spanning a wild river the bridge looked like a long, thin hammock swung high up from one rock to another. Bits of rope, wire and fibre held the rickety structure together, and the floor was made of sticks laid crosswise and covered with some coarse fibre matting to give a foothold and to prevent slipping that would inevitably prove fatal. The width of this extraordinary piece of engineering was no more than four feet, and its length must have been roughly one hundred and fifty yards. In the middle the thing sagged down like a slack rope.

I went to examine it closely, and the very sight of it made me feel giddy, and the thought of what might easily happen produced a feeling in my stomach as if I had swallowed a block of ice. For a while I hesitated, and then I decided to chance it, for there was no other alternative but to return to Ayacucho and there wait for the dry season. I unsaddled the horses, and giving the Indian the lead-line I made signs to him to go ahead with Mancha first. Knowing the horse well, I caught him by the tail and walked behind talking to him to keep him quiet. When we stepped on the bridge he hesitated for a moment, then he sniffed the matting with suspicion, and after examining the strange surroundings he listened to me and cautiously advanced.

As we approached the deep sag in the middle, the bridge began to sway horribly, and for a moment I was afraid the horse would try to turn back, which would have been the end of him ; but no, he had merely stopped to wait until the swinging motion was less, and then he moved on again. I was nearly choking with excitement, but kept on talking to him and patting his haunches, an attention of which he was very fond. Once we started upwards, after having crossed the middle, even the horse seemed to realize that we had passed the worst part, for now he began to hurry towards safety. His weight shook the bridge so much that I had to catch hold of the wires on the sides to keep my balance. Gato, when his turn came, seeing his companion on the other side, gave less trouble and crossed over as steadily as if he were walking along a trail. Once the horses were safely on the other side we carried over the packs and saddles, and when we came to an Indian hut where "chicha" and other native beverages were sold we had an extra long drink to celebrate our successful crossing, whilst the horses quietly grazed as if they had accomplished nothing out of the way.

Torrential rains began to pour down, and the mountain trails were soon converted into rushing streams that carried earth and loose stones with them, and often we had to wait until the downpour ceased before we could proceed.

The guide pointed towards a mountain-side that towered up into the sky like a wall, and it seemed to me that he tried to make me understand that we would have to climb up there, but as this looked like an impossibility to me I thought I must be misunderstanding him. Much to my surprise our path led straight towards this formidable mountain-side, and presently we started up a neck-breaking path which had been partly hewn and partly worn out of the rocky wall. It was so steep and slippery that at first I



"The deep sag in the middle"

considered it a physical impossibility for horses to climb up there, and when we finally came to the top I saw that another similar obstacle was ahead of us. A traveller soon gets used to such disappointments in the Andes, for often, after having reached what one thought would be the end of a long and weary climb, one sees another ahead, and frequently one has by no means finished with the eternal zig-zags even when the second has been surmounted.

The Indians in these parts may appear to be sullen, but yet I found them kind and hospitable. I shall always remember how well a solitary woman treated us when we arrived at her hut. Her husband was away, and so she was left alone with the children. She prepared food for us, and in return I gave her and the children some chocolate, for the good woman refused to accept money. We spread our blankets under a low shelter where we slept alongside some pigs, but when one is tired and the nights cold one is satisfied with any kind of protection. When daylight permitted we were glad to be off again, for it was bitterly cold, and my fingers were stiff and aching.

Below us the valleys and hollows were still wrapped in inky darkness whilst the first rays of the sun gave the highest peaks the appearance of glowing heaps of charcoal. By degrees, as the sun rose higher, the light crept further and further down the slopes, until it shone on the heavy mists below. Soon our shivering bodies began to feel the agreeable warmth, and the puffs of vapour that came out of the horses' nostrils with every breath became fainter and fainter as the atmosphere warmed up.

After some time the sea of mist began to heave and roll, and here and there we could see the valley through an opening, but soon a drifting cloud again covered the gap. Every now and again a heavy mass of white would gather and rise above the rest, assuming grotesque shapes of gigantic human

heads or strange monsters that looked as if they were rising out of an angry and foaming sea. Slowly the mists rose until they reached us ; then for a while the sun looked like a grey disc until it completely disappeared behind a thick curtain, and then a damp chill began to penetrate through our clothes. I was hoping that the clouds and fogs would lift towards noon, but this did not happen, and as time went on it became darker and darker. Towards evening thunder began to rumble in the distance, and suddenly a furious storm began to rage around us. The Indian, who was carrying our small food supply on his back, hurried ahead, and when we found an overhanging rock we took shelter under it. The rain poured down in such torrents that I was thankful not to be on a slope or in one of those trails in a hollow.

When the storm had passed the Indian left me, and, thinking he had merely gone to see what the weather was likely to do, I sat down to wait for him. After about a quarter of an hour I began to wonder what was keeping the man away for so long, and went to look for him, but although I searched in every direction and called, there was no sign of him. It was already dusk and still he did not appear, so I unsaddled and prepared to spend the night under the rock where we had taken refuge during the storm. Obviously the cunning Indian had returned towards home, taking with him all my food supplies, and as I had paid him in advance he must have thought it foolish to face further hardships, especially during an abnormally severe rainy season.

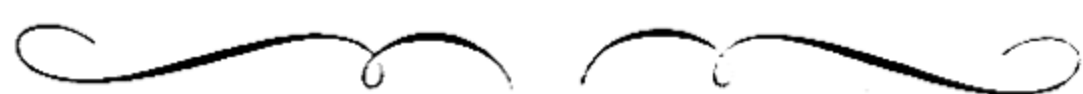
This was by no means the first time I had been in similar situations, and so I settled down to make the best of it until dawn would permit us to continue. There was no grass, so the horses stood alongside me whilst I sat on the sheepskins of the saddle and puffed away at some cigarettes, whilst

imagining myself to be picking my choice from a long menu in some luxurious Parisian restaurant, and possibly my animals were dreaming of green alfalfa fields and feed-boxes full of crisp, golden oats. To my great joy, I discovered a treasure wrapped up in a paper in the saddle-bags—a piece of unrefined sugar. In the morning I cut this into three pieces, and whilst I made ready to start, the three of us chewed away, and when we had finished our mouthfuls we tried to remember the pleasant taste by licking our slobbery lips.

For mountain travelling a compass is of no use, for it is impossible to leave the narrow trails, and when one happens to come to a place where a path branches off in another direction one has to guess which one to take, and leave the rest to chance. I was lucky that day, for in the evening I sighted a small settlement on a slope, and when I arrived there the "alcalde" (alderman) told me I was in Paucara, and in spite of not being any the wiser for this piece of information, I was glad to be there, for at least there were hopes of getting something to eat. The Indian alcalde gave me quarters in an empty hut next to his, and after a while brought me a steaming plate of barley soup and a bundle of straw for the horses. I could have taken many times the amount of soup I was given, but even the small quantity I had made me feel like a new man. When I went to look at the horses I found that they had already finished their feed, and so I walked from hut to hut, trying my best to get them some more, and although I was willing to pay any price for it, only one man reluctantly parted with a very little of his limited supply.

At sunrise the alcalde put me on a trail, informing me that by following it I would hit the "Mejorada," which is the terminus of the Central Peruvian Railroad. More than once I thought I must have gone the wrong way, for evening

was approaching, and still I could see no railway line. Rounding a bend my fears were dispelled, for far below us, in a green valley, I saw a thin line, like a black thread that wound and twisted along the foot of the mountain. We were safe, for this must be a railroad, a thing I had not seen for a long, long time.



1. Describe how Mr. Tschiffely managed to get the horses across the bridge.
2. Point out the incidents which show how Mr. Tschiffely treated his horses. How did the horses seem to regard him? Do you think the latter depended upon the former?
3. Re-read the passage from the foot of page 72 '*After some time . . .*' to the end. Now give in your own words a description of Mr. Tschiffely's character.

AN INTRACTABLE CASE

LADY STUART TAYLOR

IT has been said that though Lord Kelvin, the distinguished scientist and inventor, could work out the longest and most complicated problems in his head, he could not always find the right answer to an easy sum in arithmetic. It is not uncommon for clever people to be unable to do simple things, as this story shows.

“NORMAL,” said the physician, shaking the thermometer. “And now,” he intoned in his best bedside manner, “we must begin to build up your strength. Let me see—I think to-day we might allow you a lightly-boiled egg.”

“Thank you very much,” I murmured, feeling faintly sick at the thought; “perhaps I will have one later on. I couldn’t face it just now.”

“You must fight against this post-influenzal depression,” said the physician, in a tone of gentle reproof. “Come,” he added, with loathsome playfulness, “I should like to see you enjoying your egg before I go.”

“You can’t,” I said, thankfully; “Louisa is out and I’m alone in the flat.”

“Then,” said the physician, with a magnificent gesture, “I will boil one for you myself.”

“Don’t talk so big; you couldn’t,” I cried, startled out of my rôle of grateful patient. The physician is also a relation.

“Are you suggesting that a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians is incapable of conducting so simple a scientific experiment as that of boiling an egg?”

“Well, I only mean that it’s a pity to bite off more—I mean there must come a moment in every life when one is up against something bigger than . . . I mean . . .”

My voice trailed away into nothing as the physician strode out of the room.

“Go back to Harley Street while you still have a reputation to lose,” I called after him.

For reply came a series of nerve-shattering crashes from the kitchen, and the physician reappeared bearing in one hand an assorted array of saucepans and in the other an under-sized anaemic-looking egg.

“I see you have a gas-ring in here,” he said, kindly, “so you will be able to watch me at work.”

“I think that’s the fish kettle,” I suggested, sweetly.

“I never allow myself to be hampered by inadequate instruments,” said the physician, coldly; “but perhaps on second thoughts I shall decide upon this smaller utensil. Now, do you think I have selected a suitable subject for my demonstration?”

“It looks a fair specimen of a healthy young egg. What about some water to boil it in?”

“Don’t be in such a hurry,” snapped the physician, taken off his guard for a moment; “I can’t do everything at once.”

My head swam giddily as I lay back on the sofa and watched him do everything at least twice; but finally the gas-ring was alight and the saucepan full of water balanced safely upon it.

“One small point arises,” said the physician, hesitatingly. “Is it the accepted custom to boil the water with the egg in it, or to boil the water first and then insert the egg?”

“If you are calling me in consultation, I give it as my considered opinion that you boil the water first.”

“Very good,” said the physician, smoothly, “We will

follow that line of treatment. Do you think the water is boiling yet?"

"Good heavens, man! Don't you even know when water is boiling?"

"When the tension of its vapours is equivalent to the super-incumbent atmospheric pressure, of course," rattled off the physician; "but I cannot for the moment recall the method of measuring the tension."

"I generally go by the bubbles on the top," I began, feebly; but a muffled exclamation from the physician interrupted me.

"What have you done now?" I said, wearily.

The physician had the grace to look a trifle shamefaced. "Er—my thermometer appears to have broken itself."

"You don't mean to tell me that you were taking the water's temperature with that thing? Well, nothing will persuade me to eat that egg now. I know mercury is deadly poison, and so is ground glass."

"Don't be so neurotic. The egg hasn't been in yet. I can easily pour this water away."

"Haven't you got any other patients?" I asked, spitefully. "You've been over half-an-hour on this job already."

"And I mean to see it through if I have to sit up all night," hissed the physician through his clenched teeth.

"I can't bear it much longer. I shall have a relapse. I can feel my temperature going up," I protested, tearfully; but the physician had long since lost interest in my case.

Again the water was spilt on the hearthrug; again the matches were lost; again the physician burnt his fingers; but at long last came the supreme moment when the egg was reverently lowered into the seething saucepan and the physician stood over it watch in hand.

"Now we shan't be long," he cried, relaxing with practised skill into a heartening jocularly.

There was a sudden ominous crack, and in a flash the eminent consultant was on hands and knees peering into the depths of the saucepan.

"The albumen appears to be protruding through a wound in the outer wall," he said, with a faint note of anxiety creeping into his measured tones.

"Send for a surgeon," I cried, hysterically. "It would be a breach of professional etiquette for you to carry on with the case."

There was a tense silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the physician as he bent over the sufferer.

"Report unfavourable?" I ventured.

"But not necessarily fatal," he whispered, prodding cautiously.

"I like scrambled egg just as well, if it's going to be that," I said, helpfully.

The strain was beginning to tell on the physician. His face was grey as he tenderly lifted the saucepan for a closer examination. It was at this moment that the water chose to boil over.

Professional calm was shattered.

"Curse the thing, it's bewitched," bellowed the apostle of science and reason, flinging the saucepan into the fireplace with direful clatter.

I shut my eyes and trembled.

"Be careful with my best saucepan, if you please, Sir," said a reproachful voice from the door.

I opened my eyes to behold salvation. Louisa at last.

Blessed be the bedside manner that covereth a multitude of blunders. I could but admire the masterful ease with which the physician recovered himself.

"Ah, Louisa," he beamed, benignly. "I have just ordered the patient a lightly-boiled egg. The strength must be maintained now that the fever has subsided."

"I think I still have a little headache," I said, truthfully.
"Would it matter if I didn't have the egg just now?"

"This one's good for nothing, anyway," said Louisa, disdainfully, as she swept it out of sight.

"I am glad to have my opinion confirmed by a specialist," said the physician, as he turned majestically to take his leave.
"I always suspected something inherently unsound in the constitution of that egg."



Here is another story which can be made into a short, amusing play.

Characters : A DOCTOR.

A PATIENT.

LOUISA, a servant.

SCENE—*The room of a house. The patient is lying on a sofa and the doctor is bending over him.*

DOCTOR : (*shaking a thermometer*) Normal. Now we must begin to build up your strength. (*Pause*) Let me see—I think to-day we might allow you a lightly-boiled egg.

PATIENT : (*shuddering slightly, for he does not like eggs*) Thank you very much ; perhaps I will have one later on. I couldn't face one just now.

Conclude the play.

Remember the doctor is very dignified but boiling the egg proves too much for him. Indeed, only the timely arrival of Louisa saves the situation—and the doctor's dignity.

THE COCK O' THE NORTH

JOHN R. ALLAN

*I*N his book, 'Farmer's Boy,' Mr. John R. Allan describes the life of a boy who was brought up on a farm in Scotland. The owner of the farm, called the Old Man, one day bought a billy goat called the Cock o' the North.

This goat was the cause of much excitement on the farm, because a friendly rivalry developed between the Old Man and the goat. The following passage describes that rivalry and the spirit with which it was carried on. It is worth noting how much can be learned from this incident about the characters of both the Old Man and the goat.

*I*T was about this time that we acquired the Cock o' the North, and life, which was always very full for the Old Man and me during the summer days, became one long adventure after the arrival of that astonishing beast.

There never was a wilder spirit trod the earth. He was a perfect devil. He despised the solid ground, preferring roofs for sporting on, and he got his name not because he resembled the Marquis of Huntly,* but from his love of perching on the tops of ricks and throwing out a challenge to the four quarters of heaven.

He kept us lively that summer. In the first place, he had a tremendous and catholic appetite. He despised grass but adored linen, rope, boots and everything that was never meant to be eaten. If there were clothes on the drying green somebody had to stand guard over them, for he ate

* The Marquis of Huntly is called "The Cock o' the North."

a hole out of one of my grandmother's best linen tablecloths and chewed a leg off the Old Man's woollen drawers.

He went everywhere and ate everything. One day he got thoroughly entangled in the strawberry bed, where he was found eating his way out of a cocoon of herring net.

He liked the kitchen, too. As soon as Sally turned her back he would jump on the table and finish off a plate of scones in half a minute. When discovered he could disappear like a shot and seldom, if ever, suffered for his depredations.

His sense of fun was peculiar and highly developed. He had a knack of lurking round corners whence he would spring out suddenly on a passer-by and take him sharply in the rear with his horns. Every now and then the peaceful afternoon would be riven with fearful yells, a clatter of tacketty boots and a raucous derisive "me-ee-ee-eh." The Cock o' the North had found another victim.

The Old Man, being a bit stiff, was excellent game for the sportive beast and suffered heavy injuries in the first few weeks. However, he was not the man to be put down by any goat. He retaliated in kind.

Thus we began a splendid game in which the man and the boy and the goat stalked each other round and round the cornyard. We played the game with spirit, and our senses became so keen that we seemed to develop eyes in the back of our heads.

It was a grand sight to see the Old Man loitering among the ricks with malicious intent, and you realized the glory of revenge when you saw him catch the Cock o' the North an almighty whack across the rump with his blackthorn. It must have stung the old goat a bit, but he took it as all in the fortune of war, and retired only to advance again.

The great goat vendetta carried on all through summer and harvest till, I am proud to say, we gradually wore him down. He had an immense advantage in speed and general mobility, but the Old Man had the greater cunning. Besides, there were times when the goat forgot ; he had not the Old Man's singleness of mind ; and we had an unerring instinct for his off moments.

Still, he kept up a magnificent fight until the Old Man discovered the master strategy, which was fireworks. The goat was just plumb scared of squibs and crackers ; perhaps the smell of gunpowder reminded him of his father, the Devil. We had only to throw a squib at him and he would make one bound for the top of the farthest rick.

Yet, though we shook his nerve we could not break his spirit. Like a true Cock o' the North he nailed his flag to the tallest cornstack and prepared to go down butting to the very end.

Alas ! his appetites were his undoing. There are some things that even the stomach of a billy goat (and such a billy) cannot withstand. He had eaten most everything that could be eaten, laburnum flowers and all, with no other effect than an occasional asperity of temper. If he had stopped there he might have been flourishing in wickedness to this day.

However, he ate a pound of lead paint and that finished him. We found him one morning, dead. It was a strange shock when I saw the beast that had been the very incarnation of energy lying motionless, with his defiant whisker dabbled in the mud. I cried because it was terrifying and strange. The Old Man was very silent all day. He missed that goat because he had been a grand fighter and bore no ill-will.

We gave him a splendid funeral at the bottom of the garden, and used the remainder of the lead to paint the

barndoor in his memory. R.I.P. He was a valiant spirit while he lived, and life was dull without him when he died. So I came to realize the sense of tears in mortal things.



1. Do you think the goat intended to hurt the Old Man, or the Old Man the goat? In what spirit was the rivalry between the two carried on? What was the Old Man's "*master strategy*"?
2. What were the goat's advantages and disadvantages in the game?
3. How did the death of the goat affect (a) the Old Man? (b) the writer? What does this tell you about them?

KAMET CONQUERED

F. S. SMYTHE

BY the middle of the nineteenth century every part of the world had been discovered, and all but the most remote and dangerous countries had been explored. But, even so, there remained still the restless and adventurous spirit which has always driven men to face hardship and the unknown.

When there remained hardly any oceans and lands still to be found and explored, men who are fired with this spirit of restlessness and adventure, turned elsewhere for the difficulties and the achievement they sought. Some went to the frozen lands of the Arctic and the Antarctic, and others turned to the mighty mountains, striving to reach one lofty summit after another.

At first, mountaineers set out to climb the various peaks of the Alps, beginning with Edward Whymper's famous ascent of the Matterhorn. One by one the Alpine giants were conquered, in the ice and snow of winter or the blue skies and clouds of summer. Then mountaineers began to look further afield, to the Carpathians, the Caucasus, and the mountains of America.

In the twentieth century the bravest and finest feats of mountaineers have been wrought in Africa and among the great mountains to the north of India—notably the Himalayas, the highest mountains in the whole world.

In 1931 Mr. F. S. Smythe led one of the most successful of all expeditions to the Himalayas—an expedition which set out to reach the summit of Mount Kamet, 25,347 feet above sea level. Here, in Mr. Smythe's own words, from the book 'Kamet Conquered,' is the story of their conquest of the mighty peak.

THE edge of the eastern precipice abutted as an ill-defined ridge against the final slope. At the point where the ridge merged into the slope a large boulder of Kamet's

reddish granite projected from the ice. It looked a welcome resting place where we might recoup our energies for the final tussle. Up to it we started to climb. Perhaps 100 feet below the boulder, our feet struck ice beneath the snow. The snow thinned until it was no longer deep enough to hold the foot securely to the ice. Step-cutting became necessary. The leader braced himself to the task. The axe swung back and leapt forward, meeting the ice with a dull thud.

In the Alps, the ringing thud of the axe and the swish and tinkle of dislodged fragments are music in my ears. The confident raising of the body from step to step, by limbs untired and in perfect training, brings happiness and contentment. But cutting steps in ice at 25,000 feet is a very different matter. The ice-slope is not to be welcomed as providing a test of skill ; it is an implacable enemy, mute yet savage, passive yet resistant. It hates.

Thud, thud, thud. A step is made. The foot lifts slowly, the nailed boot grinds into the ice.

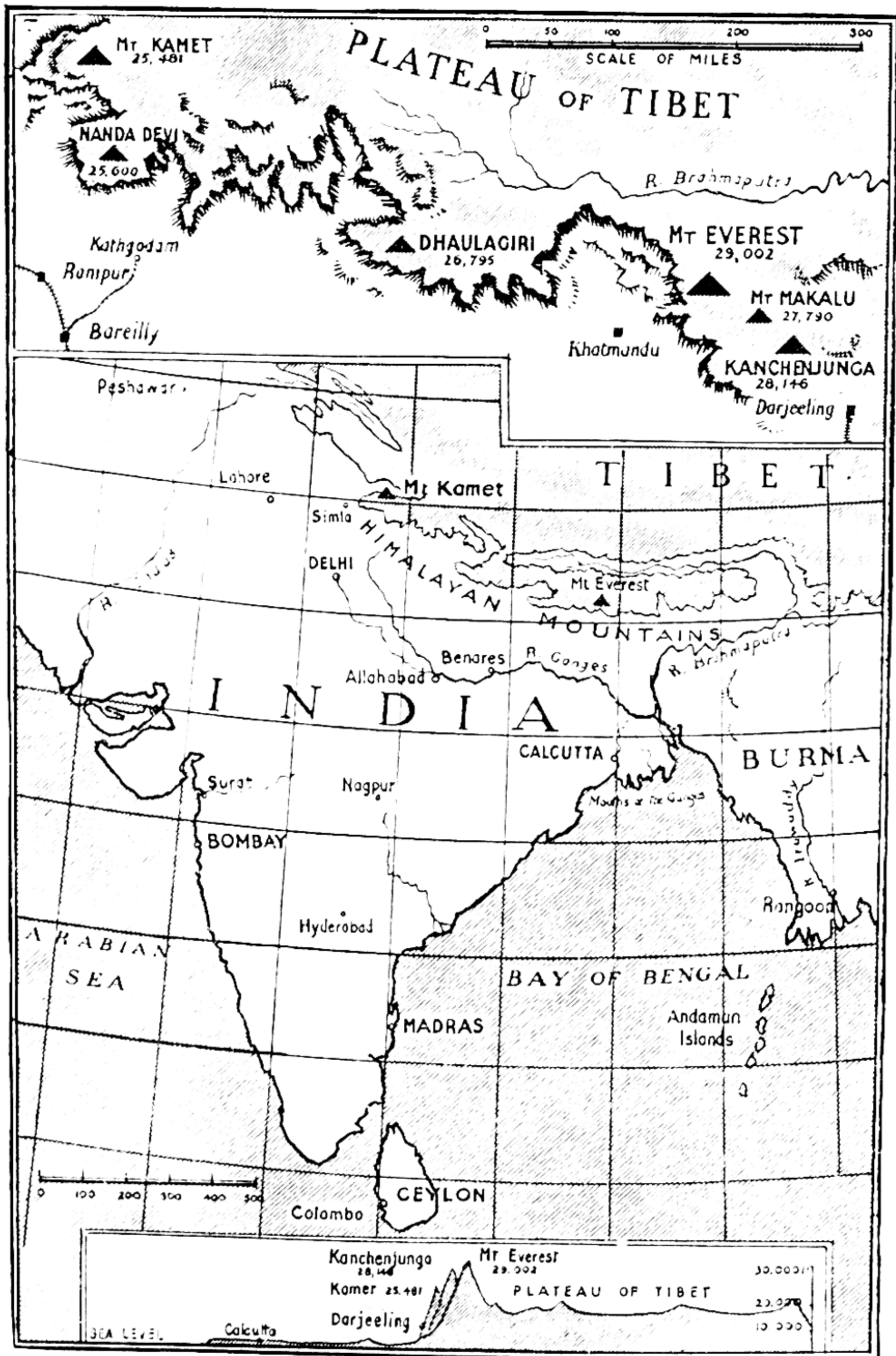
Thud, thud, thud. There is a duller, less confident ring in the sound of the axe striking the ice. The work stops. Heart and lungs are striving desperately for oxygen ; the snow-slope swims uncertainly before the eyes of the exhausted mountaineer. He doubles up, and gasps, and gasps, and gasps.

Presently his body ceases its clamouring for oxygen. He braces his tired and quivering muscles, grasps his axe and swings it forward again into the green face of the ice.

Thud, thud, thud.

And so it goes on.

One hundred feet—an hour's unremitting toil. We approached the red boulder and, glancing gratefully at it, promised ourselves a long rest on its sun-warmed surface. But as we cut steps up the ice by the side of it our premature



gratitude changed to disgust. The boulder was smooth and sloping and there was no place on it where we could sit. But, in one respect at least, fate was kind; the snow above the boulder lay a foot deep on the ice. One by one, we sank down into it.

Nima Dorje was last on the rope. He was going badly. His feet were slipping from the ice steps and he was using the rope as a hand-hold, a sure sign of exhaustion. As he approached, I could see that his eyes were dull and had lost their animation. His thick lips were parted widely and his lower jaw hung down. It was no surprise to us when, on joining us, he sank into the snow gasping out that he was finished, and could go on no farther. He had bravely done his best and had carried a load of cinematograph apparatus weighing 20 lbs. on his back to a height of over 25,000 feet. He soon recovered from his temporary exhaustion, and although it was impossible for him to continue, he was able to return alone safely, for the route was devoid of danger so long as he kept to the uphill track, and a slip on the ice-slope could be attended with no worse consequences than a slide into the soft snow beneath.

It was now 2 p.m. Six hours had passed since we had left Camp Five. The first 500 feet had been climbed in about an hour, but the last 1,300 feet had taken five hours, an average speed of well under 300 feet an hour. This slow rate of progress had been due to the terrible snow and the time spent hewing steps in the ice-slope below the boulder. Anxiously we stared at the slope above us. There was no deception as to its steepness. Its average angle was well over 50° —an angle at least as steep as that of the ice-slopes on the Brenva face of Mont Blanc. Everything depended on the condition of the snow. Had the slope been pure ice from top to bottom there would have been no alternative but to retreat and devote our energies during the

next two or three days to the difficult task of establishing a higher camp, or possibly of attempting the alternative route from Meade's Col.

As far as the boulder, a slip could not have mattered, but the final slope overlooked the great eastern precipice of Kamet, and a slip on it was not to be thought of. Heaving ourselves wearily to our feet, we recommenced the ascent. Again we found ourselves on disagreeable mushroom-like plates of snow, but on the whole firmer snow than we had encountered lower down. Between these plates there was powder snow, and the foot sank into it encountering ice. Here step-cutting was necessary. To do it we had to summon up the whole of our mental determination as well as our physical energy, and both were now dulled by fatigue and altitude. The temptation was to kick steps and trust to the snow holding. Luck had been with us so far, and we could scarcely afford to abuse it now. In places steps were necessary for safety, and I am glad to be able to record that those steps were cut.

The slope steepened until it was practically a wall. We advanced in turn. A few feet at a time was enough, and we would then stop to gasp for oxygen and renewed energy.

I remember that on these occasions, as I leaned forward to rest on my in-driven ice-axe, I could see my feet, a few yards of wind-caked snow-slope, and then the East Kamet Glacier, nearly 7,000 feet beneath. By the boulder sat the solitary figure of Nima Dorje. The sun was still shining on him, but already we were in chill shadow.

In with the ice-axe and on. The plates of hard snow swished away into the abyss, a gentle sibilant whisper. When I was leading, there was naught by the black slope before me. When my companions were leading, my vision was limited to their feet. I remember once experiencing a ridiculous feeling of annoyance at the sight of

Holdsworth's boot, breaking away one of the evil snow-slabs. I thought savagely to myself, Why can't he kick a better step—why fiddle and fumble in that ridiculous manner? But, when my turn came to lead, my feet kicked just as clumsily. Directly above us the declining sun illuminated a small flake of snow projecting from the summit ridge with a calm gleam. The flake seemed always as far away. Then suddenly, to my surprise, I could touch it. Driving my ice-axe in before me, I hauled myself up on both arms, crushing the flake beneath me. I found myself sprawling, exhausted with the effort, face downwards, across the summit ridge. My head was in the sun, my feet in the shadow. Huge columns of cloud were rising djinn-like from the blue depths into which I gazed. They swayed unsubstantially for a moment as I fought for oxygen. For perhaps a minute I lay gasping like a stranded fish, then, pulling myself together, swung astride the sharp roof-like ridge and began taking in Holdsworth's rope round the ice-axe. Presently, we were all congregated on the ridge.

We had hoped to find ourselves on the summit, or within a few yards of it, but we saw immediately that we were separated from it by a knife-like crest of snow. As we gazed along the narrow path we must tread, we experienced a pang of apprehension. Some thirty yards distant the ridge rose up into a sharp point. Beyond this nothing was to be seen, but we realized instinctively that the point was not the summit. Slopes of rock and snow, which we could see sloping up beyond it, indicated something higher. Had Kamet a surprise in store for us? What if there was an impracticable cleft in the ridge between us and the summit? We would have given much for a rest, but to rest was impossible until we had stood upon the point and seen what lay beyond.

We started to toil along the ridge. It was nearly hori-

zontal and exceedingly sharp. On either hand the slopes fell away with great steepness ; it seemed incredible that we could have ascended from those shadowy abysses to the right of us. I remember trampling and crushing the delicate snow-edge with a careful yet savage deliberation. There must be no mistake now. On the slope below we had been mere automatons—toiling atoms incapable almost of reasoned and coherent thought—but now we were thinking men again, capable of realizing our amazing position of this snowy edge of the world. Tiredness was replaced by a fierce exhilaration. The numbed brain leapt into renewed activity. The summit was almost within our grasp ; surely it could not escape us now ? We gained the point and gazed over and beyond it. At our feet the ridge sank down to a shallow gap. Beyond the gap it merged gently into a small cone of snow—the summit.

We seized hold of Lewa and shoved him on in front of us. As I clutched hold of him I could hear the breath jerking from him in wheezy gasps. I do not think that he quite understood what we were doing. And so he was first to tread the summit. It was the least compliment we could pay to those splendid men, our porters, to whom we owed the success of our expedition.

As we reached the summit we saw that there was another equally high summit a few yards away, so to be quite sure, we trudged across to it. Nothing further disputed us and for the last time we sank down into the snow.

With numbed and fumbling hands, I manipulated my camera and cine-camera, photographing and filming the party, the view from the summit, and the summit itself from the range of a few yards. By the time I had finished, my fingers were stiff, white, and dead. Fearing frostbite, I beat my hands together. Circulation returned sluggishly and so painfully, that I could barely refrain from groaning.

We left Camp Five at 8 a.m. and arrived on the summit at 4.30 p.m. ; eight and a half hours' work for about 2,300 feet of ascent. As the first 500 feet had been climbed in a little over an hour, the ascent of the last 1,500 feet had taken no less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours—an average climbing speed of little more than 200 feet an hour. Snow conditions, rather than altitude had been responsible for this funereal rate of progress. As we lay in the snow, Holdsworth smoked half a pipe. We had often chaffed him for his devotion to his pipe, but we could scarcely do so after this. Whether or not he *enjoyed* smoking a pipe at 25,447 ft. is another matter.

The view ? It is difficult to render any account of it. We were too far above the world. Our gaze passed almost contemptuously over mighty range upon mighty range, to seek repose in the violet hazes of illimitable horizons. Huge clouds, sun-crested above, purple-shadowed below, stood out from the valleys, but their topmost turrets could not attain our level. The breeze fanning us was deathly cold, the silence and sense of isolation almost terrible. There were no green valleys to be seen ; all about us were peaks of black rock and glaring ice and snow, frozen outposts of the infinite. Thousands of feet beneath curved the glacier flowing south-westwards of Kamet, ribbed and girded with moraines like some monstrous dragon crawling from one cloudy cavern to another. Our sole link with the world was the camp we had left, now a mere blob on the snow of Meade's Col. Perhaps our friends there were regarding us. We rose to our feet, waved ice-axes, and let out a gasping shout. But our voices sounded pitifully weak through the thin air, and there came no response from the dotted tents.

In the far south, anvil-shaped plumes of coppery nimbus stood out from the foothills. Nanda Devi was buried in clouds and there was naught to challenge Kamet with the exception of Gurla Mandhata's glorious *massif*, 110 miles

away. I have a dim recollection of a range on the extreme north-western horizon. Was it the eastern wing of the Karakoram? If so, it was 280 miles distant. Only in the north was relief to be found from a savage mountain world: there, barren hills, streaked untidily with snow, fell away into the golden plains of Tibet, tessellated with blue cloud shadows.

It was 5 p.m., time was vital; in less than three hours we should be overtaken by night. We rose wearily and stiffly to our feet, and tramped back along the summit ridge.

When we came to the point where we had gained the ridge we halted a few instants. At our feet we could see the East Kamet Glacier curving in a serene arc through its gorge of peaks. I looked for Camp Two, but could not distinguish it. My vision swept upwards and over the ranges to the cloud-girdled south, where tall cumulus clouds passed, like ethereal ghosts, along the foothills of the Himalaya. The declining sun caressed us in its kindly glow.

We grasped our ice-axes in a firmer grip, and one by one stepped from the ridge. Next instant the shadow of Kamet's northern face had engulfed us.

Now that the job was done, we began to realize how tired we were. It is at such times of mountaineering anti-climax that accidents occur. The oncoming of night, cold fatigue and desire to return as quickly as possible to the comparative comfort of Camp Five all combined to tempt us to rush down the upper slope. To have done so would have been mountaineering folly of the most elementary character. Steadiness was imperative; impatience had to be curbed. We progressed slowly, rope length by rope length. How slow it was. Impatience and resignation flared up alternately. It seemed as though we were doomed for ever to cling and crawl like snails to this snowy flank of Kamet.

We descended in two parties, as on the ascent, but found it quicker to take separate lines rather than for both parties to descend the upward track, even though occasional step-cutting was necessary. Yet, if progress was slow, it was also certain and efficient. I drove the ice-axe into the snow until it struck the ice beneath ; the rope was hitched around it, and down went the first man as quickly as possible, until the whole length of the rope was out ; then he in turn anchored himself firmly and took in the rope of the last man as he descended. In the Alps such tactics are seldom necessary even on the steepest snow-slope, but we were not in the Alps ; we were tired men at a height of 25,000 feet, and a slip must be expected at any moment.

Fortunately, we did not find it essential to adhere to our uphill tracks owing to the improved quality of the snow, and by keeping more to the west were able to make a route that in its lower portion did not overlook the eastern precipice.

At the foot of the final slope Holdsworth and I halted to await Shipton and Lewa. The latter was moving very slowly and was obviously distressed. His face was greenish in hue, his eyes rigid and staring from exhaustion. He groaned out that he was in great pain, and pointed to his stomach. There was nothing we could do for him save to encourage him to continued effort and to relieve him of his load. As I lifted the rucksack with its 20 lbs. or more of film apparatus, I was forcibly reminded of the amount of energy Nima Dorje and Lewa had expended getting it to the summit. Swinging it on to my back overbalanced me, and my tired legs almost collapsed beneath me. Yet, even at that moment, I said to myself that as it had been taken to the summit, it somehow had to be got down again.

On the ice-slopes below the boulder it was necessary to go carefully, for the rough surface of the ice was frozen

so hard that an uncontrolled slide would have stripped a man's skin from him like paper.

Below the ice-slope we unroped. We had hoped to descend the lower slopes quickly and easily, but the soft snow had frozen into a vicious breakable crust, and the hard snow had frozen into icy boards. In some places our feet broke through the crust into the powdery snow beneath, and had to be dragged out again; in other places we slithered unpleasantly. Once or twice we tried to glissade, but this proved impossible on the breakable crust or dangerously uncontrollable on the harder and icier slopes.

About 1,000 feet from the camp I decided to abandon the load of cinematograph apparatus, as its weight was delaying me, whilst the difficult snow made it an exhausting load to carry. At all events, it was left within range of the camp and could be recovered next day.

The cold became more severe, and the coldness of high altitudes is akin to the coldness of space itself.

The sun's last flare lit peak and snowfield. Night, a vast phalanx of purple, rushed up the sky. The slanting rays of the setting sun flooded the Tibetan plains, throwing into sharp relief numberless little crags and hills that stood out like the fantastic buildings of some demon city.

Day drained quickly from the peaks. A cold pallor invested the world. And now we witnessed a strange spectacle. As the sun sank in the west another sun rose to rival it in the east, but a sun with rays, not of light but of darkness, that radiated upward to the zenith of the evening sky. It was the parallel shadows of the peaks in the west cast by the real sun across the sky to such a distance that they appeared to converge in a point above the eastern horizon.

I do not remember feeling exhausted, yet I do remember that my knees were so curiously weak that a stumble in the

crusted snow or a slither on the hard crust was difficult to correct without falling.

Figures detached themselves from the camp beneath and came slowly through the dusk to meet us. A few minutes later I was grasping Birnie's hand and drinking hot liquid from a vacuum flask which he had thoughtfully brought with him. A glowing warmth spread through my tired limbs ; a profound contentment permeated my whole being. A hundred yards more and the tents of Camp Five loomed up before us. The afterglow of a cloudless sunset saw us stumbling into camp.



1. Give an account of the chief difficulties encountered in climbing very high mountains such as Kamet and Everest, and of the methods adopted by mountaineers to overcome them.
2. Who was the first man to set foot on the summit of Kamet ? Give the reason why the honour was given to him. What does this tell you about the character of the English climbers ?
3. Describe in your own words the descent from the summit back to the Camp.
4. Give some reasons why men wish to '*conquer*' the highest mountains of the world.

PORRIDGE

F. MARIAN McNEILL

ONE of the most interesting books on cooking in recent years is Miss F. Marian McNeill's 'The Scots Kitchen,' where she has collected a great number of recipes used by Scotswomen.

There is little doubt that the standard of cooking at the present day is not so high as it has been in the past. More and more people buy foods which have been cooked by someone else. Our ancestors baked their own bread and cakes, cooked their own food and preserved their own fruit. Very often to-day it is the baker who supplies us with bread and cakes ready made, the butcher who supplies us with cooked meat, and the grocer who supplies us with tinned fruit. In many homes the chief household utensil is not the cooking-pot but the tin-opener.

Now this is a pity. After all, we eat in order to live, and if the food that we eat is not wholesome and fresh it is impossible for us to be healthy. Miss McNeill has collected these old recipes in order to try and induce housewives at least to try them. She has written the recipes in attractive language, and here is her recipe for making porridge, that most wholesome of all breakfast dishes.

This may interest the girls more than the boys, but there is no reason why girls should not make the porridge in their housecraft rooms, and as a great favour the boys might be allowed to sample the result. So, pay particular attention to the recipe.

(THE ONE AND ONLY METHOD)

OATMEAL, SALT, WATER.

IT is advisable to keep a goblet exclusively for porridge. Allow for each person one breakfastcupful of water, a handful of oatmeal (about an ounce and a quarter), and a

small salt-spoonful of salt. Use fresh spring water and be particular about the quality of the oatmeal. Midlothian oats are unsurpassed the world over.

Bring the water to the boil, and as soon as it reaches boiling-point add the oatmeal, letting it fall in a steady rain from the left hand and stirring it briskly the while with the right, sunwise, or the right-hand turn for luck—and convenience. A porridge-stick, called a spurtle, and in some parts a theevil, or, as in Shetland, a gruel-tree, is used for this purpose. Be careful to avoid lumps, unless the children clamour for them. When the porridge is boiling steadily, draw the mixture to the side and put on the lid. Let it cook for from twenty to thirty minutes according to the quality of the oatmeal, and do not add the salt, which has a tendency to harden the meal and prevent its swelling, until it has cooked for at least ten minutes. On the other hand, never cook porridge without salt. Ladle straight into porringers or soup-plates and serve with small individual bowls of cream, or milk, or buttermilk. Each spoonful of porridge, which should be very hot, is dipped in the cream or milk, which should be quite cold, before it is conveyed to the mouth.

Children often like a layer of sugar, honey, syrup, or treacle, or of raw oatmeal on top. A morsel of butter in the centre of the plate agrees with some digestions better than milk.



1. On page 33 Sir J. Arthur Thomson wrote 'The Story of the Eel' in a very short summary. Turn back to it, and then try to make a similar short summary of the directions given here for making porridge.
2. Write a short description of the way you best like your porridge served. If you do not like it at all, explain why.

THE BOY WHO MADE A LOCH

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

WHEN a man who has lived an interesting life looks back over the things he has seen and done he may find many stories which are well worth telling. And by no means all these stories are about exceptional or unusual things.

All boys and girls love to play with water. If it is quiet and placid they try to make it angry and disturbed; if it is turbulent they try to dam it and control its force. Dr. Halliday Sutherland was, in his boyhood days, just like other boys, and in his book, 'A Time to Keep,' he tells how he built a dam across a stream, and how in the morning the village was astonished to see a lake where before there had been meadow land. Of course, because he was a Scottish boy, he called it a loch.

IN my teens our summer holidays were spent in the northern Highlands, and at the age of thirteen I went with my sister, two years my junior, to stay with our grand-uncle, Robson Mackay, at Odrig Mains, Castleton, near Thurso. He was a retired merchant—a tall, white-bearded old man, and a strict Calvinist. His wife was slim and elderly, always dressed in plain black, with a black lace cap. Her expression was sad, and I cannot recall that she ever smiled. Their only son, whom she had spoilt in childhood, was now in America and not likely to return. Their daughter, Bessie, was a pleasant girl of seventeen.

We arrived in darkness, but the next morning I was out before breakfast to explore the possibilities of the place.

By the side of a small bridge on the road a drive went up an incline to the old grey stone house, once a farm-house. In a little valley on the left of the drive was a "planting"—a cluster of small pines and bushes. This gave a certain distinction to the place; because on that level, windswept soil trees and hedges are seldom seen, and the fields, like those around Land's End, are hedged with flagstones set on edge.

There were no trees around the house, which stood among grass fields and overlooked a large hayfield in a shallow valley, about a hundred yards wide and a quarter of a mile long. At the foot of the hayfield, and shutting it off from the "planting," was a structure which at first I mistook for a disused railway embankment crossing the valley. In front it was faced with large stones between which grass was growing, and in the centre of the valley it was about twenty feet high. The back of the embankment, three feet wide along the top, was overgrown by thick bushes. Altogether the prospect was not pleasing. There was no sign of a stream, a loch, or a pond, one or other of which was essential to my happiness.

During the forenoon I discovered at the corner of the hayfield, where the embankment joined the level ground next to the drive, the entrance to a tunnel. It was a square three-foot tunnel, the floor, walls, and top being made of paving-stones. Into the tunnel I crept on hands and knees. For the first few yards there was dim light from the entrance, but soon the tunnel turned to the right, and I was in darkness. Somewhere in front of me a rat scuttled away. It was a pity I had not a candle and matches, but no matter, I could creep backwards when I wished to return. I crept on until my head struck an obstacle. My hands discovered this to be a paving-stone, which had fallen from the roof and was lying diagonally across the tunnel. I could not move the

stone, but was able to wriggle over the top of it. Half-way over, hands and head on one side, feet and legs on the other side of the stone, I stopped. It would be difficult to crawl backwards over that obstacle, and I had no room to turn in the tunnel. Discretion was the better part of valour, and I decided to wriggle back. In a moment my jacket was hitched up under my armpits, and I was stuck.

I lay quite still, breathing heavily, and my heart was thumping. It was no use shouting, for no one would hear, and to struggle might make things worse. I must think, but all I could think was that I would die in the tunnel and never be found. No one would think of looking in the tunnel, although whenever a dog was lost the first place one looked for him was in a drain. After a time I saw what seemed to be a glimmer of light some distance in front. At least I could go on, and the tunnel must come out somewhere. I wriggled forwards, got free of the fallen stone, crept on, turned to the left, and saw daylight. The tunnel emerged in a glade of the "planting," behind the embankment. An ideal pirate's lair, with its secret entrance through which I had come. In the middle of the glade was a little stream flowing from a circular brick tunnel at the foot of the embankment. To return to the house I could make my way through the brushwood on the banks of the glade, or through the tunnel. I hesitated. For a pirate there was only one way, and I returned as I had come. Soon the tunnel became quite familiar.

In the afternoon I explored the hayfield, and found in the centre the rivulet which ran through the circular brick tunnel at the foot of the embankment. At the foot and sides of the entrance to this tunnel was a fixture of grooved iron. The mystery was solved. I was standing at the foot of an unused dam, and the tunnel through which I had crawled was for the overflow. The iron sluice was gone, but a

strong wooden board could be made to fit the iron grooves and block the stream. Little did my grand-uncle know of the possibilities lying at his door—a great loch with trout, boats, and perhaps even a steam launch. It would be a pleasant surprise. The outlook was most promising.

For the next week I cast about for a suitable piece of wood, but large, strong boards were as scarce as trees. For the first few evenings John McCulloch, the village blacksmith, came to the house to give us lessons in wood-carving, my grand-aunt's hobby.

In the wood-carving I was not interested, and the wood only served to remind me of the sluice. At last the Devil came to help me, and one morning I entered the smithy. In a corner were a lot of boards and I had come to buy a board three feet long, two feet five inches wide and one and a half inches thick.

“What do you want it for?” asked John McCulloch.

“For wood-carving,” said I.

“Well, I'm glad you're taking an interest in the wood-carving. Nothing like it to keep you out of mischief.” He sawed a piece of wood to my measurements, and then planed the edges.

The board slipped easily into the sluice grooves, because I had allowed an inch for expansion when submerged. The edges I greased with lard, and bored a hole below the middle of the upper edge. Through this I passed a strong piece of fencing wire running to the top of the dam, so that if necessary the sluice could be raised. On going down the tunnel I found the rivulet run dry. No water was passing.

The next morning in the hayfield the water in the rivulet was a foot deep. At that rate it would take weeks for the dam to fill, but the time of waiting could be occupied in constructing a raft. I asked one of the sons of the Auld

Kirk minister, a boy of my own age, if he would like to join me in building a raft. He laughed. "A raft with no place to sail it, and three miles from the sea!"

"That's all you know." I said, "Come with me and I'll show you something." In the first place I took him down the tunnel, where I now kept a candle and matches, and in the Pirate's Lair swore him to secrecy. He had been born in the district, but the tunnel was a revelation. To the boy's credit, when I told him what was happening on the other side of the dam, he wished to have nothing to do with it. I pointed out that he had nothing to do with the main project and that no one could blame him for building a raft. I also proposed that the raft be constructed in a field at the back of his house. When the time came a horse could drag it along the road to Orlig Mains. He agreed, and we set off for the Manse.

That afternoon rain fell in torrents, and continued all the evening and night. As I went to sleep I reflected that the rain, pattering against the window-panes, must be filling the dam. At seven the next morning I awoke and rushed to the window. At first glance I felt unsteady, and then realised the thrill of achievement. It was a wonderful, almost awful sight. In place of the hayfield was a loch with waves on it, and the shore was only twenty yards from the house. At the dam the water was nearly up to the top, and at the other end the loch narrowed into a creek. I dressed and went downstairs. In the hall a maid was unlocking and opening the front door. She also saw the loch and raised her hands above her head. "Mercy on us!" She turned and ran past me to inform her mistress.

At the dam everything was in order, and the water was swirling down the overflow tunnel, full almost to the top. As soon as the water fell I must go down the tunnel and

smash up the dislodged stone lest it should block the waterway. I walked along the top of the dam. Everywhere it felt as steady as a rock. When a dam is going to burst there are premonitory tremblings in the structure. So I had read, but in this dam I could not detect the slightest tremor. I would be able to assure my grand-uncle at breakfast that there was not the slightest danger.

On the way back to the house I met my grand-uncle and aunt coming to meet me. The old man leaned on his stick and was trembling with excitement. Both spoke at once : " Is this your work, boy ? "

" It's a mercy your uncle didn't see it first or he might have had a stroke. "

" Yes, Uncle, but it's quite safe, " I answered.

He turned to his wife. " This mischief must be undone at once. Send for John McCulloch. " With that he went back to the house.

" There's no need, Aunt, " I said, " to send for John McCulloch. If you want the dam emptied I can do it myself. "

" How did you close the sluice ? "

" With a piece of board. "

" Where did you get it ? "

" I bought it from John McCulloch. "

" From John McCulloch ! " exclaimed my aunt.

" Yes, and I can easily pull it up. "

She went with me to the centre of the dam, where I found the wire and began to pull. The sluice did not move. I pulled harder ; the wire slipped through my hands and fell into the water. I sat down and began to take off my shoes.

" What are you going to do now ? " she asked.

" Dive for it. "

" You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll be caught in the reeds and drowned. It's bad enough as it is. "

"I won't be drowned. There are no reeds, and I know exactly what it is like down there."

She pointed to the house. "You march straight back to that house for your breakfast."

At breakfast there was silence, and at morning family prayers there was no reference in the old man's prayer to the principal event of the day.

After prayers John McCulloch and three men arrived, and crashed their way from the drive through the "planting" to the Pirate's Lair. I followed at a safe distance and watched their operations. They cut down the largest pine they could find, lopped off the branches and made the trunk into a pointed battering-ram. This they pushed into the circular brick tunnel, and struck the thick end with sledge-hammers. At first there was no result.

"There's a terrible pressure in there," said one of the men.

"Yes," said McCulloch, "and we must jump when she breaks."

After a few more blows there was a loud hissing noise in the tunnel.

"That's it, lads!" said McCulloch. "One or two more."

After the next blow the battering-ram began to move backwards, the men jumped aside, and the largest jet of water I had ever seen shot into the Pirate's Lair, now a roaring torrent, on which the pine tree disappeared downstream.

The men departed, but I stayed for a time to watch the last entertainment the dam would provide. John McCulloch never forgave me. Years later, motoring through Caithness, I stopped at the smithy, now a garage, for petrol, and asked the lad who served me if John McCulloch was still there. John himself came forward, but did not offer his hand. "So you've come back?" he said.

“ Yes, I see you remember me.”

“ No one is likely to forget you, or the day’s work you once did here.”

I went away feeling like the prodigal son who has been butted by the fatted calf.



1. Describe the boy’s adventure in the tunnel and his discovery of the dam.
2. Compare the characters of the two boys in the story.
3. Why did everyone take such a serious view of what had happened ?
4. Years later, when John McCulloch met the boy again, he greeted him very coldly. Can you suggest the reason ?
5. The last sentence alludes to the Parable of the Prodigal Son (*St. Luke xv*). Read it, and then explain how the writer felt.

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE wanderer in England may sometimes find a village which seems to belong to another age, to have escaped the rush and the hurry of the modern world, and to have worked out a destiny of its own. The houses, the shops, and even the inhabitants have an atmosphere quite different from that of other places. Time seems to have stood still there, and the traveller may see what is almost a picture of the past.

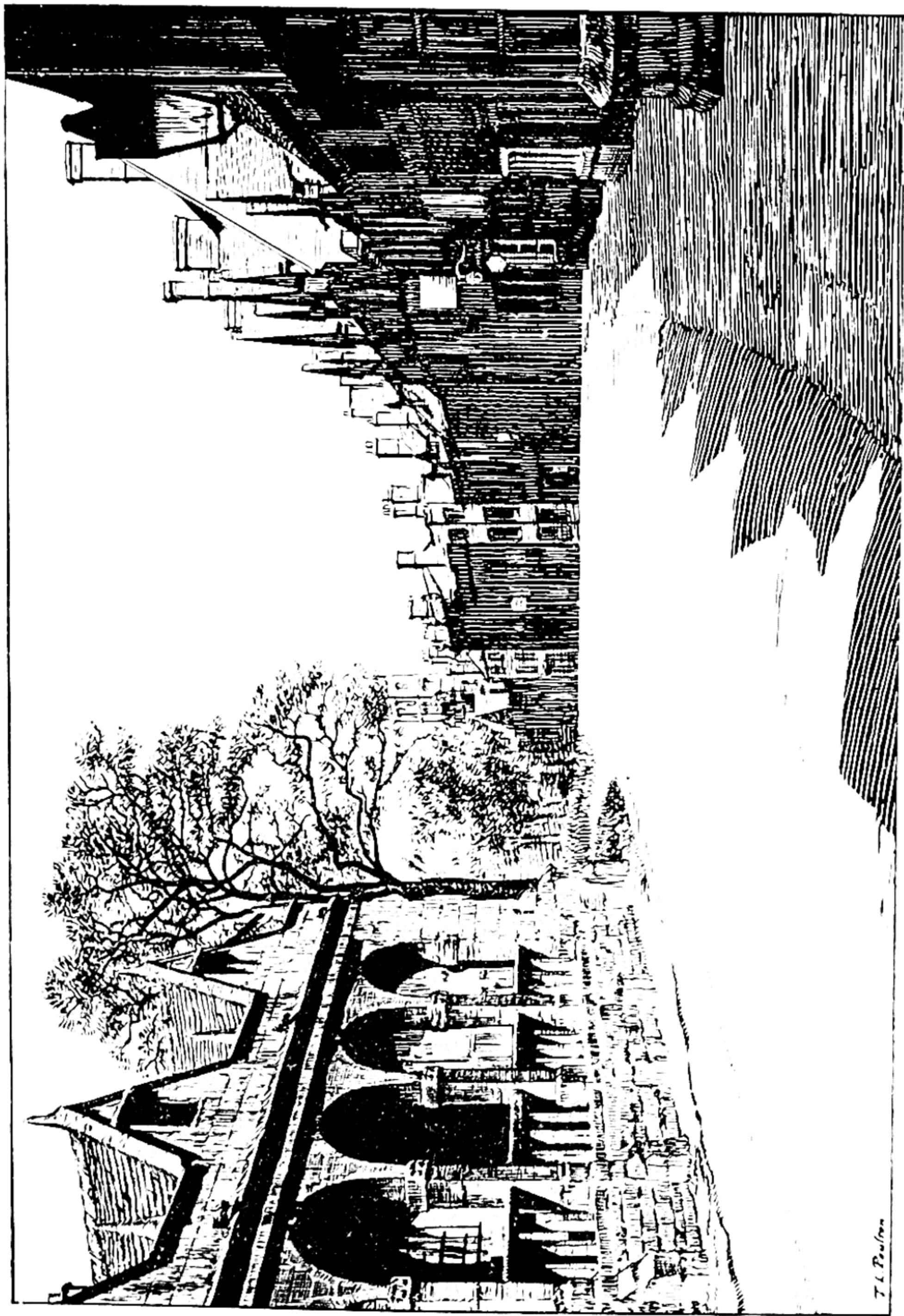
The village of Chipping Campden, in the Cotswolds, gave Mr. Priestley such a picture.

THE next morning I went from one entrance to the Cotswolds to another, from the Eastern gate to the Northern, for my destination was Chipping Campden, where these wolds narrow to a fine edge. The day was just right. There were shifting and broken mists below, and, somewhere above, a strong sun, which meant that the country was never seen in one blank light. It was one of those autumn mornings when every bush glitters with dewy gossamer. One moved mysteriously through a world of wet gold. Nothing had boundaries or real continuity. Roads climbed and vanished into dripping space. A beech copse was the near end of an impenetrable forest. The little valleys were as remote as Avallon. The villages arrived like new from another planet. As we went, we would startle and scatter hosts of little birds, linnets and finches and even goldfinches, which flashed marvellously about us for a second and then were gone before we could

really believe they were there. The trees, especially the great elms, still had indigo night tangled in their branches, but they would jump suddenly into sunlight and show us their patches of dead yellow leaves. And sometimes the mist would retreat dramatically from one bit of ground, perhaps an orchard, and we would see a bough bright with ripe apples. We might have been journeying through the England of the poets, a country made out of men's visions. At the end of our road was Chipping Campden, with not a wisp of mist about it, full and fair in the sunlight.

When you look at the curved wide main street, you feel that such an unusual and exquisite harmony of line and colour in architecture could only have come from one particular period, almost from one particular mind. The secret, however, is that these Cotswold towns and villages and manor houses are the products of a definite tradition. They were not all built at one time. Some buildings are hundreds of years older than their neighbours. But the tradition persisted. Houses were always built of certain material in a certain way. If you told a Cotswold man to build you a house, this is how he built it. He knew—thank God—no other way of building houses. This tradition has lasted until our own time. There are still some old Cotswold masons who work in that tradition and could work in no other. In their hands the stone flowers naturally into those mullions. They can see Cotswold houses already stirring in the very quarries. I say these men still exist, but there are not many of them, and they grow old and feeble.

I was introduced to old George, a Cotswold mason. He is in his seventies but still at it. When I met him he was engaged in the almost lost art of dry-walling, pulling down some ramshackle old walls and converting their materials into smooth solid ramparts. He was a little man, with a



T. L. Paulson

Chipping Campden

dusty puckered face and an immense upper lip, so that he looked like a wise old monkey ; and he had spent all his long life among stones. There were bits of stone all over him. He handled the stones about him, some of which he showed to us, at once easily and lovingly, as women handle their babies. He was like a being that had been created out of stone, a quarry gnome. He was a pious man, this old George, and when he was not talking about stone and walls, he talked in a very quiet though evangelical strain about his religious beliefs, which were old and simple. Being a real craftsman, knowing that he could do something better than you or I could do it, he obviously enjoyed his work, which was not so much toil exchanged for so many shillings, but the full expression of himself, his sign that he was old George the mason and still at it. Bad walls, not of his building, were coming down, and good walls were going up. The stones in them fitted squarely and smoothly and were a delight to the eye and a great contentment to the mind, so weary of shoddy and rubbish. I have never done anything in my life so thoroughly and truly as that old mason did his building. If I could write this book, or any other book, as well as he can build walls, honest dry walls, I should be the proudest and happiest man alive.

Old George has always been a mason, and his father and grandfather were masons before him ; they were all masons, these Georges ; they built the whole Cotswolds : men of their hands, men with a trade, craftsmen. I do not know for what pittances they worked, or how narrow and frugal their lives must have been, but I do know that they were not unhappy men ; they knew what they could do and they were allowed to do it ; they were not taught algebra and chemistry and then flung into a world that did not even want their casual labour ; they were not robbed of all the

dignity and sweetness of real work ; they did not find themselves lost and hopeless in a world that neither they nor anyone else could understand ; they did not feel themselves to be tiny cogs in a vast machine that was running down ; they had a good trade in their fingers, solid work to do, and when it was done—and there it was, with no mistake about it, ready to outlast whole dynasties—they could take their wages and go home and be content. I am glad I met old George and saw him at work. And if ever we do build Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land, I hope he will be there, doing the dry-walling.

There are some grand old folk in these parts. By the famous old church at Campden are some almshouses, ancient and mellowed. There, sunning himself at his door, I found old Bennett, well in his eighties, and a fine big figure of a man yet. It is no use your suggesting to old Bennett that Chipping Campden cannot have changed much. He knows better. It has changed a lot, he says grimly. They don't bake their own bread any more there. They used to have three flour mills in the town, but now they have gone. The home-made bread was fine stuff.

Old Bennett is not the oldest there. Old Polly is over ninety and can still dance when she has a mind to it. A film company came round and took some shots of these almshouses and their old folk. They wanted Old Polly to dance, but she wouldn't, not, that is, until they'd gone, and then she danced like mad. But they made a great fuss of her, put her in the middle and asked her to say something. This sudden film stardom had the usual results. "Her wouldn't talk to us for the next two or three weeks," said Old Bennett grimly. He told us that they had been given for their posing 'a ten-shilling paper,' which I suppose is what you may expect from a man who has spent most of

a long life among solid metal coins. He does not call them ten shilling notes, not he : a “ten shilling paper,” that is his verdict.



1. Carefully read the description of an autumn morning. Note the things described, *sky, sun, earth, trees, birds*, etc. Now write in your own words a description of a morning in your favourite season of the year.
2. The writer says that if he could write a book as well as George can build walls he would be the proudest and happiest man alive. What does he admire in George and his work?
3. Read the description of George the mason and then write in your own words a picture of Old Bennett.

THE RIVER

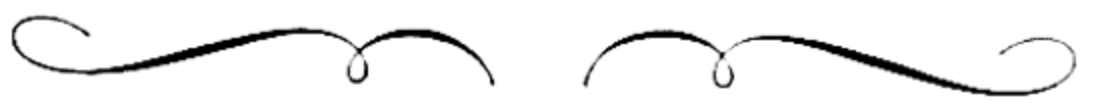
On Leaving London

WILL H. OGILVIE

I LIFT my hat to you, London River,
Your noble bridges, your Fairway wide,
And the ships of the world that move for ever
On the ebb and flow of your changing tide ;
I know your wealth and your matchless splendour,
Your bankments broad and your buildings grand,
But I give them all in a glad surrender
For a little stream in the Borderland.

For, apart from the city's rush and hustle
And far from its whirl and ceaseless din,
Is a tiny river where reed-beds rustle
And the hills dip down and the fields begin.
It is there where the great grey herons ponder,
It is there where the wheeling curlews cry,
And the willows wave to the water yonder
Where the ousels flit and the brown trout lie.

So a long good-bye to you, London River,
With all your pomp and your power and pride !
Where the ripples run and the foam-flecks quiver
I shall find a home where the moor-fowl hide ;
For my heart is lost to a mountain daughter
Who dances down from a heath-clad hill,
And to-night the croon of my own Aill Water
Shall bid me sleep and be still.

- 
1. Describe the poet's feelings towards each of the rivers.
 2. Write a short description of Aill Water.

THE FACE ON THE WALL

E. V. LUCAS

MR. E. V. LUCAS, one of the most graceful prose-writers of the present time, was a close observer of people and what they do. He wrote many sketches of real life, and in them, as in everything else by him, there is a very kindly humour.

Mr. Lucas was too much in love with the world to be angry with it, and he respected other men and women too much to laugh at them. His writing is always distinguished by its tolerance and sweet reasonableness; and it is no accident that he was an authority on Charles Lamb, for his work has a great deal in common with the writings of that famous author.

Here is one of Mr. Lucas' stories; study the construction of it, and notice particularly how unexpected is the ending.

I STILL tingle with mortification over an experience at Dabney's last evening, the only satisfaction being that others tingle with me. We were talking of the supernatural—that unprofitable but endlessly alluring theme—and most of us had cited an instance, without, however, producing much effect. Among the strangers to me was a little man with an anxious white face, whom Rudson-Wayte had brought, and he watched each speaker with the closest attention, but said nothing. Then Dabney, wishing to include him in the talk, turned to him and asked if he had no experience to relate, no story that contained an inexplicable element.

He thought a moment. “Well,” he said, “not a story in the ordinary sense of the word: nothing, that is, from hearsay, like most of your examples. Truth, I always hold,

is not only vastly stranger than fiction, but also vastly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally, and which oddly enough completed itself only this afternoon."

We begged him to begin.

"A year or two ago," he said, "I was in rooms in Great Ormond Street—an old house on the Holborn side. The bedroom walls had been distempered by a previous tenant, but the place was damp and great patches of discoloration had broken out. One of these—as indeed often happens—was exactly like a human face; but more faithfully and startingly like than is customary. Lying in bed in the morning putting off getting up, I used to watch it and watch it, and gradually I came to think of it as real—as my fellow-lodger, in fact. The odd thing was that while the patches on the walls grew larger and changed their contours, this never did. It remained identically the same.

"While there, I had a very bad attack of influenza with complications, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or meditate, and it was then that this face began to get a firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. I may say that it dominated my thoughts day and night. There was a curious turn to the nose, and the slant of the forehead was unique. It was, in fact, full of individuality: the face of a man apart, a man in a thousand.

"Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me. I found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and him I must meet. Why, I had no notion: I only knew that he and I were in some way linked by fate. I frequented places where men congregate in large numbers—political meetings, football matches, the railway stations when the suburban trains pour forth their legions on the City in the morning and receive them again in the evening. But all in vain.

I had never before realized as I then did how many different faces of man there are and how few. For all differ ; and yet, classified, they belong to only as many groups as you can count on your hands.

“The search became a mania with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the crowd until people thought me crazy, and the police began to know me and be suspicious. Women I never glanced at : men, men, men, all the time.”

He passed his hand wearily over his brow. “And then,” he continued, “at last I saw him. He was in a taxi driving east along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way and then saw an empty one coming. ‘Follow that taxi,’ I gasped, and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight and it took us to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were going to France by the 2.20. I hung about to try and get a word with him, but in vain. Other friends had joined the party, and they moved to the train in a solid body.

“I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkestone, hoping that I should catch him on the boat before it sailed ; but at Folkestone he got on board before me with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private saloon, several cabins thrown into one. Evidently he was a man of wealth.

“Again I was foiled ; but I determined to cross too, feeling certain that when the voyage had begun he would leave the ladies and come out for a stroll on the deck. I had only just enough for the single fare to Boulogne, but nothing could shake me now. I took up my position opposite the saloon door and waited. After half an hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat so that it seemed to shake the boat more than the propeller. There was no mistaking the face—every line was the same.

He glanced at me and moved towards the companionway for the upper deck. It was now or never, I felt.

“‘Excuse me,’ I stammered, ‘but do you mind giving me your card? I have a very important reason for wishing to communicate with you.’

“He seemed to be astonished, as indeed well he might; but he complied. With extreme deliberation he took out his case and handed me his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me a lunatic and considered it wiser to humour me than not.

“Clutching the card I hurried to a deserted corner of the ship and read it. My eyes dimmed; my head swam; for on it were the words: Mr. Ormond Wall, with an address at Pittsburg, U.S.A. I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital at Boulogne. There I lay in a broken condition for some weeks, and only a month ago did I return”

He was silent.

We looked at him and at one another and waited. All the other talk of the evening was nothing compared with the story of the little pale man.

“I went back,” he resumed after a moment or so, “to Great Ormond Street and set to work to discover all I could about this American in whose life I had so mysteriously intervened. I wrote to Pittsburg; I wrote to American editors; I cultivated the society of Americans in London; but all that I could find out was that he was a millionaire with English parents who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer.

“And so the time went on until yesterday morning. I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I woke the sun was streaming into the room. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up in alarm.

It was only faintly visible. Last night it had been as clear as ever—almost I could hear it speak. And now it was but a ghost of itself.

“I got up dazed and dejected and went out. The early editions of the evening papers were already out, and on the contents bill I saw, ‘American Millionaire’s Motor Accident.’ You must all of you have seen it. I bought it and read at once what I knew I should read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburg millionaire, and party, motoring from Spezia to Pisa, had come into collision with a wagon and were overturned ; Mr. Wall’s condition was critical.

“I went back to my room still dazed and sat on the bed looking with unseeing eyes at the face on the wall. And even as I looked, suddenly it completely disappeared.

“Later I found that Mr. Wall had succumbed to his injuries at what I take to be that very moment.”

Again he was silent.

“Most remarkable,” we said ; “most extraordinary,” and so forth, and we meant it too.

“Yes,” said the stranger. “There are three extraordinary, three most remarkable things about my story. One is that it should be possible for the discoloration in a lodging-house in London not only to form the features of a gentleman in America, but to have this intimate association with his existence. It will take Science some time to explain that. Another is, that that gentleman’s name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some mysterious agency. Is it not so ?”

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural manifestations set in again with increased excitement, during which the narrator of the amazing experience rose and said good-night. Just as he was at the door, one of the company—I rejoice to think it was Spanton

—recalled us to the cause of our excited debate by asking him, before he left, what he considered the third extraordinary thing in connection with his deeply interesting story. “You said three things, you know,” Spanton reminded him.

“Oh, the third thing,” he said, as he opened the door, “I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up about half an hour ago. Good-night, again.”

After coming to our senses we looked round for Rudson-Wayte, who had brought this snake to bite our bosoms, but he, too, had disappeared.



1. Compare the first and last sentences of the extract. How does the last sentence explain why the writer ‘*still tingles with mortification*’?
2. Name some of the things said in the story which give the reader the feeling that he is reading an account of something which actually happened.
3. What were the stranger’s ‘*three remarkable things about his story*’? What do you find amusing in the way he told the third of the remarkable things?

A TELEGRAM IN ANACAPRI

AXEL MUNTHE

AXEL MUNTHE is a famous Swedish doctor who used to practise in Paris and in Rome. He was a very busy man to whom a great many interesting and exciting things happened; and he has told of some of them in his book, 'The Story of San Michele.'

Like many busy men to whom events come quickly and incessantly, Dr. Munthe longed for a house where he could be far away from his work and the people who reminded him of it—a place where he would be surrounded by beauty, and where he would meet only simple country folk.

He dreamed of this retreat, and a great deal of 'The Story of San Michele' tells how his dream came true in the building of a house at Anacapri, on the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. It was a very beautiful house, standing where Romans used to live long ago; and in the making of it Dr. Munthe and his workmen often found relics of Roman, and even more ancient, times.

The work had to be done when he could spare the time from his duties as a doctor, and it was many years before everything was ready.

The house was called San Michele, and when it was finished Dr. Munthe had at last a retreat which was very far indeed from the busy world of Rome and the other great cities of Europe. Even letters, and newspapers, and telegrams were not thought so very important in Capri, as the following extract from 'The Story of San Michele' will show.

MARIA PORTA-LETTERE had brought me a couple of days before a letter from Rome, I had flung it unopened in the drawer of my deal table to join a dozen of

other unread letters. I had no time for the world outside Capri, there is no post in Heaven. Then an unheard-of thing happened, there came a telegram to Anacapri. Painfully signalled two days before from the semaphore at Massa Lubrense it had in the course of time reached the Capri semaphore by the Arco Naturale.

Don Ciccio, the semaphorist, after a vague guess at its meaning, had offered it in turn to various people in Capri. Nobody could understand a word of it, nobody wanted to have anything to do with it. It had then been decided to try it on Anacapri and it had been put on the top of Maria Porta-Lettere's fish basket. Maria Porta-Lettere, who had never seen a telegram before, handed it with great precaution to the priest.

Il Reverendo Don Antonio, unfamiliar with reading anything he did not know by heart, told Maria Porta-Lettere to take it to the schoolmaster, Il Reverendo Don Natale, the most learned man in the village. Don Natale was certain it was written in Hebrew but was unable to translate it on account of the bad spelling.

He told Maria Porta-Lettere to take it to the Reverendo Don Dionisio, who had been in Rome to kiss the hand of the Pope and was the right man to read the mysterious message. Don Dionisio, the greatest authority in the village on *roba antica*, recognized it at once as being written in the secret telegraphic code of Timberio* himself, little wonder nobody could understand it.

His opinion was confirmed by the chemist but strenuously opposed by the barber, who swore it was written in English. He shrewdly suggested that it should be taken to La Bella Margherita, whose aunt had married un lord inglese. La Bella Margherita burst into tears as soon as she saw the telegram; she had dreamt in the night that her aunt was ill, she felt sure the telegram was for her and was

* Timberio, or Tiberius, was a Roman Emperor who lived, long ago, in Anacapri.

sent by the lord inglese to announce the death of her aunt.

While Maria Porta-Lettere was wandering from house to house with the telegram the excitement in the village increased more and more, and soon all work ceased. A rumour that war had broken out between Italy and the Turks was contradicted at noon by another rumour brought on naked boy's feet from Capri that the king had been assassinated in Rome.

The Municipal Council was urgently summoned, but Don Diego, the mayor, decided to postpone unfolding the flag at half-mast until another telegram confirmed the sad news.

Shortly before sunset Maria Porta-Lettere, escorted by a crowd of notables of both sexes, arrived with a telegram at San Michele. I looked at the telegram and said it was not for me. Who was it for? I said I did not know, I had never heard of any living or dead person afflicted with a similar name, it was not a name, it seemed an alphabet in an unknown tongue. Wouldn't I try to read the telegram and tell what was in it? No, I would not, I hated telegrams. I did not want to have anything to do with it? Was it true there was war between Italy and the Turks? yelled the crowd under the garden wall.

I did not know, I did not care in the least if there was a war, as long as I was left in peace to dig in my garden.

Old Maria Porta-Lettere sank down dejectedly on the column of cipollino, she said she had been on her legs with the telegram since daybreak with nothing to eat, she could do no more. She had besides to go and feed the cow. Would I take care of the telegram till to-morrow morning? It would not be safe to leave it in her keeping, with all the grandchildren playing about the room, not to speak of the chickens and the pig.

Old Maria Porta-Lettere was a great friend of mine, I felt sorry for her and for the cow. I put the telegram in my pocket, she was to resume her wanderings with it the next morning.

The sun sank into the sea, the bells rang Ave Maria, we all went home to our supper. As I was sitting under my pergola with a bottle of Don Dionisio's best wine before me, a terrible thought suddenly flashed through my brain—fancy if the telegram was for me after all ! Having fortified myself with another glass of wine, I put the telegram on the table before me and set to work to try to translate its mysterious meaning into human language.

It took me the whole bottle of wine to satisfy myself that it was not for me. I fell asleep, my head on the table, the telegram in my hand. I slept late the next morning. There was no need for hurry, nobody was working in my garden to-day, surely they were all in church since morning mass, it was Good Friday.

As I strolled up to San Michele a couple of hours later, I was greatly surprised to find Mastro Nicola with his three sons and all the girls, hard at work in the garden as usual. Of course they knew how anxious I was to go on with the work full-speed, but I would never have dreamt to ask them to work on Good Friday. Indeed it was kind of them, I told them I was very grateful.

A well-known voice called me by name from outside the garden wall. It was my friend the newly-appointed Swedish Minister in Rome. He was furious for not having had an answer to his letter, announcing his intention to come and spend Easter with me, and still more offended that I had not had the decency to meet him at the Marina with a donkey on the arrival of the post boat, as he had begged me to do in his telegram. He would never have come to Anacapri had he known he would have to climb all

by himself those seven hundred and seventy-seven Phoenician steps leading up to my wretched village. Would I have the cheek to say I had not got his telegram?



1. Which people received the telegram before it reached Dr. Munthe? How did each of them regard it?
2. How did the telegram come into the Doctor's hands?
3. What was the message in the telegram? Why did not the Doctor act upon it?
4. Try to write the Doctor's explanation of the situation to the Swedish minister and show their enjoyment of it.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF A RACE TRACK

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL has spent a great deal of his life in the adventure of trying to travel faster on land than any man has ever travelled before. When he first began his attempts on the world's land speed record the highest speed at which a motor car had been driven was a little less than 140 m.p.h. Sir Malcolm himself was the first man to travel at more than 300 m.p.h.

To drive a car as fast as the engineers who have built it have designed it to travel, it is necessary to have a long stretch of perfectly level ground, and Sir Malcolm Campbell has sought, in many parts of the world, for a perfect course. He has driven his cars, nearly all of them named 'Bluebird,' on the seashore, in South Wales and in Denmark; he has travelled to South Africa to look at a dried-up lake, and to North Africa to look at the Sahara Desert; he has broken records on the beach at Daytona and on the dry salt lake at Bonneville, in America.

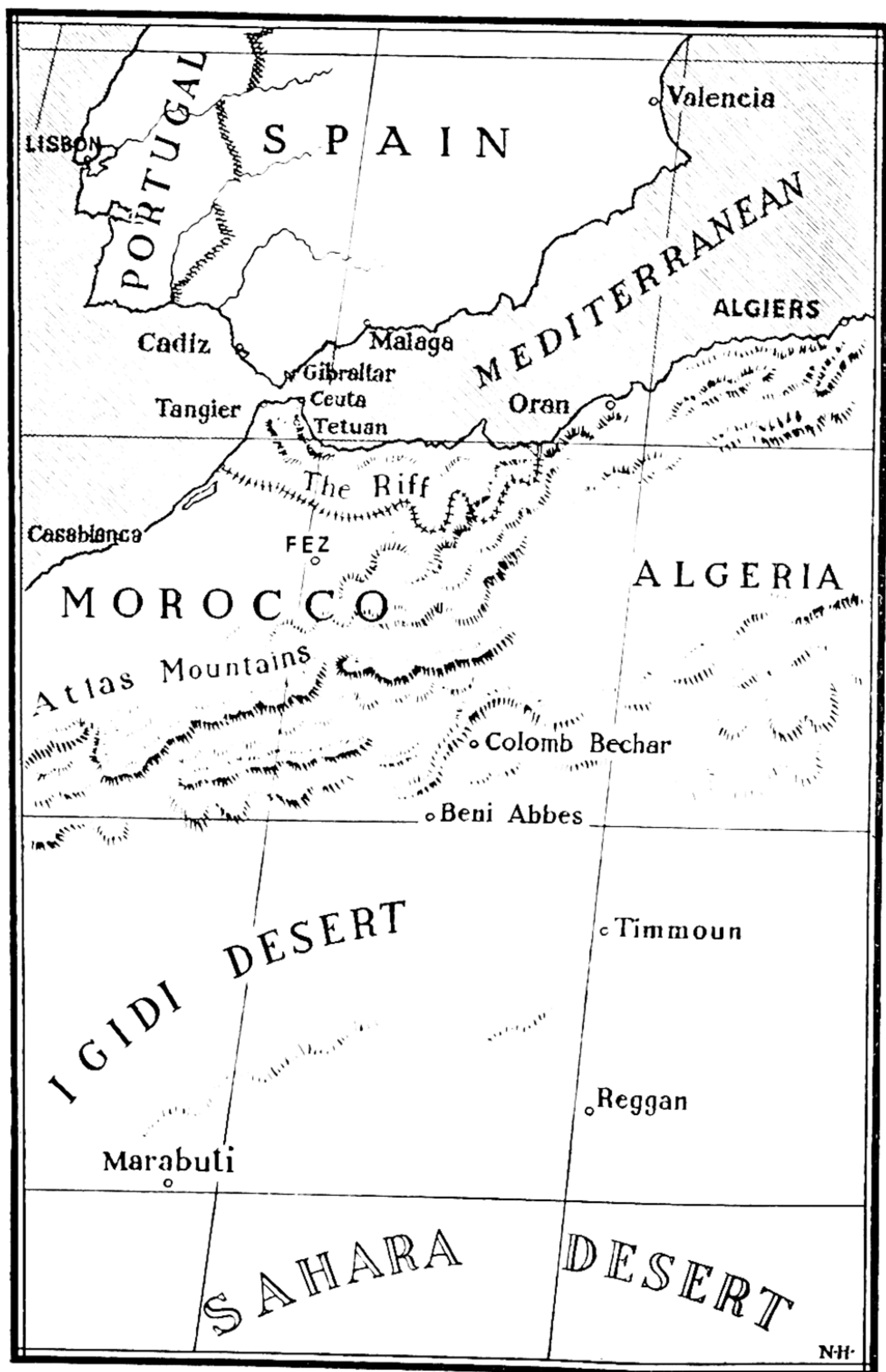
By no means all the adventures of Sir Malcolm Campbell's life have come when he is driving, as the following passage from 'My Thirty Years of Speed,' will show.

I HEARD of a level stretch in the Syrian Desert, and had begun to make preparations to fly over and inspect it, when the tribesmen there began to give trouble. It was certain that their reception would be anything but friendly, and local co-operation was vital if ever we took the car out, so we abandoned the expedition.

Following this came information of a great plateau, with an absolutely level surface, which existed in the Sahara. Details concerning it were sparse, but the reports seemed worth investigation and, early in November, I started from Croydon in a Gipsy Moth, accompanied by Squadron-Leader Don, an old friend of war-time days.

We crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and followed the coast to Oran. The flight was very rough and bumpy, and the North African coast looked very inhospitable, because the Atlas Mountains here come straight down to the sea, forming a rugged coastline ; the mountains are inhabited only by turbulent Riff tribesmen who, at that time, were giving trouble to the Spanish authorities. We reached Oran, where certain formalities had to be completed and permission secured to continue the flight, which was now over French territory. We then headed south to Colomb Bechar, crossing the Atlas Mountains on the way. These heights were most impressive, and appeared to us as enormous masses of sheer rock ; here was no visible sign of life, with the exception of a Riffian village, which appeared as a cluster of open courtyards set amongst a few trees. From Colomb Bechar we flew above the French fort at Beni Abbes set right in the desert. Here compact buildings were ranged inside an encircling wall, the fortress forming an open square, with massive keeps at each corner. We landed finally beside the fort at Reggan, and were now in the heart of the Sahara and about six hundred miles north of Timbuktu. Don was unwell when we arrived, and he remained at the fort while I borrowed a car and spent two days in the desert locating the place of which we had been told.

It was a great plateau, as level as a billiard table and stretching for miles. The surface was gritty and covered with small pebbles ; when these were swept away, perfectly



smooth, level ground was disclosed. Unquestionably, the plateau was ideal, and its only real defect was formed by mirages ; I secured a photograph of one in which it seemed that, barely a mile away, waves were breaking on a sandy shore.

Unfortunately, the plateau was hopelessly remote. It lay at least four hundred miles from any railway line, and it would have been impossible to transport over this distance the car and equipment, mechanics, time-keepers, necessary kit, and labourers required to clear the ground. I collected samples of the surface and of the pebbles, then drove back to Reggan ; Don had recovered, and we started the return flight to Oran. To all appearances, the enterprise had been a failure. As matters turned out, however, things were now to happen which, quite indirectly, brought about discovery of the course we sought.

On reaching Oran it was our intention to follow the shore line, recrossing the Mediterranean at Gibraltar. Before leaving, we were warned that a certain stretch of the coast was exceedingly dangerous, because of the presence of hostile Riff tribesmen. The place was indicated to us on a map—it lay some seventy-eight miles short of Tetuan, opposite Gibraltar, and at this point the mountains were particularly rugged and came sheer down to the sea, forming great cliffs, which made any sort of landing impossible ; we were not, in any case, likely to descend there.

We began the flight from Oran at about six-thirty in the morning. Aboard the 'plane we had a small bottle of Vichy water, a flask of brandy, and two packets of chocolate those being our sole preparations for emergencies. We followed the coast and had been two hours in the air when we found ourselves level with the territory against which we had been warned.

Shortly afterwards, when we were fifteen hundred feet

up and about a mile out to sea, there was a blow-back from the engine, followed by such vibration that it seemed as if the power-unit would shake itself loose ; an inlet valve had jammed, and it was only by good fortune that fire did not follow.

With the engine dead, the machine was turned in towards the coast, while Don and I searched anxiously for a landing place. We had insufficient height to glide inland and hope to find a valley and, as the 'plane had to come down, our only chance was to discover a level stretch on the edge of the shore. We saw nothing but rocks and cliffs falling directly to the water until—with the 'plane now very low—we cleared a headland and, beyond this, discovered a small bay with a narrow, shingle beach. It was the only possible landing place, and the craft came down just on the edge of the beach, partly in the sea.

It was rocking on the water as we climbed out, jumping in up to our necks, grabbing the tail as the machine slewed round. There was a very strong undertow, and we were almost dragged off our feet. We knew that if we lost the machine our chances of escape from that inhospitable country were very small, while there was a possibility that, if we got the 'plane clear of the water, we might be able to make a repair and find some way of taking off again.

We had been struggling for two or three minutes, floundering in the water, clinging to the tail of the machine and just holding our own, when I glanced over my shoulder. When we landed there had not been a living thing in sight. Now I saw, grouped on the beach, forty or fifty of the most outlandish men I had ever seen.

They were Riff tribesmen, wearing dingy skirts and every man was armed. I stared at them, remembering the stories I had heard of their way of holding prisoners to

ransom. These Riffs are war-like, recognizing no masters of their inaccessible country, and I remember thinking, as I clung to the machine, that we were literally between the devil and the deep sea.

We were up to our chests in water and completely helpless, but I realized that a bold course might be the safest and we shouted to the Riffs to help. They did not understand, but they could see our plight, and a dozen of them waded in, grabbing at the machine, shouting amongst themselves and hauling until the 'plane was standing safely on the little beach.

A few of them looked it over curiously, and the rest gave their attention to Don and myself. They were a bearded dirty, evil-smelling crew, and it was not long before they began to jostle us roughly, obviously looking for an excuse to start trouble. We pretended to take this as a joke, while I spoke to them first in English then in French, and afterwards in German, all the time doing my utmost to make them realize that we were not Spaniards.

It was the most fortunate thing in the world that they did not understand me. The only reason we were not immediately taken prisoners was because they imagined us to be Spanish airmen ; they were afraid that, if they mishandled us, bombers might arrive later on a punitive expedition.

Unable to talk to them, I singled out one who appeared to be their leader, and offered him a couple of five-peseta picces, and they pleased him ; the rest crowded around and I distributed more coins, then indicated that they had received all the money I had. Since there was nothing more to be gained, the Riffs finally let us go, vanishing into the rocks beyond the bay, abandoning us and the disabled machine.

It was a relief to find ourselves clear of the tribesmen,

but Don and I were left in a difficult situation. We now saw that even if we managed to get the machine going it was impossible to take off from the beach, and in any case we dared not remain there. We agreed that the one essential thing was to cover as great a distance as possible before darkness fell. We knew that the nearest town was Tetuan, with no kind of civilization between ourselves and that city, and the only thing to do was to make for it, following the coastline as well as we were able. We collected the Vichy water, brandy, and chocolate and started off.

When we began, we realized that we were attempting something which appeared impossible. We could not hope to cover more than seventy miles of inhospitable country on the Vichy water and chocolate which we carried, particularly over such rugged terrain, and we were unarmed. But the only thing to do was to attempt it, and the trek during the rest of that day was the hardest that I have ever attempted. The going was very rough, most of the time being spent in clambering over rocks, and we often found our way barred by jutting cliffs, around which we were obliged to swim. What had originally been a simple search for a new high-speed course was turning into an adventure which had elements of real danger.

We carried on until we were forced to rest, and both of us then believed that we should not get through. We made an agreement that, if either of us met with a mishap, or found that he could go no further, he should be left and his companion should struggle on. After making this agreement we continued, and we were dead beat by the time that darkness fell.

We decided to keep moving for as long as we were able, and we now turned inland a little, blundering slowly forward until we heard dogs yapping in the gloom and realized that we had reached some sort of village. We pulled up, wonder-

ing what kind of reception we should get if we ventured nearer. We were wet through, tired and desperate ; it was past midnight, and we had been on our feet for nearly twelve hours. As we stood there, one of the biggest men I have ever seen appeared from the darkness. He must have been at least six feet six inches in height, and after we had tried to talk to him he beckoned us forward, leading us into a kind of courtyard.

Cattle were tied up around a midden ; I saw goats and chickens in the darkness, and at one side was a structure built against the wall. In the lower part lived the wives of the local chief, and we were taken up a ladder to the floor above, the ladder consisting of two poles with notches cut in them. We found half a dozen Riffs squatting on the mud floor at the top ; the place had no windows and no ventilation other than that provided by the little door ; the atmosphere was terrible and the sole illumination was a candle.

The chief proved to be friendly, and he extended some sort of welcome. Presently a basket was hauled up from below containing a bowl of rancid butter and some loaves of harsh sour bread, and we were invited to share the meal. The Riffs broke off pieces of bread, dipping them into the butter and I imitated them, but my first taste of the butter was nauseating, and it was hard enough to swallow even a few morsels. Don was affected in much the same way, and both of us looked hopefully towards the bucket which was presently hauled up. This was passed from hand to hand, and when it reached me I saw that it contained water that was almost black. I could not bring myself to drink it, and the bucket passed on.

This concluded the meal. The single candle in the room was extinguished, the Riffs stretched themselves out on the floor, while the chief sprawled across the doorway, a knife

lying on his thighs. In spite of the conditions and the discomfort Don and I managed to get a little sleep, but all the time the Riffs around us were twitching and muttering, very like dogs in uneasy slumber.

At six o'clock in the morning, the basket and the bucket came up again. I was ravenously hungry and extremely thirsty, but my first effort to eat the sour bread almost brought a fit of sickness, and I was glad that I had not touched the water when I saw the Riffs wash themselves in it after drinking. The bucket was then passed down, the water being reserved for the next meal.

Stumbling on to this village as we had done was very fortunate for Don and myself, because we had been able to rest, but we were anxious to get away. We knew the treacherous nature of Riff tribesmen, and preferred the open air to remaining in that two-storied hut. We made our departure after I had given the old chief most of the belongings in my haversack, resuming our tramp along the difficult coast, growing less and less hopeful of reaching civilization as the hours passed.

We swam around points and climbed across rocky headlands with the sun beating down all the time, while we hardly ever found a level stretch. We were constantly either climbing or scrambling down rough slopes and during that morning I slipped on one of these, falling heavily and landing awkwardly. I found myself unable to move, and I thought I had fractured my hip; my leg was quite numb, and I believed that I should be unable to go on.

I reminded Don of our compact, but he insisted upon staying with me. We tried to ascertain what injury I had sustained, and, after a while, I found the numbness passing and I was able to move my leg. My hip and thigh were badly bruised, but nothing was broken and presently we

were able to continue, although I was now limping in great pain.

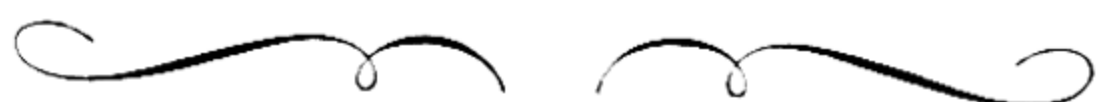
At the end of six hours of tramping Don had lost the sole of one shoe, and at noon we shared the bottle of Vichy water. We had had nothing to drink since leaving Oran thirty hours before, and the mineral water now served only to make our thirst more intense. We plodded slowly on and presently came to great stretches of rusted barbed wire, marking an area over which fighting between the Spaniards and the Riffs had recently taken place. We scratched and tore ourselves in getting through these defences.

By mid-afternoon, it proved impossible to continue without another halt, and Don dozed for a time under the shadow of some rocks. We could not guess how far we had travelled nor how much distance we had still to cover, and as our shoes were giving out, it was impossible that we could go very much farther.

Sitting against a rock on that desolate North African coast, familiar scenes at Brooklands and at home seemed very remote, and I was thinking of these when I drifted to sleep. I roused after a while, and when I sat up almost the first thing I saw was the silhouette of a man on a ridge. He was fully four miles away, standing against the sky, but even at that distance I saw that he wore trousers; this indicated that he was not one of the Riffs, and that Europeans must be nearby.

I wakened Don, and we started forward, scrambling through more barbed wire, eventually coming up with the man and discovering that he formed a part of a Spanish outpost. We were taken to the commandant, and never have I drunk water which tasted as good as that which he gave us. The Spaniards could not understand how we came to be there, but they produced a sergeant who could speak French and I was able to explain. We remained overnight

and were treated with great courtesy, eventually travelling on to Ceuta. A guard was sent down to look after the 'plane, and the Spanish authorities followed this with a cruiser and a lighter. The 'plane was loaded on the lighter and brought back to Ceuta, eventually being shipped across to British territory at Gibraltar.



1. In what respects was the plateau in the middle of the Sahara (a) suitable, (b) unsuitable for Sir Malcolm Campbell's purpose? Explain why it is difficult to find a suitable place for very high speed travel on land.
2. When do you think the two men were in their greatest danger? Give your reasons.
3. They made a compact. What was it? Explain why they made it.
4. What information have you gathered about the Riff tribesmen?

BIRDS' NESTS

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN

THE following passage is taken from 'The Charm of Birds,' by the late Viscount Grey of Falloden. In his lifetime Viscount Grey was a distinguished public servant, and in 1914, when the Great War broke out, he was Foreign Secretary. Upon him, therefore, rested the great responsibility of deciding whether or not Great Britain should enter the War of 1914-18.

In private life, however, his chief interest was not Foreign Affairs but Nature. He was a keen observer—although in his later days he became almost totally blind—and he had the great gift of being able to describe quietly and calmly what he had observed.

This passage shows his powers of observation and his knowledge of the habits of birds. The advice contained in the last paragraphs is worth following by all boys and girls who go birds-nesting.

ALL sorts of places provide nesting sites for birds : some nest underground in a hole ; others in holes in trees ; others nest on the ground, whether it be on bare earth, shingle or rock, or in grass or heather ; others nest in bushes or trees ; and some, such as swifts, swallows and house-martins, have become dependent on the buildings of mankind. As a rule, birds desire some support under the nest, whether this be firm ground, or twigs or branches or some ledge or rafter ; but three common exceptions occur to me. The peculiarity of the reed-warbler's nest has already been noticed ; the house-martin's nest, which is firmly attached to the top and side of some corner in a building, but has no underneath support, is familiar to everybody ; the third exception is the nest of the gold-crest. This does not rest

on a branch, but is slung underneath it. An evergreen tree, such as a silver fir, is generally used ; the tiny cup of the nest is admirably concealed by the thick-set green spines of the fir branch above it.

One particular nest of a kingfisher may be described for the sake of its attractive secrecy. A small side stream of the Itchen ran for some distance entirely concealed by trees at the edge of beautiful pleasure grounds. Yews, chestnuts, and other large trees stood thick together on one side of it ; on the other side were willows ; the canopy of boughs hid the stream, and it was known to us as "the hidden brook." A willow tree was blown down and lay prone on the water-meadow ; a great block of bank was lifted and held upright by the roots of the tree : so high was this and so far over did the boughs spread from trees on the other side, that the gap left by the fallen willow did not expose the stream or disturb its privacy. Into this lifted bank kingfishers had tunnelled from the inner side. By going in among the trees the hole could be seen, but could not be reached even on its own side without wading in the water. Here a pair of kingfishers nested every year, flying up and down the green tunnel in which the stream ran, and going to and from their nest unseen. In course of time the earth began to wear away. On the outer side between two of what had been surface roots there came to be a little opening. By putting an eye to this eggs could be seen ; and by inserting a small twig I once extracted an egg. I was thus in possession of a kingfisher's egg that had been obtained without disturbing the nest—rare privilege, for, as a rule, I suppose a kingfisher's egg can only be obtained by digging out the nest. The kingfisher's eggs are called white : correctly, no doubt, but they have a delicate tinge of colour, due to the yolk showing through the white shell, which is unusually transparent. I do not remember that there was any horrible smell about

this nest, but the dark slimy-looking stuff that oozed out of the entrance used by the birds, suggested foulness within the passage, if not in the nest itself.

For a few years after this nest was first found, it was matter of importance to be sure that the birds nested successfully there each season ; but gradually the weather and the natural processes of decay wore away the earth, till it became a mere skeleton of decaying roots, and no one who had not seen it as it had once been could have imagined that it could ever have been a kingfisher's breeding-place.

To say that nests may be underground, on the ground, in or on houses, in bushes or in trees, is a fairly comprehensive statement ; but it is not complete. Some nests of grebes may be said to be in the water. The little grebe or dabchick's nest is a blob of dark, dank, sodden weed : it is often placed in a bed of weed in the middle of a chalkstream, where the bird when sitting is in full view. But the sitting bird also has a clear view, and whenever a suspicious object approaches the grebe covers its eggs and goes off, so that the nest appears only as an uninteresting patch of dead weed. This ruse of the dabchick is a sight very familiar to chalk-stream anglers ; as an angler crosses the fence to enter a water-meadow, he may see a dabchick rise up on a patch of weeds in the river, hurriedly pull weed over its eggs, then dive with the least possible movement, and so slip away unseen to some concealment. The bird will do this when the angler is still 50 or 100 yards away. The habit of most birds is to sit motionless and tight on a nest ; the nearer it is approached the closer will the bird sit : it will not move till in imminent danger of capture or even till actually evicted by touch. This is an example of endeavour to escape notice by the concealment of stillness. The dabchick is an example of the alternative method ; that of leaving before a possible enemy has come near enough to

see that there is a nest. I have known a spotted flycatcher practise this method when sitting on eggs. One that used to nest on the Hampshire cottage would fly off the nest in a light unconcerned manner whenever a human head appeared round the corner. Chaffinches, on the other hand, would sit very close, and if put off the nest would leave it with fluster and distress.

That dabchicks can fly is proved by their temporary appearance at migratory seasons of the year in unwonted places, to which they can only have come by flying ; but diving is their usual method of movement. When the object is to escape, the dabchick dives with the least possible mark on the surface of the water. I have had one singular experience to the contrary. I was kneeling on the bank of the Itchen and putting my fly to a rising trout. My knees were at the water's edge : I bent forward for the purpose of casting : my attention was concentrated on the spot where the trout was rising. I became aware that something was going on in the river close to me, and that I was being sprinkled with drops of water. I looked down to discover what unusual thing was happening, saw a dabchick come to the surface close to me, and dive with as much splash and disturbance as possible, throwing up, as it did so, some drops of water that reached me ; the bird repeated this exploit several times. In front of me in the thin strip of sedge that grew in the water was the dark blob of the nest ; the unwonted conduct of the bird was a desperate attempt, if not to drown, at least to annoy and so get rid of me. I have read somewhere that a flock of coots, when threatened by a hawk, will all dive together, throwing up as much water as they can when the hawk swoops, as if in the hope of drowning it. No doubt my dabchick had the encouragement, when it returned to its nest, of thinking that its little efforts had saved the eggs from an impending monster.

One pretty way that the dabchick has with its young was shown me on the water in St. James's Park. When I was first in office and kept in London from 1892-95, I made acquaintance with the man who then looked after the waterfowl, and who lived across the isthmus that is opposite the windows of the Foreign Office. At his cottage I used to call in the season to hear news of the breeding waterfowl, and he would show me various nests. One morning as he was taking me round the island he pointed out a dabchick's nest attached to some willow branches that hung into the water. When we came near he exclaimed that the eggs must have hatched since he had seen the nest earlier in the morning, for the nest was now empty. We heard a curious little noise on the water, and looking out beyond the branches saw the parent dabchick and her lately-hatched young ones. Being suspicious of us, she had warned the young and now presented her body to them as they sat in the water. Instinct told them what was required : each bird got on to the back of the old one, and was there covered by her folded wings. When all the young had mounted, the parent swam away with her whole family, compact, concealed and safe.

I suppose the other grebes have similar habits as regards nests and young, but I have not had the opportunities of observing them closely. The dabchick does not attempt to rival other grebes in brightness and plumage. The great-crested grebe is the only one of these that I have seen in breeding plumage : the head of both sexes is then adorned with bright feathers, and these and the erect carriage of neck and head as they swim make the birds very distinguished. A pair of great-crested grebes give distinction to any piece of water which they choose as a nesting-place.

Birds sometimes make use of the empty nest of another species, or even use a nest of their own a second time. Two broods of blackbirds were reared in one season in one nest on

the Hampshire cottage : whether this was done by one and the same bird or by two different birds I cannot be certain ; I assumed it to be done by one bird. After the second brood of blackbirds had left this nest a pair of pied wagtails lined it with a new cup of their own making, and successfully hatched and reared a brood. Three successive broods were thus reared in this one nest in one season. I have known a spotted flycatcher put a new lining in the empty nest of a chaffinch and use this successfully for its own eggs and young.

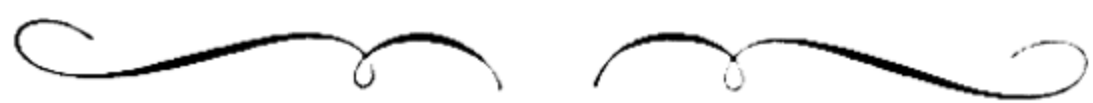
In contrast to this tendency to save labour in nest-building by using a ready-made nest, some birds build more nests than are ever used for their own eggs. The moorhen, for instance, makes several nests. In this case it seems as if the birds felt bound to do more than once what can be done so easily ; for the moorhen's nest is simple and easily constructed of material that lies ready about it. But the extra nests are not always superfluous ; I have seen one used regularly for the young birds. This nest had never had eggs in it ; it was near to and in full view of the place where I sat to feed waterfowl after sunset. Every evening for several days a parent moorhen conducted her young family swimming to the nest ; assembled them on it and brooded them there.

Simple as a moorhen's nest appears, I have seen a bird taking what appeared to be unnecessary trouble about it. A moorhen was observed searching the ground near one of the ponds at Fallodon and selecting large dead leaves. These it conveyed to a small clump of yellow iris growing in the water by the bank. I assumed that the bird was building a nest, and when it had apparently ceased work, I examined the clump of iris. The nest was there, but so also was the moorhen, sitting on a full clutch of eggs. The bird had therefore been improving the nest some time after the eggs had been laid in it.

A more remarkable instance of prolific nest-building is that of the common wren. After the long-tailed tit's nest, that of the wren is the most elaborate. In this case there is no question of the bird making more than one nest, simply because, as in the case of the moorhen, nest-building is easy. Yet one pair of wrens will make several nests ; each nest is constructed with great care and perfect skill ; but only the one that is destined for eggs is lined with feathers. We can, therefore, with certainty tell "cock" nests from those that have contained eggs. The number of these empty "cock" nests is a great disappointment to any one who searches for nests in order to find eggs or young. If these "cock" nests are visited after sunset in autumn and winter, they are often found to be used by a single bird as bed-chamber ; and sometimes in summer a stream of strong young wrens will issue from a "cock" nest, showing that it is used as a resting or roosting-place for a family.

It is a fascinating pursuit, when there is leisure for it, to look for the nests in the garden or neighbourhood of a country home. The discovery of a well-hidden nest with eggs gives a sense of delicate privilege ; the watching of its subsequent welfare is a continuing interest, and if the end is happy and the young birds leave the nest safely, we feel deeply satisfied. Yet birds, if they could address us, might well say, "However kindly your interest and however benevolent your intention, please do not look for our nests. You will expose them to dangers of which you do not dream and from which you cannot save them." At the Hampshire cottage the destruction of nests in the little garden and the thickets of the adjoining chalk-pit was heart-breaking. The nests that were known to be destroyed were, of course, nests that we had found and were watching ; otherwise we should not have known of their fate. The proportion of those that came to grief was so large that in some years it

seemed that the breeding season must be a failure. It never was so : there was always a good output of young birds from nests that we had not found. There was no reason to think that human mischief was to blame for the robbing of nests in this particular spot. There were stoats, weasels, rats, field-mice and jackdaws, and these were enough to account for all the damage ; but why did the particular nests that we found appear to suffer so heavily, while others, of which we did not know, prospered ? I do not think it is a sufficient answer to say that the nests we found were the nests that vermin also would find most easily. It is more probable that when a human being finds and examines a nest he leaves some track or trace that betrays the treasure. A bent twig or a displaced leaf may catch the keen eye of a hungry jackdaw looking down from above. The thought thus suggested discouraged me from nest-finding at the cottage, and in the later years there I was content to be assured by ear that the birds were there ; to know all had gone well by seeing young birds being fed, and thus have no knowledge of catastrophes and no share in them.



1. Mention one notable thing about each of the following birds' nests :—*the reed warbler, the house-martin, the gold-crest and the kingfisher.*
2. Give an account of some of the interesting habits of the dabchick.
3. In what ways are the nests of the moorhen and the wren unlike each other ? What did the writer notice about each ?
4. There are important hints in the last paragraph. State them in your own words and say what they tell you not only about the birds, but about the writer.

THE LAST FIGHT OF MR. STANDFAST

JOHN BUCHAN

ON 21st March, 1918, the Germans launched their last and greatest attack on the British Army. That attack, which followed a heavy artillery bombardment, fell on the weakest part of the British line. For days, weeks, and months the British fell back.

By April the situation was very serious. In front of Amiens only a handful of men barred the way. But the Germans did not know this. If they had known, they would have launched another, and still stronger, attack. They thought a huge army was opposed to them, and so long as they held this belief there was still hope. It was therefore most important that no German aeroplane should fly over the British lines and see the few pitiful, tired, battle-weary men who alone stood between the German Army and victory.

The passage which follows comes from 'Mr. Standfast,' by John Buchan (now Lord Tweedsmuir). General Richard Hannay is standing with Captain Archie Roylance of the Royal Air Force, when they see a squadron of enemy aeroplanes flying towards the British lines.

Some time before, the German airman Lensch had shot down Pieter Pienaar, a Boer airman (the 'Mr. Standfast' of the story), and wounded him badly. He was taken prisoner. But the Germans, when they saw how badly he was crippled, sent him back because they thought he was unfit to fight again—but read for yourself and judge.

WE were standing by the crumbling rails of what had once been the farm sheepfold. I looked at Archie and he smiled back at me, for he saw that my face had changed. Then he turned his eyes to the billowing clouds.

I felt my arm clutched.

"Look there!" said a fierce voice, and his glasses were turned upwards.

I looked, and far up in the sky saw a thing like a wedge of wild geese flying towards us from the enemy's country. I made out the small dots which composed it, and my glasses told me they were 'planes. But only Archie's practised eye knew that they were enemy.

"Boche?" I asked.

"Boche," he said. "We're for it now."

My heart had sunk like a stone, but I was fairly cool. I looked at my watch and saw that it was ten minutes to eleven.

"How many?"

"Five," said Archie. "Or there may be six—no, only five."

"Listen," I said. "Get on to your headquarters. Tell them that it's all up with us if a single 'plane gets back. Let them get well over the line, the deeper in the better, and tell them to send up every machine they possess and down them all. Tell them it's life or death. Not one single 'plane goes back. Quick!"

Archie disappeared, and as he went our anti-aircraft guns broke out. The formation above opened and zigzagged, but they were too high to be in much danger. But they were not too high to see that which we must keep hidden or perish.

The roar of our batteries died down as the invaders passed westwards. As I watched their progress they seemed

to be dropping lower. Then they rose again and a bank of cloud concealed them.

I had a horrid certainty that they must beat us, that some at any rate would get back. They had seen our thin lines and the roads behind us empty of supports. They would see, as they advanced, the blue columns of the French coming up from the south-west, and they would return and tell the enemy that a blow now would open the road to Amiens and the sea. He had plenty of strength for it, and presently he would have overwhelming strength. It only needed a spear-point to burst the jerry-built dam and let the flood through. They would return in twenty minutes and by noon we would be broken. Unless—unless the miracle of miracles happened, and they never returned.

Archie reported that his skipper would do his best and that our machines were now going up. "We've a chance, sir," he said, "a good sportin' chance." It was a new Archie, with a hard voice, a lean face, and very old eyes.

Behind the jagged walls of the farm buildings was a knoll which once had formed part of the high road. I went up there alone, for I didn't want anybody near me. I wanted a view-point, and I wanted quiet, for I had a grim time before me. From that knoll I had a big prospect of country. I looked east to our lines on which an occasional shell was falling, and where I could hear the chatter of machine-guns. West there was peace, for the woods closed down on the landscape. Up to the north, I remember, there was a big glare as from a burning dump, and heavy guns seemed to be at work in the Ancre valley. Down in the south there was the dull murmur of a great battle. But just around me, in the gap, I could pick out clearly the different sounds. Somebody down at the farm had made a joke and there was a short burst of laughter. I envied the humorist his composure. There was a clatter and jingle from a battery

changing position. On the road a tractor was jolting along—I could hear its driver shout and the screech of its unoiled axle.

My eyes were glued to my glasses, but they shook in my hands so that I could scarcely see. I bit my lip to steady myself, but they still wavered. From time to time I glanced at my wrist-watch. Eight minutes gone—ten—seventeen. If only the 'planes would come into sight! Even the certainty of failure would be better than this harrowing doubt. They should be back by now unless they had swung north across the salient, or unless the miracle of miracles—

Then came the distant yapping of an anti-aircraft gun, caught up the next second by others, while smoke patches studded the distant blue of the sky. The clouds were banking in mid-heaven, but to the west there was a big clear space now woolly with shrapnel bursts. I counted them mechanically—one—three—five—nine—with despair beginning to take the place of my anxiety. My hands were steady now, and through the glasses I saw the enemy.

Five attenuated shapes rode high above the bombardment, now sharp against the blue, now lost in a film of vapour. They were coming back, serenely, contemptuously, having seen all they wanted.

The quiet had gone now, and the din was monstrous. Anti-aircraft guns, singly and in groups, were firing from every side. As I watched it seemed a futile waste of ammunition. The enemy didn't give a tinker's curse for it . . . But surely there was one down. I could only count four now. No, there was the fifth coming out of a cloud. In ten minutes they would be all over the line. I fairly stamped in my vexation. Those guns were no more use than a sick headache. Oh, where were our own 'planes?

At that moment they came, streaking down into sight, four fighting scouts with the sun glinting on their wings and burnishing their metal cowls. I saw clearly the rings

of red, white, and blue. Before their downward drive the enemy instantly spread out.

I was watching with bare eyes now, and I wanted companionship, for the time of waiting was over. Automatically I must have run down the knoll, for the next instant I knew I was staring at the heavens with Archie by my side. The combatants seemed to couple instinctively. Diving, wheeling, climbing, a pair would drop out of the *mêlée* or disappear behind a cloud. Even at that height I could hear the methodical rat-tat-tat of the machine guns. Then there was a sudden flare and wisp of smoke. A 'plane sank, turning and twisting to earth.

"Hun!" said Archie, who had his glasses on it.

Almost immediately another followed. This time the pilot recovered himself while still a thousand feet from the ground, and started gliding for the enemy lines. Then he wavered, plunged sickeningly, and fell headlong into the wood behind La Bruyere.

Farther east, almost over the front trenches, a two-seater Albatross and a British pilot were having a desperate tussle. The bombardment had stopped, and from where we stood every movement could be followed. First one, then another, climbed uppermost, and dived back, swooped out and wheeled in again, so that the two 'planes seemed to clear each other only by inches. Then it looked as if they closed and interlocked. I expected to see both go crashing, when suddenly the wings of one seemed to shrivel up, and the machine dropped like a stone.

"Hun," said Archie. "That makes three. Oh, good lads! Good lads!"

Then I saw something which took away my breath. Sloping down in wide circles came a German machine, and following, a little behind and a little above a British. It was the first surrender in mid-air I had seen. In my amazement

I watched the couple right down to the ground, till the enemy landed in a big meadow across the high road and our own man in a field nearer the river.

When I looked back into the sky, it was bare. North, south, east, and west, there was not a sign of aircraft, British or German.

A violent trembling took me. Archie was sweeping the heavens with his glasses and muttering to himself. Where was the fifth man? He must have fought his way through, and it was too late.

But was it? From the toe of a great rolling cloud-bank a flame shot earthwards, followed by a V-shaped trail of smoke. British or Boche? British or Boche? I didn't wait long for an answer. For, riding over the far end of the cloud, came two of our fighting scouts.

I tried to be cool, and snapped my glasses into their case, though the reaction made me want to shout. Archie turned to me with a nervous smile and a quivering mouth. "I think we have won on the post," he said.

He reached out a hand for mine, his eyes still on the sky, and I was grasping it when it was torn away. He was staring upwards with a white face.

We were looking at a sixth enemy 'plane.

It had been behind the others and much lower, and was making straight at a great speed for the east. The glasses showed me a different type of machine—a big machine with short wings, which looked menacing as a hawk in a covey of grouse. It was under the cloud-bank, and above, satisfied, easing down after their fight, and unwitting of this enemy, rode the two British craft.

A neighbouring anti-aircraft gun broke out into sudden burst, and I thanked Heaven for its inspiration. Curious as to this new development, the two British turned, caught sight of the Boche and dived for him.

What happened in the next minutes I cannot tell. The three seemed to be mixed up in a dog-fight, so that I could not distinguish friend from foe. My hands no longer trembled, I was too desperate. The patter of machine-guns came down to us, and then one of the three broke clear and began to climb. The others strained to follow, but in a second he had risen beyond their fire, for he had easily the pace of them. Was it the Hun?

"Archie's dry lips were talking.

"It's Lensch," he said.

"How d'you know?" I gasped, angrily.

"Can't mistake him. Look at the way he slipped out as he banked. That's his patent trick."

In that agonizing moment hope died in me. I was perfectly calm now, for the time for anxiety had gone. Farther and farther drifted the British pilots behind, while Lensch, in the completeness of his triumph, looped more than once as if to cry an insulting farewell. In less than three minutes he would be safe inside his own lines, and he carried the knowledge which for us was death.

Someone was bawling in my ear, and pointing upward. It was Archie and his face was wild. I looked and gasped—seized my glasses and looked again.

A second before Lensch had been alone; now there were two machines.

I heard Archie's voice—"It's the Gladas*—the little Gladas." His fingers were digging into my arm and his face was against my shoulder. And then his excitement sobered into an awe which choked his speech, as he stammered "it's old —."

But I did not need him to tell me the name, for I had divined it when I first saw the new 'plane drop from the clouds. I had that queer sense that comes sometimes to a

* This was the name of a new type of British aeroplane.

man that a friend is present when he cannot see him. Somewhere up in the void two heroes were fighting their last battle—and one of them had a crippled leg.

I had never any doubt about the result. Lensch was not aware of his opponent till he was almost upon him, and I wonder if by any freak of instinct he recognized his greatest antagonist. He never fired a shot, nor did Pieter. I saw the German twist and side-slip as if to baffle the fate descending upon him. I saw Pieter veer over vertically and I knew that the end had come. He was there to make certain of victory, and he took the only way.

The machines closed, there was a crash which I felt though I could not hear it, and next second both were hurtling down over and over, to the earth.

They fell in the river just short of the enemy lines, but I did not see him, for my eyes were blinded and I was on my knees.

After that it was all a dream. I found myself being embraced by a French General of Division, and saw the first companies of the cheerful blue-coats for whom I had longed. With them came the rain, and it was under a weeping April sky that early in the night I marched what was left of my division away from the battlefield. The enemy guns were starting to speak behind us, but I did not heed them. I knew that now there were warders at the gate, and I believed that by the grace of God the gate was barred for ever.

They took Pieter from the wreckage with scarcely a scar except his twisted leg. Death had smoothed out some of the age in him, and left his face much as I remembered it long ago in the Mashonaland hills. In his pocket was his old battered 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It lies before me as I write, and beside it—for I was his only legate—the little case which came to him weeks later, containing the highest honour that can be bestowed upon a soldier of Britain.

It was from the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that I read next morning, when in the lee of an apple orchard, Mary and Blenkiron and I stood in the soft, spring rain beside his grave. And what I read was the tale of the end, not of Mr. Standfast; whom he had singled out for his counterpart, but of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, whom he had not hoped to emulate. I set down the words as a salute and a farewell :

"Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got higher, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.'

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."



1. What were the enemy aeroplanes sent to find? Explain its importance to both sides.
2. Why were the anti-aircraft guns ineffective?
3. How was Archie able to recognize the aviator Lensch and his aeroplane?
4. Try to give Mr. Standfast's story of what he did as he might have told it.
5. Say what you can about the book and the little case which were lying before the writer as he wrote.

BLANCHARD'S TROUSERS

HUGUES LAPAIRE

ALTHOUGH the scene of this story is France, it deals with a domestic incident that might have happened anywhere. It was translated into English by Horace Newte.

"HI! You, Blanchard! I want you," cried Madame Blanchard. And then: "Can't you hurry for once? I've something to show you."

In spite of his wife's impatience, Blanchard did not hasten. She had just returned from the market, and was looking quite smart in a dress with puffed sleeves, and a pleated bonnet.

Blanchard had brought from a field a cart-load of beet-root. He left the cart in the farmyard, and approached his wife with the countryman's usual slouch; a slouch that suggested the rolling of a boat.

"Oh, well! What's the hurry? What is it this time?" he asked, as he lifted his head.

"I've bought you some trousers, and not before it was time. You must try them on at once and see if they fit you."

Blanchard scraped his iron-shod shoes on the doorstep, placed his whip in the doorway, and entered the kitchen where his mother-in-law was preparing a soup made with cabbages, leeks and potatoes. It filled the kitchen with an appetising smell.

Madame Blanchard carefully undid the parcel containing the trousers. The paper in which they were wrapped bore the name of the shop where they had been bought: 'Au Petit Paris, Pignochet, place Beurrière, Germigny.'

Blanchard felt the material, a substantial brown velvet.

"This feels as if it would last," he said sententiously.

"I should think so," replied his wife, bridling. "Do you know what they cost? Thirty francs and ten sous!"

Now he knew how much they had cost, Blanchard respectfully eyed the trousers. He took off his shoes and placed them aside, tightened his belt, and then stared hard at the trousers. For it seemed to him that the legs were too long. And on saying as much to his wife, she pulled him up short.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she cried. "You must try them on with your braces. Madame Pignochet, who sold them to me, assured me they would fit you like a glove. You're deceived by the cut."

"When I come down in them, you'll see I'm right," sighed Blanchard.

With one hand on her hip and the other holding the lid of the saucepan, Jane, his mother-in-law, came forward. After looking at the trousers, she declared that Blanchard was right. The trousers were inches too long.

"I wish someone would do something to them before to-morrow morning," said Blanchard. "I want to wear them at the Council meeting."

He had recently been elected to the Municipal Council at Germigny, and was proud of this success.

That evening, at supper, Blanchard referred to the trousers.

"Have you done anything to them?" he presently asked his wife.

"What a question!" she replied, with no small irritation. "Since I came back from market I've been slaving myself to death, making bread. I'm so worn out I'm going straight up to bed."

Blanchard was distressed.

"So it's like that!" he murmured. "It seems I shan't be able to wear my new trousers at the Council!"

Then he turned to his mother-in-law.

"What about you?" he said. "You're not too tired. You can surely——"

Jane interrupted him.

"Why didn't you ask me before?" she sighed. "If you had, I'd have done them willingly. But you know my eyes are not what they were; and if I strained them with working by candlelight, I'd only make a bad job of them. You can't expect me to do anything to them to-night."

Blanchard, who was the soul of kindliness, did not reply, and contented himself with resignedly shrugging his shoulders. Then, taking heart, he presently spoke to Francine, his daughter. She had learned how to sew and to mend at school, and was always using her needle.

"You're the best of them, my Francine," he said. "None of the others will do anything for me, so I'm asking you to take a good three inches from the legs of my new trousers. What about it, Francine?"

Francine made a face.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said.

"Why on earth not?"

"I've several things to do in the house. And . . . and mamma complains if I burn the candle after eight o'clock!"

"A nice thing!" sighed Blanchard. "Three women in the house, and not one of them will go out of her way to do a small job for me!"

Very put out at thus being deprived of the pleasure of dazzling his fellow-councillors on the morrow with the trousers, Blanchard disconsolately went up to bed.

"Something always goes wrong," he mused. "I reckoned on showing 'em what's what! Now, thanks to those women, that's off the map."

His mother-in-law, Jane, was the last in bed and the first to get up. Every night, the last thing, she made a round of the farm. She visited stables, outhouses and granaries in order to see if there were any danger of fire, and if all the doors were securely fastened against possible thieves. She raked out the embers in the fireplace and saw to the windows.

To-night, after finishing her inspection, she was going up to bed when she saw, on the back of a chair, her son-in-law's trousers.

"Dear old Blanchard," she reflected. "He's one of the best of men. He'd cut himself in pieces for any one of us, and yet none of us will do a trifling thing for him like shortening his trousers. I was as bad as the rest, getting out of it by saying my eyes were weak. I really ought to be ashamed of myself!"

Arming herself with a pair of large scissors, she put on her spectacles and then took the trousers in hand. In next to no time she reshaped, cut, hemmed and pressed them. Her conscience at rest, she went up to bed.

Ah, conscience! How quickly this stirs in the heart of a girl! Francine was unable to sleep. She twisted and turned, and was still stark awake. Why was she unable to sleep? She usually slept like a top. There was nothing to disturb her, the farm being quite still.

She had heard her grandmother go to bed and snuff out the candle. Since then, nothing had stirred. Not even a mouse. By straining her ears, she could hear the clock ticking downstairs in its walnut case.

She examined the day to discover if she had done wrong or had failed to do the right thing. This examination was fruitless. Nothing she had done or left undone troubled her conscience . . . yet one trifling matter occurred to her. With very little effort she could have shortened her father's new trousers! *That* was what had deprived her of sleep.

Francine got up, slipped on a skirt, and put her feet into old shoes. Then, lighting a candle, and making less noise than a mouse, she found the trousers, the scissors, and the workbox that was always kept in the window corner. And with the quickness of a fairy she reshaped, cut, hemmed and pressed the new trousers.

At last she put them back in their place with a charming smile, which seemed to say :

"At least one person will be happy when he gets up to-morrow, and he will be father."

And pleased with herself for the surprise she had prepared for her father, she went to bed and slept as deeply as usual.

Dawn filtered through the ace of hearts pierced in the shutters and seemed to sow a blue dust on the floor of the silent bedroom. Cock-crows heralded the new summer day. Madame Blanchard awoke. Beside her, Blanchard heavily slept.

"Poor dear !" she murmured. "It takes so little to please him ; and he rarely, if ever, complains. If he could only wear his new trousers to-day he would be so happy, and if I get on with them now, I'll very soon make a good job of it. . . ."

Madame Blanchard got out of bed and softly opened the shutters. In the dim morning light she reshaped, cut, hemmed and pressed the new trousers.

On awaking, Blanchard was not a little surprised to see his wife, Francine and his mother-in-law about the bed. They all smiled an understanding smile in regarding him, and then wished him "Good morning."

And before he could so much as reply, the three women spoke at once.

"Would you like to see your new trousers ?" they chorused.

The next moment the women were uneasily looking at each other.

“Good heavens!” thought Madame Blanchard. “I wonder if mother’s guessed!”

“My daughter saw me working late last night,” reflected Jane, the grandmother.

Francine blushed, and believed that her mother and grandmother knew what she had done.

Simple Blanchard, however, was pleased with this attention, yet wondered why they were all so smilingly impatient. To please them, he got his legs into the trousers.

But no sooner had he done so, than a cry escaped from three pairs of lips. Three pairs of eyes opened wide. And three pairs of hands were distressfully joined. The three women, confounded and worried, stared from one to the other; while Blanchard, not knowing what was in the wind, glared stupidly, resentfully, at his costly brown velvet trousers, which, yesterday, were much too long and, this morning, reached only as far as his knees!



1. This story can be made into a play in three scenes.

Scene I. The return of Madame Blanchard with the trousers and the discovery that they were too long.

Scene II. The three women separately and secretly cutting off a piece.

Scene III. The discovery in the morning of what had happened during the night.

2. Who is the most masterful person in this story? Point out incidents which show this.

FOG AT SEA

DAVID BONE

IT is interesting to remember that John Masefield and the late Joseph Conrad, like Captain Bone, first went to sea in sailing ships. But both Masefield and Conrad gave up the sea for writing, whereas Captain Bone is a sailor first, and a writer only in his spare time.

The passage which follows, from 'The Brassboulder,' describes the barque 'Florence' of Glasgow, fogbound in the English Channel. Fog is the greatest and most feared enemy of all who travel by land, sea, or air.

IN the dark of the morning a dense fog had closed around us, shutting in our horizon when we had most need of a clear outlook. We had expected to sight the Lizard before dawn, to pick up a Falmouth pilot at noon, to be anchored in the Roads by nightfall—we had it all planned out, even to the man who was to stand the first anchor-watch—and now, before the friendly gleam of the Lizard Lights had reached us, was fog—damp, chilling, dispiriting, a pall of white, clammy vapour that no cunning of seamanship could avail against.

Denser it grew, that deep, terrifying wall that shut us off, shipmate from shipmate. Overhead, only the black shadow of the lower sails loomed up ; forward, the ship was shrouded ghostly, unreal. Trailing wreaths of vapour passed before and about the side-lamps, throwing back their glare in mockery of the useless rays. All sense of distance was taken from us : familiar deck fittings assumed huge, grotesque proportions ; the blurred and shadowy outlines of

listening men about the decks seemed magnified and unreal. Sound, too, was distorted by the inconstant sea-fog ; a whisper might carry far, a whole-voiced hail be but dimly heard.

Lifting lazily over the long swell under easy canvas, we sailed, unseeing and unseen. Now and on, the hand fog-trumpet rasped out a signal of our sailing, a faint, half-stifled note to pit against the deep reverberation of a liner's siren that seemed, at every blast, to be drawing nearer and nearer.

The Old Man was on the poop, anxiously peering into the void, though keenest eyes could serve no purpose. Bare-headed, that he might the better hear, he stepped from rail to rail—listening, sniffing, striving, with every other sense acute, to work through the fog-banks that had robbed him of his sight. We were in evil case. A dense fog in Channel, full in the track of shipping—a weak wind for working ship. Small wonder that every whisper, every creak of block or parrel, caused him to jump to the compass—a steering order all but spoken.

“Where d’ye mark that, now ?” he cried, as again the liner’s siren sounded out.

“Where d’ye mark . . . d’ye mark . . . mark ?”

The word was passed forward from mouth to mouth, in voices faint and muffled.

“About four points on th’ port bow, Sir !” The cry sounded far and distant, like a hail from a passing ship, though the Mate was but shouting from the bows.

“Aye, aye ! Stan’ by t’ hand that foresheet ! Keep the foghorn goin’ !”

The invisible choir on the main-deck repeated the orders.

Again the deep bellow from the steamer, now perilously close—the futile rasp of our horn in answer.

Suddenly an alarmed cry : “She’s into us ! . . . The bell, you ! The bell ! . . .” A loud clanging of the forward bell, a united shout from our crew, patter of feet as



"She's into us!"

they run aft, the mate shouting : "Down hellum, Sir—down hellum."

"Hard down helm ! Le' go foresheet !" answered to the mate's cry, the Old Man himself wrenching desperately at the spokes of the wheel. Sharp ring of a metal sheave, hiss of a running rope, clank and throb of engines, thrashing of sails coming hard to the mast, shouts !

Out of the mist a huge shadowy hull ranges alongside, the wash from her sheering cutwater hissing and spluttering on our broadside.

Three quick, furious blasts of a siren, unintelligible shouts from the steamer's bridge, a churning of propellers ; foam ; a waft of black smoke—then silence, the white, clammy veil again about us, and only the muffled throb of the liner's reversed engines and the uneasy lurch of our barque, now all aback, to tell of a tragedy averted.

"Oh ! The murderin' ruffians." The crisis over, the Old Man was beside himself with rage and indignation. "Full speed through weather like this !" he yelled, hollowing his hands. "What—ship—is—that ?"

No answer came out of the fog. The throb of engines died away in the steady rhythm ; they would be on their course again, 'slowed down,' perhaps, to twelve knots, now that the nerves of the officer of the watch had been shaken.

Slowly our barque was turned on heel, the yards trimmed to her former course, and we moved on, piercing the clammy barrier that lay between us and a landfall.

"Well, young fellers ? Wha' d'ye think o' that now ?" Bo'sun was the first of us to regain composure. "Goin' dead slow, worn't he ? 'Bout fifteen, I sh'd siy ! That's the wye wi' them mailboat fellers : Monday, five 'undred mile ; Toosd'y, four-ninety-nine ; We'n'sd'y, four-ninety-height'n 'arf—'slowed on haccout o' fog'—that's wot they puts it in 'er bloomin' log."

“ Silence, there—main deck ! ” The Old Man was pacing across the break of the poop, pausing to listen for sound of moving craft.

Bo’sun Hicks, though silenced, had yet a further lesson for us youngsters, who might one day be handling twenty-knot liners in such a fog. In the ghostly light of fog and breaking day he performed an uncanny pantomime, presenting a liner’s officer, resplendent in collar and cuff, strutting, mincing, on a steamer’s bridge. (Sailormen walk fore and aft ; steamboat men, athwart.)

It was extraordinary ! Here was a man who, a few minutes before, might, with all of us, have been struggling for his life.

Dawn broke and lightened the mist about us, but the pall hung thick as ever over the water. At times we could hear the distant note of a steamer’s whistle ; once we marked a sailing vessel, by sound of her horn, as she worked slowly across our bows, giving the three mournful wails of a running ship. Now and again we cast the lead, and it was something to see the Channel bottom—grains of sand, broken shell-pebbles—brought up on the arming. Fog or no fog, we were, at least, dunting the ‘ blue pigeon ’ on English ground, and we felt, as day wore on and the fog thinned and turned to mist and rain, that a landfall was not yet beyond hope.



1. Read again the description of the fog at sea, and write a description of a thick fog close to your home.
2. Describe what each ship did to avert a collision.
3. Why was the Old Man ‘ *beside himself with rage . . .* ’ ?
4. Bo’sun Hicks, though amusing, was giving a warning not only to those ‘ *who might one day be handling twenty-knot liners* ’ but to others also. What was the warning ?

THE HORSE WARRIOR

LORD MOTTISTONE

ONE of the most famous horses which went unwounded through the Great War was Warrior. This horse was the mount of General Seely, now Lord Mottistone.

Both horse and rider had innumerable narrow escapes from death and injury, but both survived. If General Seely was fortunate in having a horse like Warrior, Warrior must be counted fortunate in having a master like General Seely. A perfect bond of understanding existed between them. Each seemed to realise that his life depended on the other.

The following passages are taken from the book 'My Horse Warrior,' by Lord Mottistone. They are of interest as showing not only the kindly nature of Warrior, but also the understanding and sympathy of Lord Mottistone. His remarks should be noted by everyone who keeps an animal as a pet.

ONE day I got a letter from 'Young Jim' telling me that he thought I ought to ride Warrior at once, so that I should be the first. How well I remember the adventure on 'Sidling Paul !'* 'Young Jim' had wisely left me alone to my fate. An old groom, for some reason called by the strange name of 'Henry Punch,' was holding Warrior, now a fine two-year-old bay thoroughbred, with a white star on his forehead. He knew me very well, and whinnied as I walked up the path. I patted him on the neck, and, as so many thousands of people have done, tried to placate him with a lump of sugar. But he was very excited at meeting almost his first human friend armed with a riding crop, breeches and gaiters !

* The name of the valley in the Isle of Wight where Warrior grazed.

With deep respect I submit to those who know far more about horses than I do, that it is of the greatest importance to take your first ride on a horse that knows you, in just the same clothing, and, if you can manage it, just the same frame of mind as that in which you first talked to him as a tiny foal. Horses may not be so clever as human beings—even of that I am not sure—but one thing is certain, that they have far longer and more accurate memories. So always be the same to them, and, believe me, they will be the same to you.

However, I made this mistake myself the first time I rode Warrior, I put on special riding clothes, different from those in which I had talked to him so often before. Of course, it seemed natural to me, but it was not natural to him. He snorted a little as I got on his back, and so, with much patting of his neck from me, and much encouragement, walked, ambled and trotted along the edge of 'Sidling Paul.' Sometimes he laid his ears back, till I talked to him, and he put them forward again. But he went on quietly enough until we reached the little stream which runs through that part of 'Sidling Paul' called 'Cow's Mead.' We had just arrived at the point where the stream runs down between some ash trees when Warrior decided that we must part !

Most people regard an episode of this kind as a contest between man and horse in which one or other must be victorious. Fortunately my Arab friend had taught me the true lesson in the desert in 1895. He told me that if you have infinite patience you can always get control of any horse, but if you decide to win the battle right away you may not succeed, and the stronger animal may beat you in the long run.

My readers may have guessed that what I have just written is a prelude to saying that Warrior bucked me off

three times over ! But three times I managed to hold on to him, and before I mounted the fourth time I had a long talk with him. I remember so well sitting by him on the slope of the steep hill with the ash trees rustling overhead and the little Brooke stream trickling beneath.

No horse understands the actual word that a man says, he only appreciates the intonation of his voice. I think I know what the horse does understand. Scientists have shown that he understands anger by placing an apparatus on his heart which proves that an angry word from a man will increase its beat by 70 per cent., and, if accompanied by a menace, 100 per cent. Of course, he understands the warning word telling him to watch his steps. Of course he understands the affectionate word, though so few realize that it is the affectionate word he is waiting for all the time.

Well, I talked to Warrior under the ash tree, all alone with him and rather battered about by my successive falls. He looked at me, his nostrils distended, and I looked at him, trying to explain that I was a busy man, but that I loved him because I loved his mother, and would he please not buck me off any more, and if so we might be friends together for all our lives.

Those who read this book may think that what I write is fantastic and untrue, but I beg them to believe it is not. The gentle head was bent down to me as I talked, the nose was rubbed against my cheek, and from that moment to this, twenty-five years later, we have been constant comrades and friends, though I must confess that we have had our quarrels. Even the other day old Warrior shot me off his back as cleanly as he had done twenty years before because I wanted to go one way and he another. But directly he saw me on the ground he bent his neck, and, as previously, rubbed his head against me, and waited for me to jump on to his back.

In those twenty years we have had many adventures together, wonderful adventures, glorious adventures.

My next adventure with Warrior as a two-year-old was introducing him to the sea.

I rode him down to the beach one lovely summer's morning, when only tiny waves were breaking on the shore. I had great difficulty in getting him to approach it; every time a little wave, less than a foot high, broke with a gentle murmur, Warrior pretended to be filled with mortal dread. I was leading him at this first lesson, hoping to ride him into the sea in due course. Twice in his pretended panics he broke away from me and galloped inland up the lifeboat road, but each time I caught him and at last induced him to come right down to the edge of the water until it touched his feet. Then I sat down on the side of a boat which was ready to be launched for the lobster fishing, and gave him several lumps of sugar. Again he rubbed his head against my arm, saying quite clearly, "All right, all right; I understand this now. I will do anything you like."

I got on his back and rode him straight into the sea. He was so pleased with the cool water that he got out of his depth, and we both rolled over, I underneath him. By the time we had both got the right way up again I had decided it was time that this first lesson should come to an end.

Two years afterwards, not long before the War, when he was with me again, he would go down to the shore when there was a really heavy sea in winter time, and walk right to the bottom of the beach without flinching, although it has always seemed to me that a great breaking wave is a terrifying thing. He would follow the retreating water till the waves were breaking not more than ten yards from his nose, and then stand with feet well apart while the foamy water swept past his shoulders.

It was then that I first realized what an astonishingly

courageous animal was mine, for I could see, though he trembled a little between my legs, that he was determined to overcome his fear.

I may perhaps give a word of warning to others who ride horses into the sea. When there are big waves sweeping back and forth again, perhaps twenty and thirty yards, it is very important that the horse's head should be straight on to the oncoming wave, or turned directly away from it. In other words, the horse's body must, except for the brief moment of turning, be at right angles to the beach and the line of the waves. It is not that if you let him stand broadside on the force of the waves knocks him down, but both he and you get giddy as the water sweeps away to seaward, and you gradually bend in the opposite direction until you both roll over sideways into the water.

All these years of our comradeship have set me wondering what was the secret of Warrior's quality and character; especially have I so wondered since I began to write this book.

I think I know the reason. It is not his ancestry, interesting though that is; it is not some quite peculiar quality differentiating him from other horses of his time; these no doubt are factors, but not the chief factors.

I am persuaded that the real reason why he has thus impressed his personality and character upon all those who have been brought into contact with him, in peace and in war, is the fact that he has never been ill-treated, never badly used, never beaten when he was doing his best.

The soul of a horse is a great and loyal soul, quite unspoiled by the chances and changes of human kind. Above all, it is a courageous soul, and an affectionate soul. But let there be one cruel blow from a grown-up man, and you have ruined the horse's fine soul and spirit for ever.

It is my dream that those who read this book may vow never to beat a willing horse.

Warrior has never been so beaten, partly by good fortune, partly because it takes a brave man to beat him. And so it comes about that I can write of him as possessing an absolutely faithful and fearless soul.

As I have recounted, he is the darling of all the children amongst whom he lives. They all come up to him and stroke his head as he turns his benevolent eye on them. For he knows every one of those around him quite intimately, as they know him. Though I have known him for so long, I can still learn from observing my old horse, now so experienced and so wise in his relation to men and things, after his long and varied life.

He is more good-humoured with strangers than he used to be, but still aloof. Each day he gets more and more devoted to his intimate friends. More touching than anything else about him is his affection for my wife. Always when he sees her he will walk up to her, lay his soft nose against her cheek, and close his eyes—the supreme tribute of friendship from a horse to a human being.

Twenty-six years of intimate friendship with such a horse is a privilege granted to very few, but it has been mine.



1. What makes the writer think he made a mistake the first time he rode Warrior? What was the mistake?
2. How did the rider act upon the lesson his Arab friend taught him? What was the result?
3. What do you think is the best way to help a horse to face the sea?
4. The writer '*thinks he knows the reason*' for Warrior's quality and character. What do you think Warrior might well say of the writer's character?

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON

A. J. EVANS

DURING the War of 1914-18 officers and men were sometimes taken prisoner by the enemy. These 'prisoners of war' were sent to prison camps to be kept in captivity until the war should end. Many of them made attempts to escape and reach a neutral country from which they could make their way back again to their own country.

Many of these attempts were unsuccessful, and the escaped prisoners, when recaptured, were guarded more strictly than before. The passage which follows, however, tells of a successful escape, and comes from 'The Escaping Club,' by Captain A. J. Evans. Captain Evans was an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, and was captured when his aeroplane was forced to land behind the German lines because its engine had failed.

He had not long been prisoner before he made his first attempt to escape, and actually travelled to within twenty yards of the Dutch frontier before he was captured.

He was then sent to a prison camp at Ingolstadt in Bavaria, from which it was very difficult to escape. At Ingolstadt he found a number of other prisoners who were also determined to escape, and the camp was as much an 'escaping club' as a prison.

So many attempts were made that the Germans decided to move the prisoners to another, and still safer, camp. This meant a journey by train, and Evans and another British officer, Lieutenant Buckley, decided to try to escape on the journey.

They arranged that in the train they should take the seats nearest the window. There was a German sentry in the carriage, and they felt that if the sentry's attention were distracted for a minute they could jump out of the window and so get away.

But they would have to choose a time when the train was going slowly ; to jump from a fast-moving train would be dangerous. They agreed with their comrades in the compartment that when Evans gave the signal they were to rise to their feet and pretend to pull their packs from the racks. This would hide the window from the sentry.

The plan was successful. Rounding a bend, the train slowed down. Evans gave the signal, and the British soldiers stood up. In a moment Evans pushed down the window and jumped out into the darkness of the night. A minute later Buckley followed. Both fell heavily on the metals, but luckily neither was badly injured. Crouching by the railway side, they watched the train pass and finally saw the tail light disappear round the bend. They ran as hard as they could away from the line. They were free.

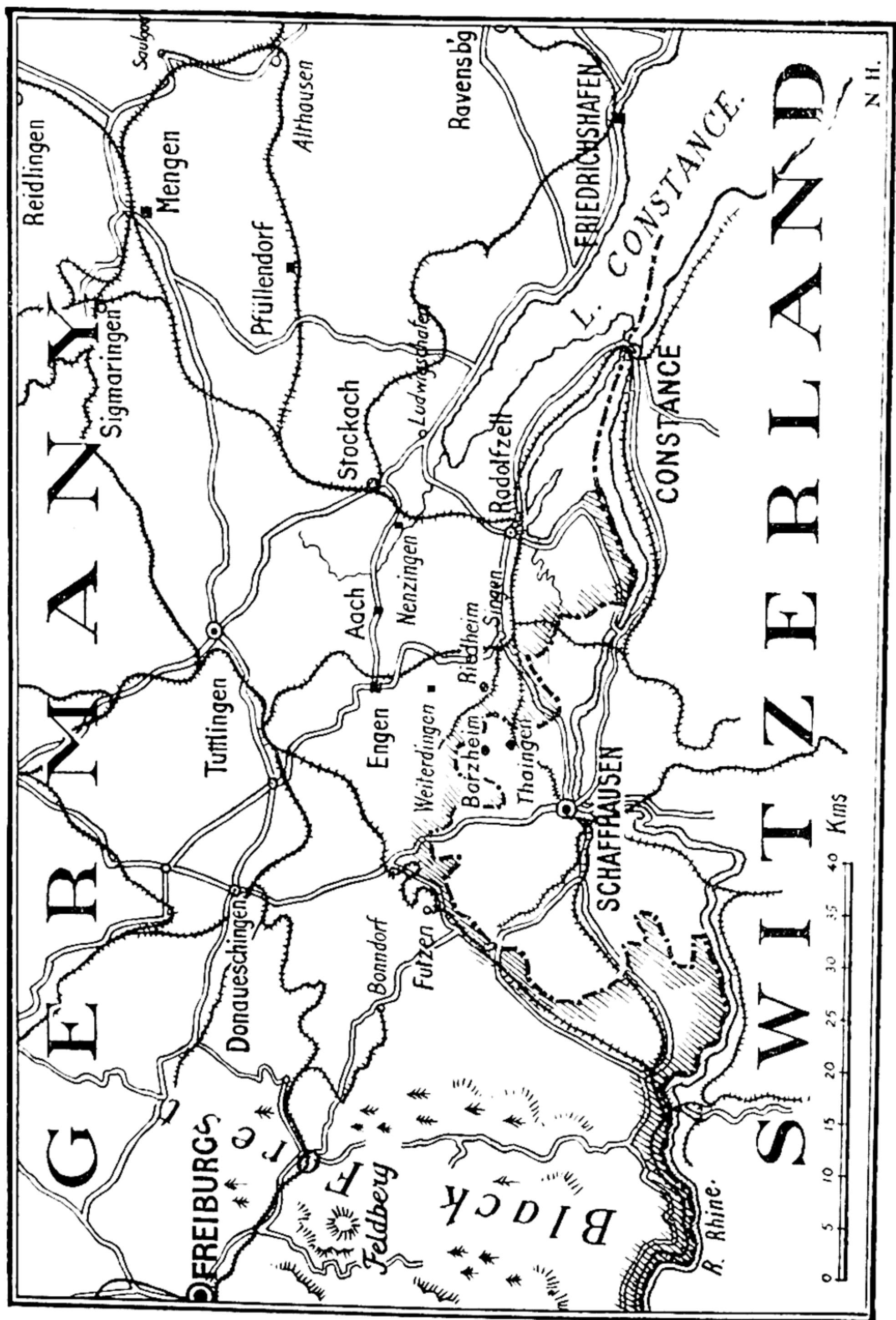
Now began the journey to the Swiss frontier. It was impossible for them to walk by day, because they would easily be discovered. All the walking had to be done by night, and they slept during the day. Night after night their dangerous journey went on. Several times they were nearly captured, but they always managed to hoodwink their enemies. After the seventh day on the march their food supply began to get very small. They could not go into shops to buy more as their appearance would have aroused suspicion, and they were compelled to eat raw potatoes, which they obtained from the fields. Here is the story of the last three nights of their journey.

FIFTEENTH NIGHT.—Soon after starting we saw a gang of a dozen or more Russian prisoners escorted by a sentry. After walking for about half an hour an incident occurred which was perhaps the most unpleasant one we experienced, and the fact that we extricated ourselves so easily was entirely due to Buckley's presence of mind. Coming round a corner, we saw ahead of us a man in soldier's uniform cutting

grass with a scythe at the side of the road. To turn back would rouse suspicion. There was nothing for it but to walk past him. As we were opposite to him he looked up and said something to us which we did not catch. We answered "Good evening," as usual. But he called after us again the same words, in some South German dialect, I think, for neither of us could make out what he said, so we walked on without taking any notice. Then he shouted "Halt ! Halt !" and ran down the road after us with the scythe. It was an unpleasant situation, especially as we caught sight at that moment of a man with a gun on his shoulder about 50 yards away from us on our right. There was still half an hour to go before it would be quite dark, and we were both of us too weak to run very fast or far. There was only one thing to do, and we did it. In haughty surprise we turned round and waited for him. When he was only a few yards away, Buckley, speaking in a voice quivering with indignation, asked him what the devil, etc., etc., he meant by calling "Halt !" to us ; and I added something about a South German pig dog in an undertone. The man almost let drop his scythe from astonishment, and turning round walked slowly back to the side of the road and started cutting grass again. We turned on our heels and marched off, pleased with being so well out of a great danger, and angry with ourselves that we had ever been such fools as to run into it. We passed one more man in the daylight, but ostentatiously spoke German to each other as we passed him, and he took no notice.

Before dark we saw other gangs of Russian prisoners.

About 11 p.m. we got on the railway again, and walked without incident for the rest of the night. Owing to a gap in our maps, which proved to be longer than we expected, it was not till well after midnight that we passed through Pfullendorf and realised that we still had



another two nights' march before we could hope to cross the frontier. It was not so much the walking at night which we minded, though we were both weak and weary, it was the long lying up in the day time which had become almost unendurable. For eighteen long hours we had to lie still and were able to think of little else but food, and realise our intense hunger.

When I saw the name Pfullendorf written in huge letters in the station, I felt a very pleasant thrill of satisfied curiosity and anticipated triumph. We had always called this railway the "Pfullendorf railway", and in past months I had often imagined myself walking along this railway and passing through this station, only a day's march from the frontier. For the last two nights and for the rest of the journey my feet had become numbed, and the pain was very much less acute. This made a vast difference to my energy and cheerfulness. So much so that for the last four nights I did the march with less fatigue than Buckley, who seemed to be suffering more than I was from lack of food. I have already mentioned that we divided up the food, and each carried and ate at his own discretion the food for the last three days. When Buckley opened his last packet of chocolate it was found to contain less than we had expected. I offered a redivision. Buckley, however, refused. I think myself that the quantity of food in question was too small to have affected in any way our relative powers of endurance. Ever since we found potatoes Buckley had eaten more of them than I had, and when we were unable to find any, he felt the lack of them more than I did. Just before dawn we climbed off the railway embankment to a small stream. Here I insisted on having a wash as well as a drink. Buckley grumbled at the delay, but I think the wash did us both good. Soon afterwards, about 4.30 a.m., we came to an excellent hiding-place. Buckley wanted to push on for

another half an hour, but I considered that a good hiding-place so close to the frontier was all-important, and he gave in. As we were just getting comfortable for our before-breakfast sleep I found that I had left my wrist compass behind at the place where we had washed. I determined to walk back and fetch it, as it was an illuminated compass and might be indispensable in the next two nights. That I was able to do this short walk extra with ease and at great speed—I even got into a run at one point—shows how much fitter and stronger I was now that my feet had ceased to hurt me. Our hiding-place was in a very thick plantation of young fir trees, and we were quite undisturbed. The place was so thick that when I crawled off 10 yards from Buckley, I was unable to find him again for some time, and did not dare to call to him.

SIXTEENTH NIGHT.—Starting about 10.15 we followed the railway as it turned south towards Stokach, near the west end of Lake Constance. Just before midnight we struck off south-westwards from the railway. We soon found that we had branched off too early, and got entangled in a village where a fierce dog, luckily on a long chain, sprang at us and barked for twenty minutes after we had passed. Later we passed a man smoking a cigarette, and caught a whiff of smoke which was indescribably delicious, as we had been out of tobacco for more than a fortnight.

A couple of hours' walk, steering by compass by small paths in thick wood, brought us into the main road to Engen. Some of the villages, such as Nenzingen, we avoided, walking round them through the crops, a tiring and very wet job, besides wasting much time. At about 4.30 we were confronted with the village of Rigelingen, which, being on a river, was almost impossible to "turn," so we walked through

it, gripping our sticks and prepared to run at any moment. However, though there were a few lights showing, we saw no one.

About 5 o'clock we got into an excellent and safe hiding-place on a steep bank above the road. A mile or so down the road to the west of us was the village of Aach, and we were less than 15 kilometres from the frontier.

We determined to eat the remains of our food and cross that night. I kept, however, about twenty small meat lozenges, for which, as will be seen later on, we were extremely thankful. During our last march we decided that we must walk on the roads as little as possible. Any infantry soldier knows that a cross-country night march on a very dark night over 10 miles of absolutely strange country with the object of coming on a particular village at the end, is an undertaking of great difficulty.

We had an illuminated compass, but our only methods of reading a map by night (by match-light, with the help of a waterproof), made it inadvisable to use a map so close to the frontier more often than was absolutely necessary. I therefore learnt the map by heart and made Buckley, rather against his will, do so too. We had to remember some such rigmarole as : 'From cross roads 300 yards—S.W. road, railway, river—S. to solitary hill on left with village ahead, turn village (Weiterdingen) to left—road S.W. 500 yards—E. round base of solitary hill,' etc., etc. Our anxieties were increased by two facts—one being that all the sign-posts within 10 miles of the frontier had been removed, so that if once we lost our way there seemed little prospect of finding it again on a dark night ; secondly, the moon rose about midnight, and it was therefore most important, though perhaps not essential, to attempt to cross the frontier before that hour. We left behind us our bags,

our spare clothes and socks, so as to walk as light as possible, and at about 9.30 left our hiding-place.

SEVENTEENTH NIGHT.—The first part of our walk lay through the thick woods north of Aach, in which there was small chance of meeting anyone. For two hours on a pitch-dark night we made our way across country, finding the way only by compass and memory of the maps. There were moments of anxiety, but these were instantly allayed by the appearance of some expected landmark. Unfortunately, the going was very heavy, and in our weak state we made slower progress than we had hoped. When the moon came up we were still 3 to 4 miles from the frontier.

Should we lie up where we were and try to get across the next night? The idea of waiting another day entirely without food was intolerable, so we pushed on.

The moon was full and very bright, so that, as we walked across the fields, it seemed to us that we must be visible for miles. After turning the village of Weiterdingen we were unable to find a road on the far side which had been marked on my map. This necessitated a study of the map under a mackintosh, the result of which was to make us feel doubtful if we really were where I had thought. It is by no means easy to locate oneself at night from a small-scale map, 1 : 100,000, examined by match-light. However, we adopted the hypothesis that we were where we had thought we were, and disregarding the unpleasant fact that a road was missing, marched on by compass in a south-west direction, hoping always to hit the village of Riedheim. How we were to distinguish this village from other villages I did not know. Buckley, as always, was an optimist; so on we went, keeping as far as possible under the cover of trees and hedges.

Ahead of us was a valley, shrouded in a thick mist. This might well be the frontier, which at that point followed a small stream on either side of which we believed there were water meadows. At length we came on a good road, and walking parallel with it in the fields, we followed it westwards. If our calculations were correct this should lead us to the village.

About 1.30 we came on a village. It was a pretty place nestling at the foot of a steep wood-capped hill with fruit trees and fields, in which harvesting had already begun, all round it. Was it Riedheim? If it was, we were within half a mile of the frontier, and I knew, or thought I knew, from a large-scale map which I had memorised, the lie of the country between Riedheim and the frontier. We crossed the road and after going about 100 yards came on a single line railway. I sat down aghast. There was no doubt about it—we were lost. I knew there was no railway near Riedheim. For a moment or two Buckley failed to realise the horrible significance of this railway, but he threw a waterproof over my head whilst I had a prolonged study of the map by match-light. I was quite unable to make out where we were. There were, however, one or two villages, through which railways passed, within range of our night's walk. I explained the situation to Buckley, who instantly agreed that we must lie up for another night and try to make out where we were in the morning. It was impossible that we were far from the frontier. Buckley at this time began to show signs of exhaustion from lack of food; so leaving him to collect potatoes, of which there was a field quite close, I went in search of water. After a long search I was not able to find any. We collected thirty to forty potatoes between us, and towards 3 a.m. made our way up the hill behind the village. The hill was very steep, and in our exhausted condition it was only slowly and with

great difficulty that we were able to climb it. Three-quarters of the way up, Buckley almost collapsed, so I left him in some bushes and went on to find a suitable place. I found an excellent spot in a thick wood, in which there were no paths or signs that any one entered it. I then returned and fetched Buckley, and we slept till dawn.

At this time I was feeling fitter and stronger than at any time during the previous week. I am unable to explain this, unless it was due to the fact that my feet had quite ceased to hurt me seriously.

At dawn we had breakfast on raw potatoes and meat lozenges which I divided out; and then, sitting just inside the edge of the coppice, tried to make out our position from a close study of the map and the surrounding country. In the distance we could see the west end of Lake Constance, and a compass bearing on this showed us that we were very close to the frontier. Through the village in front of us there was a railway. There were several villages close to the frontier through which passed railways, and two or three of them had steep hills to the north of them. We imagined successively that the hill we were sitting on was the hill behind each of these villages, and compared the country we could see before us carefully with the map. That part of the country abounds in solitary hills capped with woods, and the difficulty was to find out which one we were sitting on. There was one village, Gottmadingen, with a railway through it, and behind it a hill from which the map showed that the view would be almost identical with that we saw in front of us. Buckley thought we were there. I did not. There were small but serious discrepancies. Then I had a brain wave. We were in Switzerland already, and the village below us was Thalingen. It explained everything—or very nearly. Buckley pointed out

one or two things which did not seem to be quite right. Again, then, where were we? I think now that we were slightly insane from hunger and fatigue, otherwise we should have realised without difficulty where we were, without taking the risk which we did. I don't know what time it was, but it was not till after hours of futile attempt to locate ourselves from the map from three sides of the hill, that I took off my tunic, and in a grey sweater and in grey flannel trousers walked down into the fields and asked a girl who was making hay what the name of that village might be. She was a pretty girl in a large sun-bonnet, and after a few preliminary remarks about the weather and the harvest, she told me the name of the village was Riedheim. I must have shown my surprise, for she said, "Why, don't you believe me?" "Naturally, I believe you," I said; "it is better here than in the trenches. I am on leave and have walked over from Engen and lost my way. Good day. Many thanks." She gave me a sly look, and I don't know what she thought, but she only answered "Good-day," and went on with her hay-making. I walked away, and getting out of her sight hurried back to Buckley with the good news. "But how could a railway be there?" I thought. "It was made after the map was printed, you fool." On the way back I had a good look at the country. It was all as clear as daylight. How I had failed to recognise it before I can't think, except that it did not look a bit like the country that I had anticipated. There was the Z-shaped stream which was the guarded frontier, and there, now that I knew where to look for it, I could make out the flash of the sun on a sentry's bayonet. Everything fitted in with my mental picture of the large-scale map. The village opposite to us in Switzerland was Barzheim; the little hut with a red roof was the Swiss Alpine Club hut, and was actually on the border between Switzerland and

Germany. Once past the sentries on the river we should still have 500 yards of Germany to cross before we were safe.

The thing to do now was to hide, and hide in the thickest part we could find. The girl might have given us away. Anyhow, we knew that the woods near the frontier were usually searched daily. Till 4 o'clock we lay quiet, well hidden in thick undergrowth, half-way up the lower slopes of the Hohenstoffen, and then we heard a man pushing his way through the woods and hitting trees and bushes with a stick. He never saw us, and we were lying much too close to see him, though he seemed to come within 15 yards of us. That danger past, I climbed a tree and took one more look at the lie of the land. Then Buckley and I settled down to get our operation orders for the night. For half an hour we sat on the edge of the wood, waiting for it to become quite dark before we started.

EIGHTEENTH AND LAST NIGHT.—It was quite dark at 10.15 when we started, and we had one and three-quarter hours in which to cross. Shortly after midnight the moon would rise. "I can hardly believe we are really going to get across," said Buckley. "I know I am, and so are you," I answered. We left our sticks behind, because they would interfere with our crawling, and rolled our Burberry's tightly on our backs with string.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the railway and the road, which we crossed with the greatest care. For a short distance in the water-meadow we walked bent double, then we went on our hands and knees, and for the rest of the way we crawled. There was thick long grass in the meadow, and it was quite hard work pushing our way through it on our hands and knees. The night was an absolutely still one, and, as we passed through the grass it

seemed to us that we made a swishing noise that must be heard for hundreds of yards.

There were some very accommodating dry ditches, which for the most part ran in the right direction. By crawling down these we were able to keep our heads below the level of the grass nearly the whole time, only glancing up from time to time to get our direction by the poplars. After what seemed an endless time, but was actually about three-quarters of an hour, we reached a road which we believed was patrolled, as it was here that I had seen the flash of a bayonet in the daytime.

After looking round cautiously we crossed this, and crawled on—endlessly, it seemed.

Buckley relieved me, and took the lead for a bit. Then we changed places again, and the next time I looked up the poplars really did seem a bit nearer.

Then Buckley whispered to me, "Hurry up, the moon's rising," I looked back towards the east, and saw the edge of the moon peering over the hills. We were still about 100 yards from the stream. We will get across now, even if we have to fight for it, I thought, and crawled on at top speed. Suddenly I felt a hand on my heel, and stopped and looked back. Buckley pointed ahead, and there, about 15 yards off, was a sentry walking along a footpath on the bank of the stream. He appeared to have no rifle, and had probably just been relieved from his post. He passed without seeing us. One last spurt and we were in the stream (it was only a few feet broad), and up the other bank. "Crawl," said Buckley. "Run," said I, and we ran. After 100 yards we stopped exhausted. "I believe we've done it, old man," I said. "Come on," said Buckley, "we're not there yet." For ten minutes we walked at top speed in a semicircle, and at length hit a road which I knew must lead to Barzheim. On it there was a big board on a

post. On examination this proved to be a boundary post and we stepped into Switzerland, feeling a happiness and a triumph such, I firmly believe, as few men even in this war have felt, though they may have deserved the feeling many times more.

We crossed into Switzerland at about 12.30 a.m. on the morning of 9th June, 1917.

ONE would have thought that after this experience Captain Evans would have had enough of soldiering. But he certainly had not. In March 1918 he was in Palestine fighting against the Turks. On March 19th he was returning from a raid on the Turkish lines when his engine failed and he was forced to land, again within the enemy lines. He was captured by Arabs, who spared his life only because 50 gold pieces were given for every English officer taken alive and handed over to the Turks.

They imprisoned him, but to one who had known the prison camp at Ingolstadt the Turkish prison offered no difficulties. He was only in the prison a short time when one night he walked right out of the camp while the sentry was talking to another Turk. As in his escape from Germany he rested by day and walked by night. For two days and nights he was free; but he was captured on the third night, as hunger compelled him to go to a house and ask for food. The man saw that he was a British soldier and at once informed the Turks.

Evans was then sent to Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, to be put into prison there. But by this time Turkey was almost defeated and the Turks were careless over their prisoners. Evans recognised this, and by skilful bribery was able to get away from Constantinople to Smyrna. He left Smyrna on 1st November, 1918, on his journey home, once again a free man.

Captain Evans was the only man who escaped from both Germany and Turkey. To do this required courage of a very high order. In his journeys through these countries he was

tormented by hunger and thirst, scorched by the fierce sun by day and drenched by the mists of the evening, always on the alert, never knowing what danger lay around the next corner. Yet he was willing to pay that price ; for above everything else he valued freedom.



1. Describe the '*unpleasant situation*' which occurred during the fifteenth night and how it was overcome.
2. Give reasons for thinking that both Captain Evans and Lieutenant Buckley could speak German well.
3. How were the movements of the fugitives affected (a) by the moon ? (b) by the roads ? Show that their map was not up to date.
4. Trace their journey as well as you can from the map, and explain why the map fails to show their journey exactly.

REBECCA

Who Slammed Doors for Fun and Perished Miserably

HILAIRE BELLOC

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, in addition to being a distinguished writer of prose, possesses the happy gift of being able to write comic verse. In this poem, he describes in most heroic manner the fate of little Rebecca, who suffered from the childish habit of slamming doors.

A TRICK that everyone abhors
In little girls is slamming doors.
A wealthy banker's little daughter,
Who lived in Palace Green, Bayswater,
(By name Rebecca Offendort),
Was given to this furious sport.

She would deliberately go
And slam the door like Billy-Ho !
To make her Uncle Jacob start.
She was not really bad at heart
But only rather rude and wild :
She was an aggravating child. . . .

It happened that a marble bust
Of Abraham was standing just
Above the door this little lamb
Had carefully prepared to slam,
And down it came ! It knocked her flat !
It laid her out ! She looked like that.

Her funeral sermon (which was long
And followed by a sacred song)
Mentioned her virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her vices too,
And showed the dreadful end of one
Who goes and slams the door for fun.

The children who were brought to hear
The awful tale from far and near
Were much impressed, and inly swore
They never more would slam the door
—As often they had done before.



1. In the third verse Mr. Belloc calls Rebecca a '*little lamb*' when most people would have said that she was a mischievous child. This use of a word or a phrase with a meaning that is slightly different from the usual expression helps to make the poem amusing. Find as many words or phrases of this kind as you can.
2. Tell the whole story as one of the children who listened to the sermon might have told it afterwards. Mention Rebecca's virtues as well as her vices.

SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC

A Radio Play

BY

VAL GIELGUD AND PETER CRESWELL

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S last journey is one of the finest stories of high endeavour and great courage in all the history of mankind. The events of which the following play tells are magnificent and inspiring, not because they were successful (they were not), nor because they were a glorious failure, but simply because they are the actions of men who, faced with terrible hardships and difficulties, remained always gentlemen, modest and unafraid.

The story is told in the form of a radio play, and the Narrator has a very important part. He explains the action as it goes on, and comments on it, just as the chorus did in Greek drama—the earliest kind of drama we know.

CHARACTERS :

CAPT. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT	DR. EDWARD WILSON
LIEUT. HENRY BOWERS	MR. A. CHERRY-GARRARD
THE NARRATOR	

It is suggested that, since the Narrator is so important in this play, the part should be taken (for the first reading at least) by the teacher.

Narrator: To-day we are going to tell you one of the great stories of the world—the story of the last journey to the South Pole of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his companions. It is a tragic story, fraught with death and disaster, but nothing can dim the glory of that heroic and ill-fated adventure. The story will be told mostly in Scott's own words, taken from his letters and diaries.

Captain Scott's first journey to the Antarctic was in the years 1901-04 in his ship the "Discovery."

Great discoveries were made, but the actual Pole was not reached. Six years later, on 15th June, 1910, his second expedition left British shores in the "Terra Nova," reaching Melbourne on 12th October. There a dramatic telegram awaited his arrival: 'Madeira. Am going south. Amundsen.' This was the first hint of competition and was somewhat disconcerting. Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, had already won fame by his achievements in the field of Polar exploration. The 'Terra Nova' finally left Port Chalmers in New Zealand, the last touch with civilization, on 29th November, 1910.

It was a day of bright sunshine; crowds of people had assembled to see the departure; tugs, the Volunteer Reserve Gun-boat and other craft escorted the ship for two hours. At 4.30 she was swung for compass adjustment; then, with the loom of land and Cape Saunders Light blinking through the settling dusk, they were away.

By the 9th of December they were in the pack-ice, and again misfortune dogged them. They were twenty days pushing through the half-choked water. The "Discovery" had got through in four days. Christmas Day, which fell on a Sunday, found them still in the pack in Latitude 69° 5' S.

Capt. Scott: The mess is gaily decorated with our various banners. There was a full attendance at the Service this morning and a lusty singing of hymns.

A merry evening has just concluded. We had an excellent dinner: tomato soup, penguin breast stewed as an entree, roast beef, plum pudding and mince pies, asparagus—a festive menu. For five hours the company has been sitting round the table singing lustily.

Narrator: Scott was making for the region familiar to him through his earlier experience in the "Discovery." He hoped to find a landing-place where the frozen sheet of the Barrier attaches itself to the outer northern face of Ross Island, a point which had been mapped as Cape Crozier.

Capt. Scott: Another disappointment to-day; we found the sea quite open off Cape Crozier, but a heavy swell breaking on the shore. It's no use, so we're off to Cape Royds.

Narrator: The general plan was that Scott and Lieutenant Edward Evans, R.N., with twelve naval ratings, should form a main landing party. A smaller landing party, under Lieutenant Victor Campbell, was to go eastward, for exploration of the King Edward VII's land, whose coast Scott had previously surveyed. Two surgeons were attached to the landing party, both of them naval officers, Mr. Levick and Mr. Atkinson. Also with the landing party went Lieutenant Henry R. Bowers, of the Royal Indian Marine, and Captain Oates, of the Inniskillin Dragoons, who was in charge of the ponies. Chief of the scientific staff was Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson, companion of the earlier voyage, again as Zoologist to the Expedition, with, as principal assistant, Mr. Apsley Cherry-Garrard.

Capt. Scott: Wednesday, 4th January. After piercing a small firing of thin ice at the edge of the fast floe, the ship's stem struck heavily on hard bay ice about a mile and a half from the shore. Here was a road to the Cape and a solid wharf on which to land our stores. We made fast with ice anchors.

Whilst we were on shore, Campbell was taking the first steps towards landing our stores. Two of the motor sledges were soon hoisted out, and Day, with others, was quickly unpacking them. After the sledges came the turn of the ponies—there was a good deal of difficulty in getting some of them into the horse box, but Oates rose to the occasion and got most in by persuasion, whilst others were simply lifted in by the sailors. Though all are thin, and some few looked pulled down, I was agreeably surprised at the evident vitality which they still possessed.

The dogs were out early, and have been running to and fro most of the day with light loads. The great trouble with them has been due to the fatuous conduct of the penguins. They waddle forward, poking their heads to and fro in their usual absurd way, in spite of a string of howling dogs straining to get at them. "Hulloa!" they seem to say, "here's a game—what do all you ridiculous things want?" And they come a few steps nearer. The dogs make a rush as far as their leashes or harness allow. The penguins are not daunted in the least, but their ruffs go up and they squawk with a semblance of anger, for all the world as though they were rebuking a rude stranger—their attitude might be imagined to convey, "Oh, that's the sort of animal you are; well, you've come to the wrong place—we aren't going to be bluffed and bounced by you." Members of our party rush to head them off, only to be met with evasions—

the penguins squawk and duck as much as to say, "What's it got to do with you, you silly ass? Let us alone."

The motor sledges were running by the afternoon, Day managing one and Nelson the other. In spite of a few minor breakdowns they hauled good loads to the shore. It is early to call them a success, but they are certainly extremely promising.

Narrator: In a week the timber, stores, fuel, ponies and equipment were all on shore. In a fortnight the hut was built. In three weeks they were ready to begin sledging. The next important step was to be the depot journey—that is, the sledging expeditions to lay depots of food for the principal journey south.

Capt. Scott: I shall wait another week or ten days to get the ponies as fit as possible. In that time also we shall settle down comfortably in our hut, also the wait is necessary for the ship to choose the best time to get to King Edward's Land, so that all considerations work in well together.

Narrator: There was a preliminary trial of the transport with fairly satisfactory results. The ponies were not a good lot, but had improved in condition.

26th January. Scott bade farewell to the "Terra Nova."

Capt. Scott: Pennell had the men aft and I thanked them for their splendid work. They had behaved like bricks and a finer lot of fellows never sailed in a ship. It was good to hear their hearty send-off.

Narrator: Scott and his main party now embarked on the depot-laying journey, which meant the transport of provisions, fuel, and pony fodder on the tour to the Pole as far south as was possible, before the winter set in. It was a long and tedious business, but eventually provisions were

deposited and a cairn built at a point on Latitude $79^{\circ} 21' S.$ which was christened "One Ton Depot."

Narrator: They now returned to Safety Camp, where the parties were to assemble into winter quarters. Here a letter was found from Campbell, who had gone eastward with the "Terra Nova" in order to explore King Edward's Land, the ship then sailing on to New Zealand. It contained startling information that in the Bay of Whales they had found Nansen's old ship, "The Fram." Here Amundsen, with a shore party, mostly expert ski-runners, were at work establishing a base 69 miles nearer the Pole than McMurdo Sound.

Capt. Scott: One thing only fixes itself definitely in my mind. The proper, as well as the wiser, course for us is to proceed exactly as though this had not happened. To go forward and do our best for the honour of the country without fear or panic. There is no doubt that Amundsen's plan is a very serious menace to ours. He has a shorter distance to the Pole by 60 miles—I never thought he could have got so many dogs safely to the ice. His plan for running them seems excellent. But above and beyond all he can start his journey early in the season—an impossible condition with ponies.

Narrator: In a letter to his wife he made his point of view still clearer.

Capt. Scott: I don't know what to think of Amundsen's chances. If he gets to the Pole it must be before we do, as he is bound to travel fast with dogs, and pretty certain to start early. On this account I decided at a very early date to act exactly as I should have done had he not existed. Any attempt to race must have wrecked my plan, besides which it doesn't appear the sort of thing one is out for.

After all, it is the work that counts, not the applause

that follows, so that you needn't worry your head with the thought that this matter troubles me ; to be quite honest, I very rarely think of it.

Narrator: The distance from Cape Evans to the Pole was 922 miles. Scott based his organization on the three transport units, motor sledges, ponies and dog teams. The two motor sledges were to travel as far across the Barrier as they could ; the nine ponies and the two dog teams were to go to the foot of the Beardmore Glacier, where the former would be killed and stored for fresh food and the latter would return for home. From this point three man-hauling teams would go forward, two to act as supporting parties, and to turn back, the first near the head of the Beardmore, the second at some point on the plateau from which the final party should be able to go on unaided to the Pole. Eight depots were to be placed along the route and elaborate calculations were made about the quantity of food to be left at each depot, and the quantity to be taken by each returning party. The earliest start that could be made, because of the cold for the ponies, would be about the beginning of November. On 31st October Scott wrote in his diary :

Capt. Scott: The blizzard has blown itself out this morning, and this afternoon it has cleared. If the weather holds we shall all get off to-morrow. The future is in the lap of the gods ; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success.

Narrator: 1st November, 1911. The last great journey begins.

Capt. Scott: The southern journey involves the most important object of the Expedition. One cannot afford to be blind to the situation : the scientific public as well

as the general public will gauge the scientific work of the Expedition largely in accordance with the success or failure of the main object, the journey to the Pole. With success, all roads will be made easy, all work will receive its proper consideration. With failure, even the most brilliant work may be neglected and forgotten, at least for a time.

Narrator: The great adventure divides itself into three stages : first, the long plain of the Barrier ; then the rock and ice of the Beardmore Glacier ; lastly, the interminable summit plateau, a featureless waste of dry, gritty, sand-like snow. The motor party under Lieutenant Evans started first. On 4th November the motors broke down and were abandoned. The fatal defect was overheating the air-cooled engines, made more disastrous by the great cold of the outside air. The heavy load had been dragged some 60 miles. From this point Evans and his party were man-hauling. They were to wait for the other party 62 miles beyond One Ton Depot in Lat. $80^{\circ} 30' S$. Reaching the rendezvous on 15th November, they had to wait six days before the main party arrived. They built a giant cairn, and Day entertained them and read 'Pickwick Papers' aloud.

Scott's party with the ponies and dogs arrived at the rendezvous on 21st November. From here they began the long, steady march to the Glacier. On most days they covered 15 miles, but it was a terrible progress for the ponies. One was shot on 24th November, another on the 28th, a third on 2nd December ; these were used for food for men and dogs. On 5th December a blizzard accompanied by high temperature, bringing wet snow, held up all progress for four days. This gravely affected Scott's time schedule. On the 9th it cleared, but the soft

going made it almost impossible for the ponies. At the Gateway to the Glacier all were killed and their carcasses stored in Lower Glacier Depot. They called it Shambles Camp. That the ponies had done so well was due to one man only, Captain Oates. Next day Meares and the dogs were sent back, and the expedition went forward in three man-hauling parties of four to each sledge, divided as follows : first sledge, Scott, Wilson, Oates and Chief Petty Officer Evans ; second sledge, Lieutenant Evans, Atkinson, Wright and Lashly ; third sledge, Bowers, Cherry-Garrard, Crean and Keohane. They were hauling to begin with 800 lbs. to each sledge, 200 lbs. a man and had 126 miles to cover on the Beardmore Glacier. Yet by the time they reached the plateau Scott had picked up the four days' loss on his time schedule caused by the blizzard on the Barrier.

On 21st December, at Upper Glacier Depot, one of the supporting parties, Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard and Keohane turned back ; Bowers and Crean moving into sledge two with Lieutenant Evans and Lashly. Scott had been dreading the infliction of this disappointment on the four.

Capt. Scott : I am afraid I have rather a blow for you, Cherry.

Cherry-Garrard : Of course I know what you are going to say.

Capt. Scott : Yes. Atkinson, Wright, Keohane and yourself will turn back to-morrow night.

Cherry-Garrard : To-morrow night ! It's a bit hard to grasp.

Capt. Scott : I'm sorry. I've been thinking a lot about it. I've come to the conclusion that it's the seamen with their special knowledge who will be needed.

Cherry-Garrard: Yes, of course.

Capt. Scott: It was a toss-up between Titus and you.

Cherry-Garrard: Well, I think Titus will help you more than I could.

Capt. Scott: I think somehow it is especially hard on you.

Cherry-Garrard: Oh, no, no! I hope I have not disappointed you.

Capt. Scott: No! No! No!

Cherry-Garrard: In that case, all is well.

Capt. Scott: At the bottom of the Glacier I was hardly expecting to go on myself.

Cherry-Garrard: Is your foot troubling you?

Capt. Scott: It was.

Narrator: The next day saw the two remaining sledges on the plateau, with 337 miles to march to the Pole. For a fortnight they pushed ahead, averaging close on fifteen miles a day—making progress at the rate of nearly two miles an hour. On 3rd January the final choice was made of who must turn back, who were to have the honour of continuing, and Scott made the fateful announcement.

Capt. Scott: 3rd January. Within 150 miles of our goal. Last night I decided to re-organize and this morning told off Teddy Evans, Lashly and Crean to return. They are disappointed but take it well. Bowers is to come into our tent, and we proceed as a five-man unit to-morrow. We have $5\frac{1}{2}$ units of food—practically over a month's allowance for five people—and it ought to see us through.

Narrator: Next day:

Capt. Scott: 4th January. We were naturally late getting away this morning, the sledge having to be packed and

arrangements completed for separation of parties. It is wonderful to see how neatly everything stows on a little sledge, thanks to P.O. Evans. I was anxious to see how we could pull it, and glad to find we went easy enough. The second party had followed us in case of accident, but as soon as I was certain we could get along we stopped and said farewell. Teddy Evans is terribly disappointed, but has taken it very well and behaved like a man. Poor old Crean wept and even Lashly was affected.

Narrator: These three reached home to tell the tale, and Lieut. Teddy Evans—now Admiral—famous as Evans of the “Broke,” has let the world know how he owed his life to Lashly and Crean, the two seamen who dragged him for days when he could not walk. They brought back letters, amongst them a line from Scott.

Capt. Scott: “A last note from a hopeful position. I think it’s going to be all right. We have a fine party going forward and arrangements are all going well.”

Narrator: And in his Diary the same day he notes :

Capt. Scott: With full marching days we ought to have no difficulty in keeping up our average. . . . I wonder what is in store for us. At present everything seems to be going with extraordinary smoothness, and one can scarcely believe that obstacles will not present themselves to make our task more difficult. Perhaps the surface will be the element to trouble us.

Narrator: On 7th January they camped at a height of 10,570 feet, and had to lie up for a day and a half in a blizzard. After four days’ hard pulling the rest was welcome and the party was in excellent spirits. There was only one thing wrong. P.O. Evans had a nasty cut on his hand, incurred when fitting new sledge runners a week before.

Capt. Scott: It is quite impossible to speak too highly of my companions. Each fulfils his office to the party ; Wilson, first as doctor, ever on the lookout to alleviate the small pains and troubles incidental to the work ; now as cook, quick, careful and dexterous, ever thinking of some fresh expedient to help the camp life ; tough as steel on the traces, never wavering from start to finish.

Evans, a giant worker with a really remarkable head-piece. It is only now I realize how much has been due to him. He is responsible for every sledge, every sledge fitting, tents, sleeping-bags, harness, and when one cannot recall a single expression of dissatisfaction with any one of these items, it shows what an invaluable assistant he has been.

Little Bowers remains a marvel—he is thoroughly enjoying himself. I leave all the provision arrangements in his hands, and at all times he knows exactly how we stand, or how each returning party should fare. Nothing comes amiss to him, and no work is too hard.

Oates had his invaluable period with the ponies ; now he is a foot slogger and stands the hardship as well as any of us. I would not like to be without him either. So our five people are perhaps as happily selected as it is possible to imagine.

Narrator: Bowers had written to Scott's wife.

Bowers: . . . if any man had to endorse the trials of Job again I am sure Captain Scott did when the Depot journey terminated with such a chapter of accidents, following hard upon the news of Amundsen's little game to the eastward. . . . Certainly to trust the final dash to such an uncertain element as dogs would be a risky thing, whereas man-haulage though slow is sure. . . . After all it will be a fine thing to do that plateau with men-haulage

in these days of the supposed decadence of the British race. Anyhow, whether we succeed or not we have confidence in our leader, and I am sure that he will pull it through if any man will. . . .

Narrator: On the 9th January the party got away in a bad light but on good surface. Shackleton's furthest point was passed, and all ahead was new.

Capt. Scott: 10th January. Terribly hard march . . . surface beyond words.

11th January. Never had such pulling. . . .

13th January. Very heavy dragging . . . tugging and straining.

Narrator: And on 15th January, the day on which the last depot on the plateau was made :

Capt. Scott: We left our depot to-day with nine days' provisions, so that it ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian Flag forestalling ours. . . . Only twenty-seven miles from the Pole. We ought to do it now.

Narrator : But next day the party came upon a flag left by the Norwegians, and many tracks of sledges, dogs and skis.

Capt. Scott: This told us the whole story . . . it is a terrible disappointment and I am sorry for my loyal companions . . . all the day dreams must go. It will be a wearisome return.

Narrator: On Wednesday, 17th January, the South Pole was reached.

Capt. Scott: The Pole ! Yes—but under very different circumstances from those expected . . . the wind is blowing hard and there is that curious damp, cold feeling

in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. . . . Great God ! this is an awful place and terrible enough to us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority.

Narrator : Wilson wrote :

Dr. Wilson : It was difficult to keep one's hands from freezing in double woollen fur mitts. Oates, Evans and Bowers all have pretty severe frost-bitten noses and cheeks. . . . a very bitter day.

Narrator : Scott's entry for that day ends :

Capt. Scott : Now for the home run and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

Narrator : Next day Amundsen's hut was found, with the record of the arrival of the five Norwegians, and a note asking Scott to forward an attached letter to King Haakon of Norway.

Capt. Scott : We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it. . . . I think the Pole is about 9,500 feet in height. . . . Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambitions and must face our eight hundred miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of our day-dreams !

Narrator : So began the journey back. The first sign of distress appears in Scott's diary of 23rd January.

Capt. Scott : Evans a good deal run down. Finger blistered and nose congested with frequent frost-bites.

Narrator : And again on the 24th :

Capt. Scott : Is the weather breaking up ? If so, God help us ! with the tremendous summit journey and scant food. Wilson and Bowers are my stand-by. I don't like the easy way in which Oates and Evans get frost-bitten.

Narrator: Wilson wrote :

Dr. Wilson: Our hands are never warm enough in camp to do any neat work now.

Narrator: One-and-a-Half Dozen Depot safely reached ; with fresh provisions and the slope downhill to the bottom of the Beardmore Glacier the outlook improved.

Dr. Wilson: The sledge with our good wind behind runs splendidly. Thank God, the miles are coming fast at last.

Narrator: On 8th February they were off the plateau and among the glaciers.

Capt. Scott: A lot could be spoken of the delight of setting foot on rock after the weeks of snow and ice and nearly seven out of sight of aught else. It is like going ashore after a sea voyage. . . .

Narrator: And on the 9th :

Capt. Scott: We can't rest yet. We shall pull through all right, D.V. We are by no means worn out.

Narrator: But on 11th February :

Capt. Scott: The worst day we have had . . . and greatly owing to our own fault. . . . As we went on the light got worse and suddenly we found ourselves in pressure. Then came the fatal decision to steer east. We went on for six hours . . . but for the last hour or two we pressed on into a regular trap . . . the worst ice-mess I have ever been in. . . . We could not manage our skis and pulled on foot, falling into crevasses every minute . . . the turmoil changed in character, irregular crevassed surface giving way to huge chasms, closely packed and most difficult to cross. It was very heavy work but we had grown desperate. We were through at 10 p.m. and I write after twelve hours on the march.

Narrator: It was the turning point. On 14th February Scott wrote :

Capt. Scott: There is no getting away from the fact that we are not going strong. . . . Wilson's leg troubles him and he doesn't like to trust himself on ski . . . but the worst case is Evans, who is giving us serious anxiety. . . .

Narrator: The first member of the party to fall by the wayside was reaching the end of his tether.

Capt. Scott: 16th February. A rather trying position. Evans has nearly broken down in brain, we think . . . perhaps all will be well if we can get to our depot tomorrow fairly early, but it is anxious work with the sick man. . . .

17th February. A very terrible day. Evans looked a little better . . . and declared, as he always did, that he was quite well. He started in his place in the traces, but half-an-hour later worked his snow-shoes adrift and had to leave the sledge. The surface was awful. . . . Abreast the Monument Rock we stopped, and seeing Evans a long way astern I camped for lunch. . . . Evans still not appearing we looked out to see him still afar off. By this time we were alarmed and all four started back on ski . . . he was on his knees with clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frost-bitten and a wild look in his eyes. . . . We got him on his feet but after two or three steps he sank down again. Oates remained with him. When we returned with the sledge he was practically unconscious. . . . He died quietly at 12.30 a.m. We think he began to get weaker just before we reached the Pole and that his downward path was accelerated, first by the shock of his frost-bitten fingers, and later by falls during rough travelling on the glacier. . . . Wilson thinks it certain he must have injured his brain by a fall.

. . . It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week.

Narrator: So died Petty Officer Edgar Evans, R.N., and was buried below the Monument Rock at the base of the Beardmore Glacier.

Narrator: With achievement of the Lower Glacier Depot and its supplies of pony-meat, two stages of the journey were past. But four hundred and twenty miles on the Barrier still lay before the party. By 2nd March the Middle Barrier Depot was reached, but there they found a shortage of oil fuel owing to the creeping of paraffin in such temperature. Cold was increasing, and Oates showed his feet very badly frost-bitten.

Capt. Scott: God help us! we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess.

Narrator: By 6th March Oates was unable to pull any longer.

Capt. Scott: Poor Soldier has become a terrible hindrance.

Narrator: And 11th March :

Capt. Scott: Titus Oates is very near the end . . . he is a brave, fine fellow, and understands the situation. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could.

Narrator: At this time Scott ordered Wilson, who was in charge of the medicine case, to distribute opium tablets so that any one of them would have the means of ending his troubles if he so desired. When they camped that night they were sixty-three miles from One Ton Depot with seven days' food.

Capt. Scott: Seven times seven equals forty-nine, leaving us fourteen miles short of our distance even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

Narrator: On 15th March Oates asked to be left behind in his sleeping bag. To this the others would not agree.

Wrote Scott :

Capt. Scott: "Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. . . . He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint . . . he did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He slept through the night before last hoping not to wake—but he woke in the morning yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said: 'I am just going outside, and may be some time.' We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far off."

Narrator: So died Captain L. E. G. Oates, 6th Inniskillen Dragoons. On 2nd March a blizzard came down, and while the snow drummed and volleyed against the sides of the tent the leader wrote clearly, almost without erasure, his message to the public :

Capt. Scott: . . . our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather. . . . I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots . . .

and finally, but for the storm which had fallen on us within thirteen miles of the depot . . . surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within thirteen miles of One Ton Camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent—the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. . . . Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

Narrator: And in his diary :

Capt. Scott: Every day we have been ready to start for the depot thirteen miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

Narrator: And one final entry—

Capt. Scott: For God's sake look after our people !

Narrator: So died Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N.; Lieutenant Henry R. Bowers, Royal Indian Marine; Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson, Zoologist.

Narrator: Many months later a rescue party headed by Cherry-Garrard found their tent.

Cherry-Garrard: Bowers and Wilson were sleeping in their bags. Scott had thrown back the flap of his bag at the head. His left hand was stretched over Wilson, his life-long friend. Beneath the head of his bag, between the bag and the floorcloth, was the green wallet in which he carried his diary. The brown books of diary were inside, and on the floorcloth were some letters. One was to his mother. In it Scott said : The Great God has called me . . . but take comfort in that I die at peace with the world, and I myself not afraid. . . .



1. This great story is told here in the form of a radio play. Go carefully through it, and then set down what you consider the most important events after the Polar party set out on 1st November in the form of notes, such as :—

February 17th. Death of Petty Officer Evans.

2. Explain why the amount of food on the sledges and the distance to the next depot were so closely connected. Why was the leakage of paraffin at the Middle Barrier Depot so important ?
3. Tell the story of Captain Oates.
4. Captain Scott wrote, '*I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past.*' What events do you think Scott had in mind when he wrote these words ? And can you think of another event of this journey which '*stirs the heart of every Englishman,*' but could not have been in Captain Scott's mind ?

THE COUNTRYSIDE

ALAN MULGAN

THE truth of the saying, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' is well illustrated by the way in which so many English people regard the English climate and countryside. We often grumble at our climate, and wish that it were like that of the South of France. But we sometimes forget that it can rain just as heavily and as unexpectedly in France as here, and that, after all, it is our climate which makes the country so beautiful.

More and more people are discovering for themselves the charm and delight of the English countryside. And as they discover it they realise that the climate does much to make the atmosphere which is so characteristic of England.

People from other lands revel in the beauties of our countryside. Mr. Mulgan, who is a New Zealander, compares the English and the New Zealand countryside—very much to the advantage of the English. The comparison is instructive, since he points out features which, because English people take them for granted, they are liable to overlook.

A COUNTRYMAN of mine who spent some time in England on a mission infinitely more important than my own, said that after a while he longed for a bit of untidy landscape. I think I know what he meant: a flat with some straggling tea-tree and a broken-down fence; a hill with dead trees standing or lying, and a wooden shack in a clearing; or perhaps the ragged edge of a suburb adorned with odd lengths and patches of gorse, one or two naked and rough bungalows, and rusty kerosene tins half hidden in long grass and arum lilies. This feeling is cousin of the

longing to burst from the nine-to-five black-coated life and loaf about beaches in shirt and trousers. The English countryside is tidy—not so tidy, I imagine, as that of some other countries, but astonishingly so to a colonial. It is not a closely patterned, characterless tidiness, such as you see in vegetable gardens and sometimes in public parks, but one that goes with an indefinable mellowness and a flowing beauty. All raggedness has been cleared away. What is not meadow or crop is wood. Where there is stretch of waste land, it is compact and individual ; it looks like waste land and not like land that has been, or ought to be, something else. Meadows and ploughed lands are clear and uniform from hedge to hedge, save perhaps for a venerable tree in the centre of the pasture ; there is green or rich brown right up to the boundary. The hedges that pattern the countryside, instead of fences, would by themselves fill the colonial with delight. A hedge has a ‘soul,’ even though in my country it may harbour deadly orchard disease and have to be rooted out, but a wire fence is a mere barrier, ugly and inanimate. When it is barbed it is venomous into the bargain.

These miles of country, with hedges and trim meadows, rich tillage, houses steeped in colour, billowing woods and grey-blue haze and atmosphere of old and unending serenity, sweep you away in a flood of realized wonder. All the poetry you have ever read of the English spring and summer leaps to your lips and then dies away, shamed by reality, to reappear with reviving power in hours of remembrance. There can hardly be an experience of the kind anywhere in the world so miraculous, so charged with the wonder and mystery of birth and immortality, as the first sight of an English spring is to a happy pilgrim from an evergreen land.

Not that the re-birth of English trees is a strange sight to a New Zealander. In his own country oaks and willows are familiar trees, and there is a chestnut avenue in one of his

cities that would grace any spot in England. It is that his own superb forest is evergreen, and so is the white-flecked tea-tree scrub that covers so many of his hills and goes to his heart with the potency of Highland heather. Fond though he is of Homeland trees, with their 'bare ruined choirs' and their annual awakening, he feels them to be exotic; the characteristic of his country is the bough that is always green. The characteristic of England is change. Its literature trembles with the tremendous rhythm of Nature. Spring and summer can never mean to the Antipodean quite what they mean to the Englishman. Not only are the workings of Nature different, but the seasons are reversed. To men and women who keep Christmas in summer and breathe in April autumns, English songs of the months come with a twist. Phrases like 'April's lady,' 'Lord in May,' and 'flaming June' have to be translated.

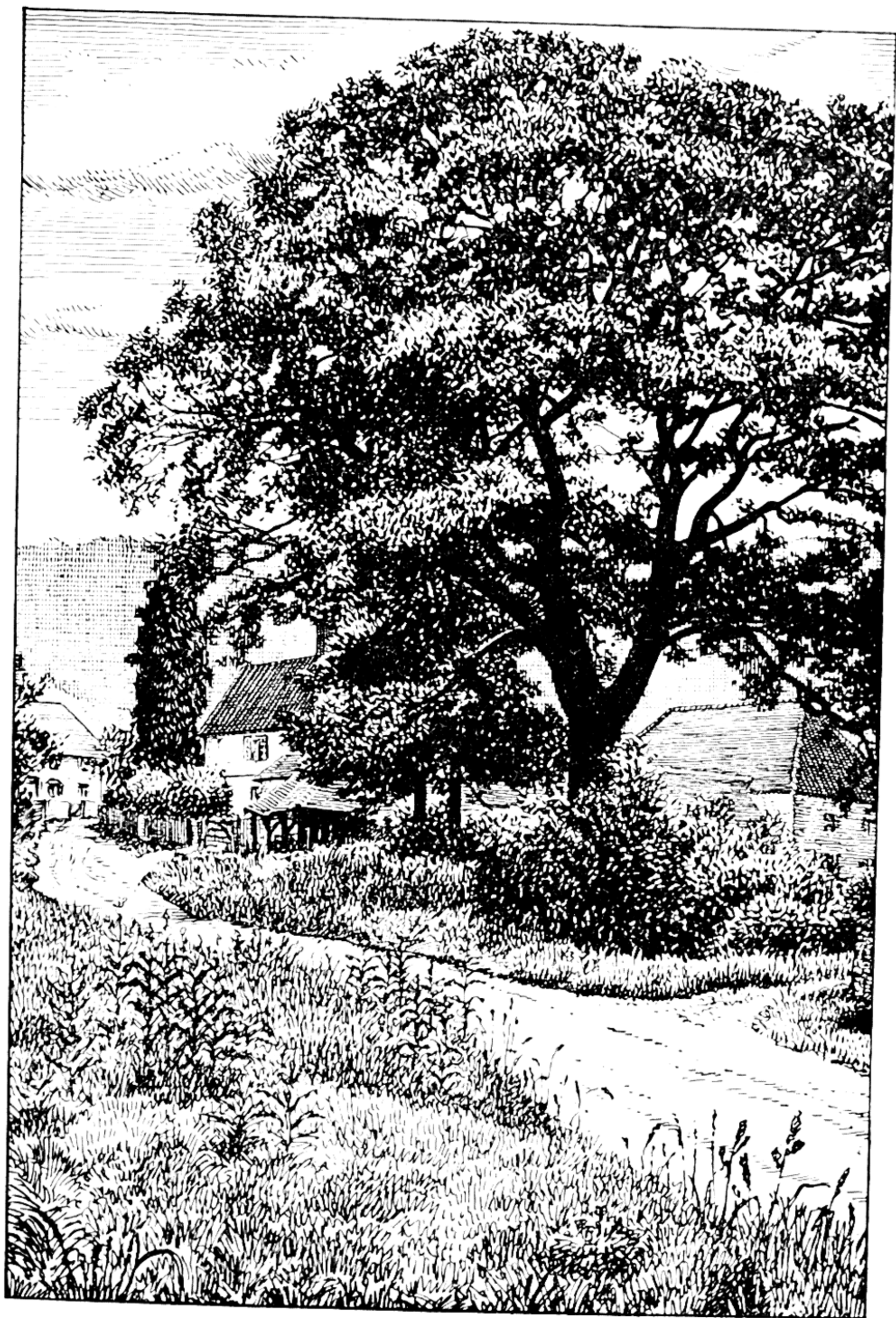
Nor do there seem to be in English trees of our transplanted Britain quite the same tenderness and translucence, quite the same ethereal quality in the annual miracle, as in trees in English soil. The colonial who knows something of the truth about England has often pictured spring as one of its glories, but he is hardly prepared for the marvel of reality. The whole landscape seems to be touched into a pure and joyous beauty. As the season merges into summer, this beauty broadens into something rich and golden. The English wood is very different from the New Zealand bush. Majesty, often darkened into gloom, is the characteristic of the bush. Into the real forest little light penetrates; you walk—when you are not obstructed by thick undergrowth—in a cathedral-like twilight, past great trunks that serve as pillars of the green roof.

The English wood loves the light, and presents to it a brighter and lovelier green. Light comes through leaves of oak and beech and suffuses bracken and grass with a warm

gold. It is this easy and glorious infiltration of light that gives the summer wood its supreme magic. To stand in an English beech wood in spring or summer is to see into the inmost heart of that loveliness which has drawn so many poets and painters into achievement that is really splendid failure. Nor do you wonder why England is a home of fairies. It would be the most natural thing in the world if they came tripping from behind that tree, and made a ring there in the patterned glade. It is true that Maoris have tales of fairy folk, but it is not natural for a New Zealander to think of fairies in the solemnity of his forest.

That vast park that is the south of England impresses you, too, with the English love of trees. There are trees everywhere. Woods occupy an astonishing amount of space. They stand on the hills like billowing clouds, and run down the slopes into serene valleys, green melting into green. Trees line the roads and meet overhead. I wonder how many hundreds of miles there are in England of these green tunnels. I drove through so many stretches of them that I lost count. It might be on a highway, such as the road from London to Oxford, where for a remarkable distance you move along under cover, or it might be a by-way so narrow that cars could hardly pass ; a road winding under light-consecrated beech trees, and running now and then into half-open country with glimpses of brown and green fields and more woods, or past an aged wall, over which, through a park, we saw the gables of an ancient house.

All this is a surprise and a delight to a visitor from a land of which an embittered son said that its arms should be crossed axes and a box of matches. The devastation of forest in New Zealand has been appalling. With all too many settlers the one idea has been to cut and burn, until, perhaps, in districts where not so very many years before bush grew thickly, fuel has to be imported. Pines and eucalyptus have



" Old and unending serenity "

been planted freely, especially round homesteads, for shelter. They are noble trees, but for beauty hardly to be compared with the woods of England. Much of the countryside is in a transition stage ; the bush has gone and but few trees have been planted to take its place. Moreover, the new country insists on chain-wide roads. Thus the shaded road is much less common in New Zealand than in England, and there is little of that delicious intimacy, that closely enfolding union of light and shade, that you find in England's wandering ways.

Chain-wide roads may be very desirable, but insistence on them is one of the things that make you realize, with a sigh, that it will be impossible to reproduce certain aspects of English beauty in a new land. We shall never have thatched cottages, for the reasons that nobody will ever wish to use thatch, and if somebody did, the local authority—in or near the towns at any rate—would forbid it. Nor can we expect to see on the other side of the world replicas of ancient schools and colleges. Local building regulations and departmental requirements would sternly forbid such plans. Admittedly these old places have their drawbacks. In a delightful Tudor house in which I stayed I hit my head on a beam the first time I went upstairs—as I expect every stranger did before me—and I had to bend low to get into the bathroom. But what of that ? My upstairs bedroom, with casements opening on the magic of an English garden and a Surrey landscape, was worth a good many knocks and stoopings.

If you have chain roads you cannot have lanes, and the lane is a characteristic of rural England. A hawthorn hedge on each side ; cowslips and roses for the picking, according to season ; the expectation of some delight round the next bend ; what a joy is a lane ! Nothing is more thoroughly English ; nothing carries the scent of English countryside

over the seas more intimately and poignantly, than the wild flowers of hedgerow and wood. The colonial looks forward to sight of them as eagerly as to Westminster and the Thames. If he has learnt anything of the soul of England he has read or heard of primroses and cowslips and violets and bluebells growing wild. He may have heard his mother—happy though she was in her new home—sigh for this wealth of her native land, and if he was imaginative he would understand. Though it has its binding blossoms, his own land is poor in wild flowers.

It may be that his knowledge of English wild flowers is not strictly accurate. Once I put cowslips in Devonshire, and was corrected by a Devon man in New Zealand and a Devon woman in England. My citation of Mr. Kipling's 'cowslips in a Devon combe' was waived aside; even what Mr. Kipling said was not evidence. Nor is heather confined to Scotland. I see it in my mind's eye now, making a purple empire of Surrey hills. The main facts, however, are too large and too beautiful for any error in detail to matter. Introduction to the wild flowers of England is introduction to the deeper significance of much English literature.

Wordsworth's 'primrose by a river's brim' cannot mean so much to the New Zealander as to the Englishman. Beautiful things grow by New Zealand rivers, but not primroses. We see buttercups in our reversed spring; but not in such glory as in England. I would not like to say there are never poppies in our wheat and clover, but I have never seen them. Well do I remember their flame in Cotswold fields, and a flash that I saw from a train in a Devonshire valley. Then there is lilac, not strictly speaking a wild flower, but a glory that captures the visitor's heart. Mr. Alfred Noyes may be interested to know that that lilting line of his has gone round the world—'Go down to Kew

in lilac time.' I went to Kew too late for lilac, though I was compensated with other things, including a reference by a gardener to the "rosydandrams," a word which I remembered from a Somerville-Ross story and had thought was confined to Ireland. Lilac, however, is not confined to Kew. It grew for me prodigally in a Welsh valley, and I vowed that I would grow more of it when I returned.

There is nothing, however, to equal the wood hyacinth, commonly called the bluebell. Blue is the most mysterious, the purest, the most spiritual of colours, and, granted to these wild flowers, it gives to the spring wood its final and unapproachable loveliness. These hyacinths hover like blue mist over the ground; exquisite, frail, and ethereal, they seem to surprise the wood into a sense of its own unearthly beauty and set it trembling with joy.

England calls her sons and grandsons with many voices. Most tender and most subtle is the call of the countryside, of quiet fields and dreaming trees, the England that is a garden. I cannot but think that despite the continuous growth of their cities, the English go on drawing priceless renewals of strength from the wells of this restful beauty.



1. The writer speaks of '*grey-blue haze*,' '*green melting into green*.' Point out other phrases and sentences which suggest that colour makes a strong appeal to him.
2. Describe an English lane, and contrast it with a highway.
3. In what way does the English landscape differ from that of New Zealand? What does the writer mean by '*tidy*' and '*untidy*' landscapes?
4. Which things in England are most likely to interest a visitor from New Zealand? In each case, explain why.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

WHEN the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a medical student at Edinburgh University, he watched with interest the methods of one of his teachers, Dr. Joseph Bell. Dr. Bell was a keen observer who could often, by looking at a man or woman, give a reasonably full and accurate account of his or her life and work.

When Conan Doyle created his famous character, Sherlock Holmes, he remembered his old teacher, Dr. Bell, and endowed the detective in his books with the gifts of observation and understanding which Dr. Bell possessed. Indeed, these are the main features of Sherlock Holmes' character, and his skill as a detective results from them. Dr. Watson, Holmes' assistant, never fails to marvel at his master's skill, just as Conan Doyle as a young man must have marvelled at Joseph Bell.

The following extract shows Holmes at his best. What would a battered bowler hat convey to you? Very little, perhaps. But read what Sherlock Holmes learned from the hat. The person who tells the story is, of course, Dr. Watson.

I HAD called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season. He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing-gown, a pipe-rack within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers, evidently newly studied, near at hand. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard felt hat, much the worse for wear and cracked in several places. A

lens and a forceps lying upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of examination.

"You are engaged," said I; "perhaps I interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat), "but there are points in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest, and even of instruction."

I seated myself in his armchair, and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in, and the windows were thick with the ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, "that, homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked on to it—that it is the clue which will guide you in the solution of some mystery, and the punishment of some crime."

"No, no. No crime," said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen when you have four million human beings all jostling each other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity every possible combination of events may be expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be striking and bizarre without being criminal. We have already had experience of such."

"So much so," I remarked, "that, of the last six cases which I have added to my notes, three have been entirely free of any legal crime."

"Precisely. You allude to my attempt to recover the Irene Adler papers, to the singular case of Miss Mary Sutherland, and to the adventure of the man with the twisted lip. Well, I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissionaire?"

"Yes."

"It is to him that this trophy belongs."

"It is his hat."

"No, no ; he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billycock, but as an intellectual problem. And, first, as to how it came here. It arrived upon Christmas morning, in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these. About four o'clock on Christmas morning Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homewards down Tottenham Court Road. In front of him he saw, in the gaslight, a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose, slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge Street, a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on which he raised his stick to defend himself, and 'swinging it over his head, smashed the shop window behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing towards him, dropped his goose, took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court Road. The roughs had also fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this battered hat and a most unimpeachable Christmas goose."

"Which surely he restored to their owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that "For Mrs. Henry Baker" was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials "H.B." are legible upon the lining of this hat ;

but, as there are some thousands of Bakers, and some hundreds of Henry Bakers in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost property to any one of them."

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were signs that, in spite of the slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay. Its finder has carried it off, therefore, to fulfil the ultimate destiny of a goose, while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner."

"Did he not advertise?"

"No."

"Then, what clue could you have as to his identity?"

"Only as much as we can deduce."

"Precisely."

"But you are joking. What can you gather from this old battered felt?"

"Here is my lens. You know my methods. What can you gather yourself as to the individuality of the man who has worn this article?"

I took the battered object in my hands, and turned it over rather ruefully. It was a very ordinary black hat of the usual round shape, hard, and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good deal discoloured. There was no maker's name; but, as Holmes had remarked, the initials 'H.B.' were scrawled upon one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat-securer, but the elastic was missing. For the rest, it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted in several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discoloured patches by smearing them with ink.

"I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend.

"On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your inferences."

"Then, pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat?"

He picked it up, and gazed at it in the peculiar introspective fashion which was characteristic of him. "It is perhaps less suggestive than it might have been," he remarked, "and yet there are a few inferences which are very distinct, and a few others which represent at least a strong balance of probability. That the man was highly intellectual is, of course, obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well-to-do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight but has less now than formerly. There is also the obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love him."

"My dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree of self-respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training entirely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream. These are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from his hat. Also, by the way, that it is extremely improbable that he has gas laid on in his house."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now when I give you these results you are unable to see how they are attained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid; but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

For answer Holmes clapped the hat upon his head. It

came right over the forehead and settled upon the bridge of his nose. "It is a question of cubic capacity," said he: "a man with so large a brain must have something in it."

"The decline of his fortunes, then?"

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curled at the edge came in then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk, and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no hat since, then he has assuredly gone down in the world."

"Well, that is clear enough, certainly. But how about the foresight?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disc and loop of the hat-securer. "They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But since we see that he has broken the elastic, and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly. On the other hand, he has endeavoured to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not entirely lost his self-respect."

"Your reasoning is certainly plausible."

"The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been recently cut, and that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair ends, clean cut by the scissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odour of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty, grey dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house, showing that it has been hung up indoors most of the time; while the marks of moisture upon the inside

are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could, therefore, hardly be in the best of training."

"But his wife—you said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

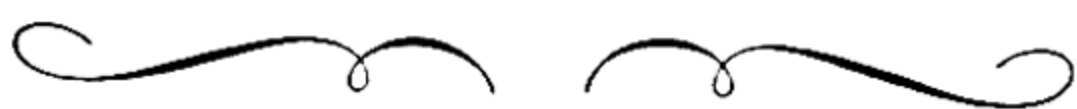
"But he might be a bachelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace-offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg."

"You have an answer to everything. But how on earth do you deduce that the gas is not laid on in the house?"

"One tallow stain, or even two, might come by chance; but when I see no less than five, I think that there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—walks upstairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got tallow stains from a gas jet. Are you satisfied?"

"Well, it is very ingenious," said I, laughing.



1. It is very important in telling a detective story, to describe such things as Henry Baker's hat faithfully and accurately. Notice how clearly Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes all his descriptions. Read the first paragraph of the story, describing a part of Sherlock Holmes' room. Now look at your own desk, and write a description of it as though it were the beginning of a detective story.
2. Write down the facts which Sherlock Holmes observed about the hat, and put against each the reason he gave for it.

A DREAM OF ENGLAND

A. G. MACDONELL

THE passage which follows is one of the finest pieces of prose in modern literature, and comes from 'England, Their England.'

This book tells how, after the War, a Scotsman, Donald Cameron, sets out to discover the secret of England's greatness, and so attempts to solve the problem which has baffled the whole world. How is it that English men and women have ventured out and built up the greatest Empire in the history of the world? He decides that there must be some special quality in English people; and this is what he sets out to find.

Donald therefore settles in England and takes part in the work and play of English people. He talks with people who work for the League of Nations at Geneva, and journeys in a boat with a man who has taken English machinery all over the world. He spends a most interesting day playing cricket on the village green, and another day in playing golf. But the secret of England's greatness still eludes him.

Then one May morning he leaves London and goes to Winchester, the old capital of England and the city of Alfred the Great. In the afternoon he falls asleep and dreams, and in his dream, of which the following passage tells, the secret is revealed.

AFTER the long English winter, May had come at last. The trees in Royal Avenue were in bud. The shops were full of daffodils and pheasant-eyed narcissus, and violets, and early tulips, and blue irises from the Scillies, and anemones. The air was clear. The Londoner's step was

high and gay. The evening papers were already beginning to talk of the Advent of King Willow. The football season was almost three-quarters finished.

Donald was tired. He had been working steadily now for almost three months at work that was utterly unfamiliar to him. He had not only been writing a book. He had also been struggling to learn the art of writing from its very beginning. He was beginning to feel a little jaded. The scents of spring, overcoming the fumes of petrol and the miles of soot and asphalt, peeped in at his open window and sadly interfered with his powers of concentration.

A morning dawned even lovelier than the rest. At 7 o'clock the sky over Lambeth was all pigeon-blue and mother-of-pearl and jade-green and citron and topaz. Small, billowy, dappled cloudlets with pale-pink edges were playing about together, knowing, perhaps, like children, or kittens or mice, that when the storm-clouds and the black fogs are away the cloudlets can play. A cool little breeze was bringing fragrance all the way from Essex across the desert of stone and slate which mankind thinks is an advance upon a nest or a burrow. Donald lay in bed till he could stand it no longer. An extra-insidious puff of air arrived with a cargo, Donald swore, of the scent of roses and hay-making and honeysuckle; which, of course, was impossible, as the clover and the rose were not yet in bloom and no one hay-makes in May, with however torrid a fire the sun may shine. But anyway, the result was the same, for Donald uttered a loud cry and sprang from his bed, dived into a cold bath, hurled on his clothes, rushed into the street, and drove in a taxi-cab to Waterloo Station and took a train, choosing at random, to the town of Alton.

He walked a bit from Alton, and then lorry-hopped, in army fashion, as far as the straggly, red-tiled village of

Alresford, where he got off for a drink of Hampshire beer, and then lorry-hopped again across the high chalky downs until the water-meads of Itchen lay below him on the right, and below him in front, the ancient City of Winchester, city of Alfred, once capital of England, perhaps even the Camelot of Arthur.

Donald got off the lorry at the top of St. Giles' Hill and dropped leisurely down into the High Street, at the end of which is the statue of Alfred. It is a large statue, perhaps as much as a twenty-fifth of the height of the memorial which the later capital of England has built for Albert,* and it faces up the steep, narrow High Street towards the Castle at the top, on the wall of which hangs the Round Table of the Knights.

Donald turned to the left and found himself suddenly reduced to the size and substance of a pigmy when he came round a corner upon the Cathedral, stretching its giant length, all grey and moss-green and pale yellow, across the grass like a sleeping leviathan.

Feeling very small and humble, he crept across the turf of the Close and timidly pushed upon the west door and wandered in the dim coolness under that mighty roof, among the memorials to long-dead English soldiers, among the tattered flags of regiments, the cenotaphs of forgotten prebendaries, the brass tablets and marble sculptures, the brief rolls of honour of distant campaigns, the long lists of virtues of ancient dames, the Latin inscriptions, and the tombs of cardinals and bishops, and the effigies of unknown knights. But in all that carved and sculptured splendour of the history of England, its wars, its wealth, and its religion, its princes and prelates, and its imperial conquests, there were only two memorials that touched the heart. One was the chantry of William of Wykeham saved from Cromwell's

* The Albert Memorial in London.

destroyers by the drawn sword of a Wykehamist captain, a Cromwellian, who stood upon the chantry steps and, against all comers, defended the tomb of the Founder. And the other was the little old lady of College Street,* who commanded no armies and attacked no religions, who was burnt at no stake and married no prince, whose life added no faintest ripple to the waves and storms of England, and no fragment of a line to its recorded history ; who is, alone among mortals loved by all and hated by none, and who is, alone among the great, imitated by none and parodied by none. English of the English, heart of English heart, bone of English bone, kindest and gayest and gentlest, her memorial is not so wide as a church door nor so high as Albert's, but it is in Alfred's town, in Wykeham's cathedral, near Arthur's Table, and it will serve.

Thence his wanderings took him past the Judges' Lodging and the Deanery and the lovely Canonries and the dusty Elizabethan tithe-barn, through an archway into the outer world of laymen, and through another archway into College Street.

He visited the College Buildings, and listened to a description of them by the College porter, and carried away four memories—the loveliness of the cloisters round the lovely chantry, the darkness of the rooms off the Quadrangle in which the boys sat and worked, the Important Fact, repeated several times by the proud porter, that Winchester was nearly fifty years older than Eton and, indeed, practically founded Eton, and, fourthly, the extraordinary school motto.

Every other school or university motto he had ever heard of consisted of an invocation to an unspecified Supreme Power to allow the institution to flourish, or to prosper, or to wax strong—in general, to get on in the world. It

* Jane Austen.

was the natural thing. Old Boys needed a slogan to remind each other of their duty to their Alma Mater, of the happy days spent there in youth.

But the Winchester motto was the extraordinary one of "Manners Makyth Man." Donald walked up and down Meads, the old school playing-field surrounded with its red-capped wall of flint and chalk, and wondered about this motto. It was obviously impossible to make it a toast at an Old Boys' Dinner; it was obviously impossible to shout it at a school football match, even if the boys were organized in American fashion by a professional cheer-leader. Donald looked at the Chapel Tower, which was just visible over an exquisite, red-brick, Wren building, and thought that on the whole it was unlikely that Winchester employed a professional cheer-leader. It almost looked, Donald decided finally, as if Winchester cared more for what happened to her boys in after-life than for her own flourishment. Perhaps, after five hundred years of flourishment, that was a justifiable attitude, but it certainly was a little unusual.

From College it is only a step into Meads, and from Meads only another step through the gate in the flinty wall into Lavender Meads, and from Lavender Meads into the green expanse of Riddings', and from Riddings' to Dogger's Close, and from Dogger's Close, the last of Winchester's playing-fields, it is hardly more than a step to the Ancient Abbey of St. Cross which presides with venerable dignity over the Greenjackets' cricket-ground, and which still gives a free horn of ale to the wayfarer. Thus a traveller who has a little time to spare, and who is not trying desperately to cut the existing record for home-bred citizens of North and South Dakota for the 'doing' of the College of the Blessed Virgin Mary *apud* Winton, crosses the threshold of the Outer Gate of College and finds himself only beginning

to awaken from his mediæval trance in the Abbey of St. Cross.

But Donald had not even begun to awaken from his trance when he left St. Cross and wandered over the water-meads that the Itchen and its branches and canals have chiselled in the green valley. He had not begun to awaken when he climbed the first slopes of St. Catherine's Hill, or when at last he reached the clump of trees on the top of the hill and found a little grassy slope which fitted his back like a deck-chair at full stretch, and lay down and tilted his hat over his forehead and joined his hands behind his head.

At his feet were the glittering streams of the Itchen, that small, magic river of silver and dry-flies and trout. Beyond them were the playing-fields with their white dots of cricketers, and beyond them the tower of the College Chapel and beyond that the slumbering leviathan, Wykeham's House of God. The air was filled with little sounds, the tinkling of sheep-bells across the vales of the chalkland, the click of cricket ball on the cricket bat, the whispers of the fitful puffs of wind in the trees behind him, the megaphoned shouts of the coaches as the racing-fours went up the stream with flashing blades, and from across the valley the bells of the Cathedral, deep and far, like the strong clang of Thor's anvil in Valhalla.

Twenty or thirty feet below the grassy deck chair on which Donald was by now half dozing ran the circular trench which the Britons dug as a defence against the Legions. The line of the Roman road was clear, a chalky arrow, as far as the blue horizon. Saxon Alfred's statue might have been as visible through a field-glass as the pale-yellow Norman transept of the Cathedral was to the eye. The English school, whose motto puts kindliness above flourishment or learning, lay among its water-meads and all around

was the creator, the inheritor, the ancestor, and the descendant of it all the green and kindly land of England.

Donald went on dozing until he was gradually aroused by the consciousness that something queer was going on down below in the valley. The landscape seemed somehow to be different. The little streams were not so twinkly. The grass of the playing-fields had become more like the colour of grey-white olive-trees than of new-mown green. The Roman road and the horizon itself had disappeared, and the transept's amber was fading fast.

Donald sat up and rubbed his eyes. A thick white mist was rolling swiftly up the valley from the direction of the sea, and the advance guard was already wreathing itself round the ancient town. The small sounds were no longer audible, and even the reverberating echoes of the bells were muffled, and their vibrations died quickly. In another minute or two the water-meads were covered with a great pall. The College Tower sank out of sight, and the fringes of mist lapped over the edge of the British entrenchment. Even the fitful breeze had dropped. The bell ceased. The silence was like the silence of eternal snows.

Donald lay back again and gazed at the white bank that eddied so softly across the spring marguerites and buttercups and dandelions. Although it had come with such a rush, it hardly seemed to be moving at all now. The eddies and ripples became even softer. Here and there the antics of a wisp which had slipped away from the rest became quieter and quieter until gradually the great fleece of mist slid and swayed and swayed and rocked itself imperceptibly to a standstill.

He felt no surprise. The mediæval spell of Winchester had not yet completely worn off, and he was too sleepy after his long day in the open air, and too tired after the months of concentrated work, to feel surprised at anything.

When, therefore, the fog gradually flattened itself, and narrowed itself, and spun itself out into the shape of a snow-white road that stretched, as far as the eye could reach, towards the English Channel in the south and over the edge of the English Downs in the north, Donald was quite unmoved. It seemed a perfectly natural thing for a mist to do. If a road could become suddenly a solid wall of mist, why should not a solid wall of mist suddenly become a road?

It was a very reasonable place to have a road. It was a capital place to have a road. It was queer that no one had ever had the sense to put a road there before. It was an ideal place for a road. The mist was quite right to turn itself into a road. Mists are obstructive. Roads are beautiful. Especially a road that runs just at the foot of lovely grassy slopes like St. Catherine's Hill, where a man may lie at his ease and watch the world and its wayfarers. That was the way to learn about a country or a people. Lie on the grass among spring marguerites and buttercups and dandelions and watch the country and the people passing along below. Ten thousand times better than rushing about wildly with a note-book hunting for material. Let the material come to you. That was the ticket. Let it come along its roads to you. All you have to do is to find a road and a grassy hill above it. And was there ever such a road as this—smooth and broad and straight and firm? Incidentally it was clever of the mist to have made itself into so firm a surface, after having been so soft before.

The only odd thing about the road was that there seemed to be no traffic upon it. From end to end, the snowy ribbon was unmarred by the little black dots which men are, when seen from a little way away, a very little way away.

But Donald was not worried about this. It was obvious that as soon as people knew of the existence of this road of roads, they would scramble to use it. All he needed was a little patience. So he clasped his hands again behind his head and waited.

He had not long to wait. A tiny black dot appeared over the Downs away to the north and other black dots followed it, and still more black dots, until a perfect host of men came straggling over the horizon. The whiteness of the road was steadily obliterated, as if a giant painter were methodically running a black brush over it. The mass came nearer and nearer.

Donald wondered how long it would be before they reached him, and he glanced southwards to make a rough estimate of the distance, and saw that another great mass of men were coming up the road from the sea.

As the two columns came straggling towards St. Catherine's Hill, a low rumbling sound began to fall upon the air. It was not in the least like the sound of marching feet, for it was deeper, and it had no rhythm, and it came in gusts, sometimes in a long, resistless roar like the fall of sea waves on sand upon summer nights and sometimes with the short crash of a thunder-clap.

Soon Donald could see that, although they walked out of step, in groups and parties, mingling with each other and changing from moment to moment, with here and there a man by himself, although in fact they did not remotely resemble the disciplined advance of an army on the march, nevertheless, every single one carried a weapon of some sort, even if it was only a cross-bow or a bill-hook or a scythe. And yet none of them wore anything that might be described as a uniform; mostly they wore black suits or shabby corduroys, and they carried their weapons in a careless, amateurish way. The rumbling noise grew louder and more

continuous. The faces of the two vanguards were now visible and Donald saw that all the men of those two armed bodies of civilians were shaking and quaking and heaving with inexhaustible laughter. The vanguards met immediately below St. Catherine's Hill, where the road had widened out, somehow without Donald noticing it, into a great, broad open space, and in a few moments all the men were talking and laughing together. Nobody listened very much to anybody, but they all seemed to be in raging, towering spirits. They threw their weapons down apparently at random, and pulled books and scrolls and parchments and pieces of paper out of their pockets and chattered away and declaimed and recited; and suddenly and queerly and instinctively Donald knew that they were all poets. Once there seemed to be some sort of alarm sounded, for they all sprang to arms with inconceivable rapidity, and ranged themselves in battle array and handled their jumble of weapons in a manner that was the complete reverse of carelessness and amateurishness. When it was found to have been a false alarm, they shoved their weapons away again—one, a little fellow, stuffed a great meat-axe casually into one coat-pocket and hauled a quarto volume out of the other, and one arranged his Hotchkiss machine-gun into a three-legged table and sat down on the ground and began to write a poem upon it—and fell to talking and laughing and scribbling and shouting and declaiming.

Donald gazed and gazed upon the enchanted scene. Time did not move. The clouds above him were motionless. Even the sun, surely, had given up its mad race with eternity.

Then a faint, full clang filtered laboriously through the mist, and Donald lazily wondered why the Cathedral bell had begun again, and then he wondered how the sound had come through the mist, and then he saw that the edges of

the mist were stirring softly among the wild flowers and the stray wreaths were once more playing at spirals with each other.

He sprang up and rubbed his eyes. Everything was changing quickly now. The road had vanished entirely, and the open space that was covered with the poets and their weapons were narrowing as the mist closed in upon it. The poets themselves were changing fantastically, for half of them were growing fatter and redder and jollier, and half of them were growing thinner and brighter-eyed and bearded, and, one by one, and group by group, they were vanishing, but whether they were vanishing into the deepening, swallowing bank of fog, or whether by some curious trick they were vanishing into each other, Donald could not make out.

At last only two were left. One was the survivor of the fat men, the fattest and reddest and jolliest of them, with the kindest and gayest and most gigantic of laughs. He had lost his weapon and was swigging away all the time at the monstrous jar of canary-sack which he carried under his arm. The second was the survivor of the thin men, and he was thin and had a small pointed beard, and his eyes were the brightest of them all, and he was full of silent laughter, and he was the gayest and the kindest of them all. By some queer optical delusion, although these two men were really so very different, yet for a moment their faces seemed very like each other, and then for a moment both looked a little like Mr. Hodge.

Just as the mist reached these last two, the Stratford man's eyes flashed with mischief, and he turned and said something to the fat man, who roared like a waterfall and then said—or at least it sounded as if he said—"Shall we shog, Will?"—and then they linked arms and vanished and below St. Catherine's Hill there was no longer any trace

of the passing of that absurd host of kindly, laughter-loving, warrior poets, but only what they have left behind them—the muted voices of grazing sheep, and the merry click of bat upon ball, and the peaceful green fields of England, and the water-meads, and the bells of the Cathedral.



1. What drove Donald to make so sudden an excursion in the country?
2. Why did Donald think the motto of Winchester College, '*Manners makyth man*,' extraordinary?
3. Name some of the interesting things Donald saw at Winchester. Which of them seem to have impressed him most?
4. Give the chief events in Donald's dream.
5. What was the natural character of all the people in the procession? Contrast the behaviour of the people before and after the alarm.
6. '*At last only two were left*'—the Stratford man, Shakespeare, and Sir John Falstaff, a character in Shakespeare's play '*King Henry IV.*' Describe them, and try to explain why the writer chose these two men to close his dream.

THE LAST SECRET

F. S. SMYTHE

ALL parts of the world's surface, with one exception, have now been explored. Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, and more than 29,000 feet high, is 'the uttermost peak of unfulfilled desire.'

Several expeditions have set out to conquer the mountain; but 'The Goddess Mother of the Snows,' as the natives of Tibet call Everest, has long retained her secret. The two expeditions which came nearest to success were those of 1924 and 1933. In the former, two climbers, Mallory and Irvine, set out from the highest camp (which was set up at a height of 28,200 feet), and climbed steadily. They were only 800 feet from the summit; it seemed certain that they would succeed.

But suddenly a storm arose. Clouds of snow and sleet swept over the summit, completely hiding Mallory and Irvine from the eyes of those who watched. They were never seen again.

The 1933 expedition was unfortunate in the weather it met on Everest, and although a height of over 28,000 feet was reached the summit remained unconquered. But during that expedition an interesting discovery was made. Two of the climbers, Wyn Harris and Wager, were crawling along at a height of over 28,000 feet when on a ledge they discovered an ice-axe.

Here was evidence of the hand of man, and in a place where no such evidence was to be expected. The axe could have belonged only to Mallory or Irvine. Wyn Harris and Wager searched in the neighbourhood, but found nothing more.

For seven years that lonely axe had lain on the wind-swept slopes of Everest, a memorial to two brave men. Somewhere on the mountain lay their bodies, maybe at the foot of some glacier—maybe on the summit itself—who knows? But only an ice-axe indicated that they had ever passed that way.

Bad weather compelled Wyn Harris and Wager to turn back at a height of 28,200 feet ; but a second attempt was made by Smythe and Shipton. Unfortunately Shipton was taken ill shortly after leaving Camp VI, which had been set up at 27,400 feet, and was forced to return.

Smythe continued the ascent alone, but after reaching nearly as far as Wyn Harris and Wager the difficulties and the prospect of bad weather forced him to turn back. He describes his descent in these words.

THE traverse back to camp was a long and tedious business. The rocks were not difficult but they exacted continued care. Its shelving ledges are separated by abrupt little walls and progress was made by traversing one ledge for a short distance, then clambering down a wall to a lower ledge, then along this and down again to another ledge. The yellow limestone rocks hold the boot well but here and there they are broken by veins of whitish rock which were treacherously slippery. To a tired man, this rock forms a trap, for the foot slips from it more easily than it does from the yellow rock.

Mists continued to form and drifted across, concealing familiar landmarks ; it would be no easy job finding Camp VI in a mist among that wilderness of slabs. Fortunately, two points on the north-east ridge which were directly above Camp VI showed now and then, and it was possible to estimate the general direction of the camp. My only fear was that I might be too low and might have to ascend. During the traverse I crossed the probable line of fall of Mallory and Irvine, but no further traces of them were to be seen. Suddenly I came across a shallow gulley filled with snow. In the snow were footprints. It was the gulley immediately above Camp VI, and there was the tent a few feet lower.

Shipton was there. He had descended without difficulty and felt much better. We discussed plans. It was decided that he should descend to Camp V, while I, who was feeling tired, should remain for another night at Camp VI and descend next day to Camp IV. It was about 1.30 p.m. when I returned to camp, and at about 2.30 p.m. Shipton set off for Camp V. The weather looked none too good when he left, and the wind was beginning to raise the new snow from the face of the mountain, but we did not anticipate anything worse for some time to come.

It was about an hour later that a sudden and terrific storm broke. I was very anxious for his safety, and not without reason, for it nearly cost him his life. At one point the wind was so frightful that further progress towards Camp V seemed impossible, and he nearly decided to try and struggle back to Camp VI. To have attempted this would have meant certain death, for no one could have traversed the slabs in such a hurricane.

I feared for my own safety too, and momentarily anticipated an inglorious fall, wrapped in a winding-sheet of tent, down the mountain. But, thanks to the painstaking work of the first party in properly securing it, the stout little Burns tent weathered the fiercest blasts, though the fabric cracked like pistol shots alternating with a furious drumming as the show-charged wind hurled itself against it. A peep between the flaps revealed a whirling smother of snow raging across the slabs. I felt thankful at having returned when I did. To have been caught in such a storm above Camp VI would have made descent impossible.

Towards sundown the wind dropped, and I ate my supper in comparative calm. It was a strange experience settling down alone for a night 27,400 feet above the world. But the loneliness of the hills is not to be feared.

It was 6 p.m. when I turned in, and it was not until

7 a.m. next morning that I awoke after the best night I had yet had above the North Col. During the night the storm must have continued and the wind-driven powdery snow penetrated a small hole that has been accidentally burnt in the side of the tent by the spirit cooker, and piled up in a drift extending nearly to the roof of the tent.

The morning was the coldest that I ever remember, and it was not until the sun had struck the tent that it was possible to rescue the remainder of the provisions from the snow and prepare breakfast. After breakfast I packed my few possessions in my rucksack and set off for Camp IV. One backward glance I took at the little tent—the sole evidence of man's handiwork on that most desolate and inhospitable mountainside. It had served us well.

The weather was calm, and there was little movement among the sea of monsoon clouds beneath. This was fortunate, for the going was disagreeable. The steep scree masking the slabs of the traverse, and in places the slabs themselves, were thinly veneered with ice. It was the first time that this condition had been found on the upper part of Mount Everest. It may have been caused by the sun of the previous day warming the rocks so that the first snow that fell melted and froze while subsequent snow was blown clear; or it may have been due to wind pressure changing the snow into ice. The first explanation would seem the more likely one. It made extreme caution imperative, and it was galling to spend so much time with the risk of bad weather at the back of the mind.

Not far from the north-east shoulder the terrace petered out into slabs deeply covered with new snow. It was a place similar to the buttress on the western side of the great couloir, and every hold had to be searched for beneath the knee-deep floury snow.

Presently, to my relief, I was able to gain more broken

rocks which, owing to their steepness, held less snow than the slabs. The way now was obvious and easier, and I paused for a breather. As I did so, I was aware of a curious fuzziness approaching from the west. Before there was time to realize what it meant, a gust of wind of such strength struck me that I was nearly blown from my holds. Then came another gust and another, and in less time than it takes to write this, a terrific storm was raging.

Somehow or other I managed to descend the rocks to easier ground. Protected though I was by a woollen balaclava helmet and an outer windproof helmet, it was impossible to face the wind for more than a moment or two, for goggles soon iced up and the driving snow stung like whip lashes. It was fortunate that the easier ground was gained when it was, for the wind continued to increase in velocity, quickly reaching a strength that I had never before experienced on a mountain.

Often I was reduced to crawling on hands and knees, and even so I was several times swept from my balance, but managed to stop a fatal slide with my axe. The air was filled with driving snow, and it was seldom possible to see more than a yard or two. The whole hate and fury of Everest were concentrated on one miserable little human being.

Somehow, I do not quite know how, I managed to keep going ; but the struggle could not be kept up, for if the wind was of hurricane force the cold was proportionately great. It did not merely numb the extremities, it seemed to clasp the whole of me in its grip, and for the first time in my life, I felt a deadening numbness creeping up my body. And then, unexpectedly, I found myself close to the crest of the north ridge at the identical spot where Shipton and I had found shelter on the way up to Camp VI. Crawling over it, I half climbed, half slid down to the ledge where we had sat on the lee side.



Above 28,000 feet

Providence was kind to me that day. The ledge was completely windless and the change was magical. Even the warmth of the sun, which was dimly visible through the clouds of driving snow, could be felt. The horrid deadening feeling slowly left my body, and circulation returned painfully to my hands. Feet alone remained lifeless, and I was fortunate to escape with minor frost-bites on my toes. A few feet above me the wind roared across the crest of the ridge, striking the rocks now and again with a noise like a thunderclap, and sending the snow far out to leeward in twisting clouds.

It was not until warmth and strength had returned that I decided to continue the descent. Had it been possible to stay longer on the ledge I should have done so, but the complete disappearance of the sun suggested that the wind was the forerunner of another blizzard.

To follow the crest of the ridge was out of the question and, below the 1924 Camp VI, I climbed along the western side of it. At about 26,000 feet it was only blowing an ordinary gale, and visibility was so good that there was no risk of missing V. I was about 300 feet above the camp when I first saw it, and almost simultaneously two figures emerged from one of the tents and started down. I shouted and waved, but they did not see or hear me. This was a disappointment, as I was by then feeling somewhat weak and tottery about the legs.

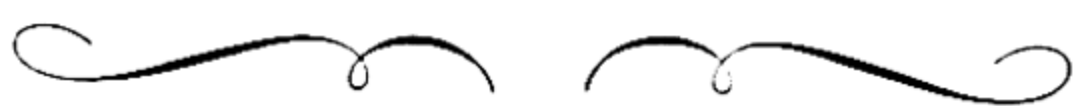
However, there was the camp and its welcome shelter, and as quickly as possible I continued on down the slabs. Keeping too far to the west involved me in some awkward climbing on some outward-sloping slabs—easy enough to a fresh man, but not to an almost exhausted one. In one place some half-dozen steps had to be cut in a slope of hard wind-blown snow, and it was all I could do to cut them.

Another disappointment awaited me at the camp, when

at last I got there, for the tents had been collapsed. Birnie had considerately left a Thermos of hot tea in one of them but it did not occur to me to look for it. I decided to continue the descent to Camp IVa. Save for my legs, which had an unpleasant habit of giving way under me every few yards, I felt quite fit and confident of reaching it.

The wind decreased steadily as I descended, and was no longer dangerous. Below me on the ridge of snow and rocks Shipton and Birnie were visible. Presently some figures emerged from the arctic tent on the North Col and started to climb the ridge. An hour or so later I was being greeted by Longland, who, in spite of his tiredness after his great effort in establishing Camp VI, had climbed quite 1,000 feet to meet me. I was so slow that he had had to wait a long time, and he was slightly frost-bitten.

He brought with him a Thermos flask of something hot and stimulating, so stimulating that I needed no help in descending to Camp IVa. In addition to Longland, McLean was in support of the camp, and neither Shipton, Birnie nor I are likely to forget the trouble he took in seeing to our comfort. It is memories such as these that help to make Everest very much worth while.



1. Describe in your own words the time spent by the writer alone in a little tent (Camp VI) at a height of 27,400 feet.
2. What does the writer think is the most likely explanation of the slabs of rock being thinly covered with ice?
3. '*The whole hate and fury of Everest were concentrated on one miserable little human being.*' That human being was Mr. Smythe. What makes him describe the storm in this personal way?
4. How does the writer speak of (a) the men who had attempted the ascent before him, and (b) those who were attempting it with him?

THE BOY WHO WANTED A CANARY

CECIL ROBERTS

FEW writers reveal as clearly as Mr. Cecil Roberts the modern love of escape from a crowded city to the country. In books like 'Gone Rustic,' 'Gone Rambling,' and 'Pilgrim Cottage,' he depicts in a quiet humorous style the simple joys of country life. He writes, not as a countryman, but as a townsman who, after living in London and the cities for many years, has discovered the country. He looks upon rural life with unfamiliarity and wonderment: but to him country life is the only life worth living.

The passage which follows is taken from his book 'Gone Rambling.' He has recently gone to live in a cottage, and in his study he finds a mechanical singing-bird. Out of the past there comes to him a memory of his boyhood days in a Midland town when he had wished for a real canary in a cage. He tells of the plan he made to buy one, and reviews in passing the difference between the life of a boy in his younger days and a boy of the present day.

BEFORE me on a side-table was a mechanical singing-bird in its cage. I liked the bird for many reasons. It sang when commanded, and could be stopped by a lever. It wanted no seed, no water, no sand, no —.

Oh, memories of boyhood! I had once pined for a canary in a cage. Since no one seemed inclined to buy me a canary, I saved to buy one. I looked around for a means of making money, but money-making at twelve years of age

is always difficult. I was a particularly unfortunate little boy. I possessed no uncles or aunts or grown-up cousins to dispense sixpences. My wealth was amassed by odd pennies in a scarlet tin box that was a copy of a street letter-box. It had a slit for posting, a table with the times of collections and an 'E.R.' in black letters with an imposing crown above it, denoting that Edward Rex reigned over us.

Where is that pillar-box bank now? Does it exist still on any mantelpiece, receiving the pennies of children?

The times have changed. There are now no penny-saving pillar-boxes even in the houses of the poorest. When I go to the post office now I see on the counter home-savings banks. They are beautifully designed in the shape of a book, with bright colours, and of a strength that shames those former tinny boxes. I observe, too, that the standard of juvenile wealth has risen. Apparently the Saturday penny, increased to twopence at the age of ten, would arouse derision in young Arthur and Agnes to-day. These new home-savings banks only take shillings.

Even the poverty of my resources did not prevent an occasional raid on the bank. This was made with the aid of a meat knife. The pillar-box could only be opened with a tin-opener. It was then finished. As it was designed to hold sixty pence, its life was considered to be long enough before a saving of five shillings called for the breaking of the bank. The meat knife provided a less desperate means of onslaught. You inserted the blade in the slot, turned the pillar-box upside down, and endeavoured to withdraw a penny balanced on the blade. It was difficult with a full money box because of the weight of coppers. It was easier with an almost empty tin.

I have seen pitiful domestic scenes around those pillar-boxes. I have seen a harassed mother raiding the bank, in

a gloom that deepened as the gas went out of the penny-in-the-slot meter. As she fished for a penny, anxiously watched by a small boy, she made a promise to restore it on Friday night, when father came home with the wages.

To-day the world, the nursery and the post-office no longer think in pence. You can no longer stagger a child by giving it sixpence. We live in a world from which gold has disappeared, but where silver is a commonplace.

I longed for my canary. I rattled my pillar-box. It was getting heavier, but oh ! how slowly ! I must search for some quicker means of wealth. I must go into trade. When in need, keep a shop seems the axiom of the Englishman. The homes, motor-cars and holiday cruises of my butcher, baker and grocer prove the reliability of this axiom. If, instead of weighing words, I had spent twenty years in weighing tea or sirloins, I might now have a chauffeur to wrestle with my admirable car, although my friends who have admirable cars tell me they wrestle with their abominable chauffeurs.

It was difficult for a boy of twelve to go into trade, as I was to learn. In the city in which I lived, there was a custom for small boys to rise early on a Good Friday morning and—with a basket of buns on their arms—cry :

Hot cross buns ! Hot cross buns !
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns !

The buns were not really hot, they were not one-a-penny, two-a-penny, they were twopence each. They had a cross faintly cut on them. My own memory of these buns is that they were tough and tasteless and that at the most half-a-dozen currants in them. Small boys obtained them from the bakers overnight, and early on Good Friday morning,

following very ancient custom, went into the streets crying their wares.

Now I was told that large profits were made by the hot cross bun sellers. They made one shilling on a dozen twopenny buns. I calculated that if I sold five dozen hot cross buns I should make five shillings. This would go a long way towards my canary. So I decided to go into trade. On Good Friday morning I would sell hot cross buns. My mother gave me an order for six buns, as also a neighbour. This seemed a promising start !

But going into business required capital. The buns had to be paid for overnight. Five shillings was required. I asked my two customers to pay me in advance, which they obligingly did, and I raided the bank for the remaining three shillings. Then my capital was raised.

Very early on a cold Good Friday morning I arose, and with a basket of buns on my arm, went forth into the chilly and deserted streets. Now I was a very nervous child, afraid of my own voice or of being in any way conspicuous. The result was that I shyly slunk into the streets, and probably my voice was never heard by housewives rising to their morning duties. I encountered a number of extremely rough boys with baskets on their arms who bellowed their wares, and did not hesitate to bang on the doors of the houses ! Desperate, I hammered at one door. It opened, and a woman so glared at me and banged the door again in her anger that I shrank back almost in tears. I discovered, moreover, that other boys had already thoroughly canvassed the district and were delivering their orders.

The sun rose, the traffic began, the world sat down to its Good Friday bun breakfast. There I was, a wretched failure with a weight of buns. I had sold one twopenny bun. Dismally I returned home. I was almost on the verge of tears, for I was ruined. My capital had been sunk.

The buns would go rapidly stale. My mother on my sad return said nothing, but an unfriendly elder brother could not resist pointing a finger of scorn at me. Why had I ever imagined that I could sell hot cross buns, or anything? They were beastly buns, anyhow, and he supposed that now we should have to eat stale buns for a week. And then he made a monstrous pun at my expense. I was "bunkrupt." At that I dissolved into tears, and choked over the buttered bun, one of six on the table and forty-seven in the basket.

All this to procure a canary in a cage! This was my last excursion into trade. It should have warned me for the rest of my life, for I have never, since that early disaster, sold anything for as much as I gave for it.



1. Describe any form of home savings bank or money box you know.
2. Tell in your own words the boy's reasons for attempting to sell hot cross buns.
3. Explain as fully as you can why his attempt failed.
4. What does the author mean by '*We live in a world from which gold has disappeared, but where silver is a commonplace*'?

THE DEPARTURE OF THE TRANSPORTS

JOHN MASEFIELD

DURING the Great War an attempt was made to capture Constantinople, the capital of Turkey. An army was landed in the Gallipoli Peninsula, while the British Navy attempted to force a passage through the narrow straits of the Dardanelles.

If you look at the map of Turkey, you will find that the plan looks easy—on paper. But the Turks were not wholly unprepared for this venture. All along the coast barbed wire had been put up, not only on the shore but in the water itself. On the hill sides machine guns, carefully concealed, were trained on the possible landing places. And in the narrow straits mines were laid to stop the passage of our battleships and transports.

Later experience showed that the difficulties of country and climate were too great for men to overcome. The Turk was a brave and courageous fighter, and he made full use of all the obstacles which nature had placed in the way of our troops.

But these things were not known to the brave men who sailed out from Mudros on 23rd April, 1915, to make the landing on the Peninsula. Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, describes their departure in his little book, 'Gallipoli.' This passage is one of the finest examples of modern prose.

FOR some days before the landing the army lay at Mudros, in Lemnos, aboard its transports, or engaged in tactical exercises ashore and in the harbour. Much bitter and ignorant criticism has been passed upon this delay, which was, unfortunately, very necessary. The month of April, 1915, in the Ægean, was a month of unusually unsettled

weather ; it was quite impossible to attempt the landing without calm water and the likelihood of fine weather for some days. In rough weather it would have been impossible to land laden soldiers with their stores through the surf of open beaches under heavy fire, and those who maintain that "other soldiers" (*i.e.* themselves) would have made the attempt can have no knowledge of what wading ashore from a boat in bad weather, in the Ægean or any other sea, even without a pack and with no enemy ahead, is like. But in unsettled weather the Gallipoli coast is not only difficult, but exceedingly dangerous for small vessels. The currents are fierce, and a short and ugly sea gets up quickly and makes towing hazardous. Had the attempt been made in foul weather a great many men would have been drowned, some few would have reached the shore, and then the ships would have been forced off the coast. The men left on the shore would have had to fight there with neither supplies nor supports till the enemy overwhelmed them.

Another reason for delay was the need for the most minute preparation. Many armies have been landed from boats from the time of Pharaoh's invasion of Punt until the present ; but no men, not even Cæsar's army of invasion in Britain, have had to land in an enemy's country with such a prospect of difficulty before them. They were going to land on a foodless cliff, five hundred miles from a store, in a place and at a season in which the sea's rising might cut them from supply. They had to take with them all things—munitions, guns, entrenching tools, sandbags, provisions, clothing, medical stores, hospital equipment, mules, horses, fodder, even water to drink, for the land produced not even that. These military supplies had to be arranged in boats and lighters in such a way that they might be thrust ashore with many thousands of men in all haste but without confusion. All this world of preparation, which made each

unit landed a self-supporting army, took time and labour—how much can only be judged by those who have done similar work.

On Friday the 23rd of April the weather cleared so that the work could be begun. In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly, it is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow, and are gentle, and the sun comes up from Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change colour, and all the marvellous ships in the harbour are transfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay, were the ships, more ships, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known ; they seemed like half the ships of the world. In this crowd of shipping strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight of human courage. The transports (all painted black) lay in tiers, well within the harbour, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance.

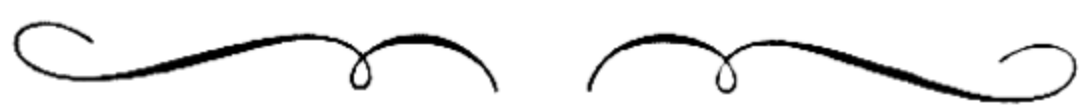
Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labour of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbour in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exultation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea.

They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how—by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sandbags up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest or food or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbour rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that it could go to death

rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. As they passed the French ships, the memory of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France has done and endured in this great war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even, than their own.

They left the harbour very, very slowly ; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time, no one who heard it will ever forget it or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride : it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out, and the fleet stood across for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps, knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.



1. Explain the difficulties of landing any army from boats. How were these difficulties increased at Gallipoli ?
2. What is there in this story to '*break the heart with pity and pride*' ?

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

A. G. GARDINER

DURING the Great War of 1914-18 nearly a million men of the British Army were killed. Their graves are all over the world, on the many battlefields where the British fought.

Among that million dead are many who have no known grave. The Menin Gate Memorial in Ypres is to the memory of those men who were killed near Ypres, and whose last resting-place is known only to God. On that memorial alone there are over 60,000 names. In all the many British cemeteries throughout the world there is always a special memorial or a special part of the cemetery for the unknown soldiers.

For centuries Westminster Abbey has been the burial ground of those who have specially merited the gratitude and the remembrance of British men and women. So tribute was paid to the great sacrifice which this million dead had made by burying one of them, with full honours, in Westminster Abbey. And what could be more fitting than that this soldier should be unknown?

This was done. The choice of the unknown soldier was made by a man who himself had been blinded in the War, and on 11th November, 1920, the Unknown Soldier was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The inscription on that memorial is well worth committing to memory as an example of English prose at its simplest and best.

FOR GOD, FOR KING AND COUNTRY
FOR LOVED ONES, HOME AND EMPIRE
FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF JUSTICE
AND THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.

THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS BECAUSE HE HAD
DONE GOOD TOWARDS GOD AND HIS HOUSE.

It is also worth bearing in mind that, like all churches, Westminster Abbey is built in the shape of a cross, and the Unknown Warrior is buried at the foot of the Cross, just as Jesus, the Saviour of the World, was buried.

The account which follows was written by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who witnessed the burial of the Unknown Warrior. He describes the feelings which the scene called up in him.

WE shall not know his name. It will never be known, and we should not seek to know it. For in that nameless figure that was borne over land and sea to mingle its dust with the most sacred dust of England we salute the invisible hosts of the fallen. We do not ask his name or whence he comes. His name is legion, and he comes from a hundred fields, stricken with a million deaths.

Gaily or sadly, he went out to battle. We see him, as in a vision, streaming in by a thousand roads, down from the Hebrides and the glens of the North, from the mines of Durham and the shipyards of the Clyde and Tyne and the bogs of Ireland, out of the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, up from the pastures of East Anglia and the moors of Devon, over the seas from distant lands whither he had gone to live his life and whence he returns at the call of duty that transcends life. In his speech we hear the echoes of a hundred countrysides, from the strong burr of Aberdeen to the lilt of Dorset.

He takes a thousand shapes in our minds. We see him leaving the thatched cottage in some remote village, his widowed mother weeping at the doorway and straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of him as he turns into the high road that shuts him from her sight; we see him throwing aside his books and bounding out of school or college with the light of adventure in his eye; we see him closing his little shop, laying aside his pen, putting down

mallet and chisel, hammer and axe. We see him taking a million pitiful farewells, his young wife hanging about his neck in an agony of grief, his little children weeping for they know not what, with that dread foreboding that is the affliction of childhood, the old people standing by with a sorrow that has passed beyond the relief of tears. Here is the lover, and there the son, and there the husband, and there the brother, but everywhere he is the sacrifice.

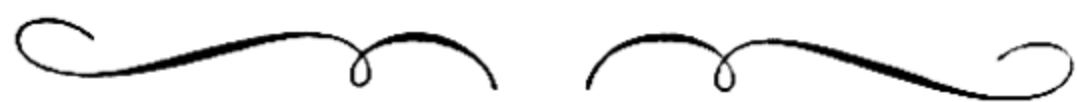
And he is chosen, not because he is the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for sacrifice, but because he is the pride of the flock. In him we see the youth of England, all that is bravest and best and richest in promise, brains that could have won the priceless victories of peace, sinews that could have borne the burden of labour, singers and poets and statesmen in the green leaf, the Rupert Brookes, the Raymond Asquiths, the Gladstones, the Keelings, the finest flower of every household, all offered as a sacrifice on the insane and monstrous altar of war.

With the mind's eye we follow him as he is swallowed up in the furnace. We see him falling on that desperate day of Suvla Bay, finishing in the deserts of Mesopotamia, struck down in that snowstorm on Vimy Ridge, dying on the hundred battlefields of the Somme, disappearing in the mud of those awful days of Passchendaele, falling like autumn leaves in the deadly salient of Ypres, stricken in those unforgettable days of March when the Fifth Army broke before the German onset. His bones lie scattered over a thousand alien fields from the Euphrates to the Scheldt, and lie on the floor of every wandering sea. From the Somme to Zeebrugge his cemeteries litter the landscape, and in those graves lie the youth of England and the hearts of those who mourn.

Now one has come back, the symbol of all who died and who will never return. He came unknown and un-

named, to take his place among the illustrious dead. And it is no extravagant fancy to conceive the spirits of that great company, the Chathams and Drydens and Johnsons, poets, statesmen, and warriors, receiving him into their midst in the solemn Abbey as something greater and more significant than they. For in him they will see the emblem of the mightiest tribute ever laid on the nation's altar. In him we do reverence to that generation of Britain's young manhood that perished in the world's madness and sleeps for ever in foreign lands.

None could look on that moving scene without emotion. But something more will be required of us than a spasm of easy, tearful emotion that exhausts itself in being felt. What have we, the living, to say to the dead who pass by in shadowy hosts? They died for no mean thing. They died that the world might be a better and a cleaner place for those who lived and those who come after. As that unknown soldier was borne down Whitehall he issued a silent challenge to the living world to say whether it was worthy of his sacrifice. And if we are honest with ourselves we shall not find the answer easy.



'In him they will see the emblem of the mightiest tribute ever laid on the nation's altar.' Turn to the next page and read Rupert Brooke's poem. Then try to explain what this *'tribute'* of *'rarer gifts than gold'* meant.

BLOW, BUGLES, BLOW

RUPERT BROOKE

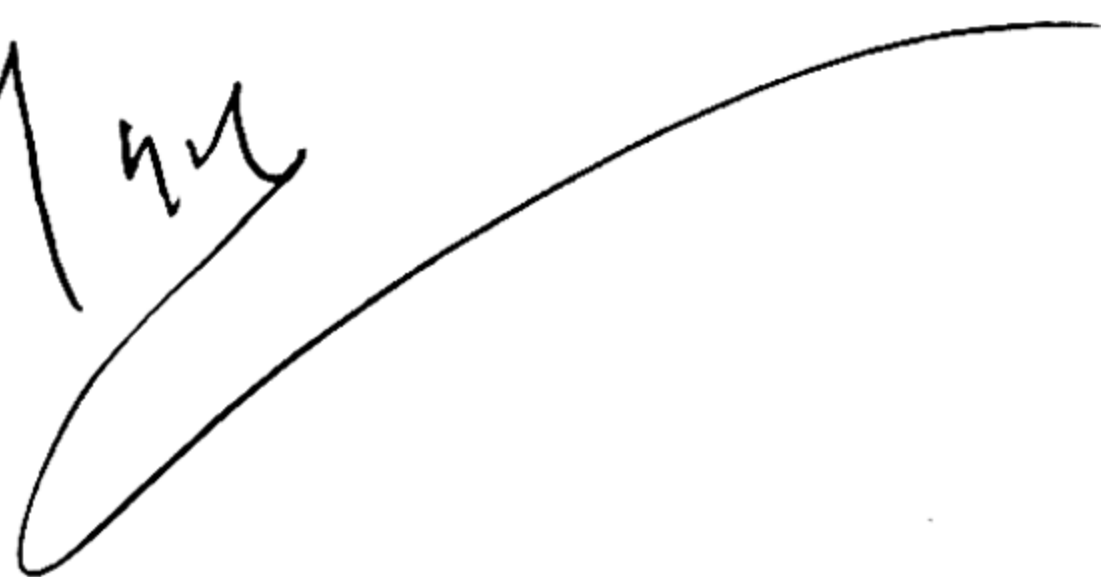
NO poem expresses better than Rupert Brooke's 'Blow, Bugles, Blow,' the supreme nature of the sacrifice made by the men who laid down their lives in the Great War. The poet himself served in the War and, while taking part in the Dardanelles campaign, died of fever. It is impossible to estimate the loss which his death meant to English poetry.

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away ; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age ; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage.



Ym



Frank
Smith.

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